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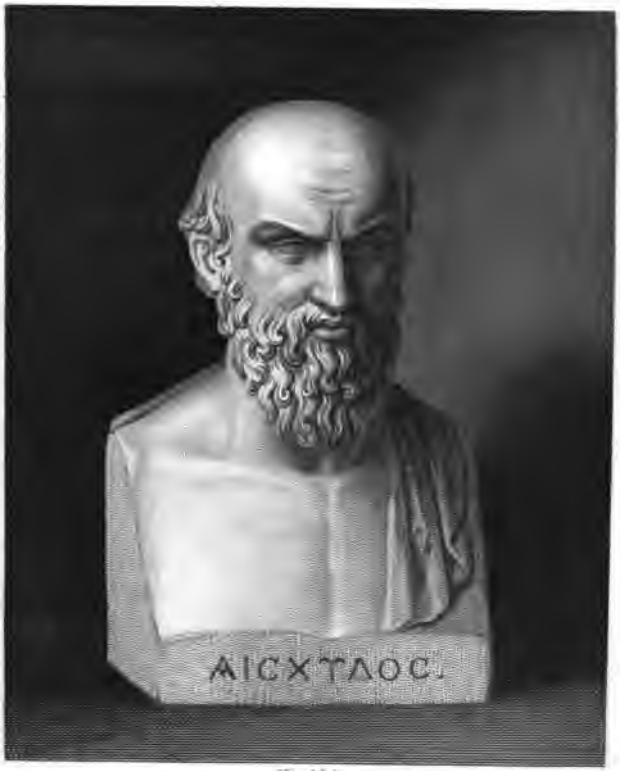

Æschylus.

THE

TRAGEDIES

OF

ÆSCHYLUS:

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

WITH

CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

AND AN INTRODUCTION.

BY

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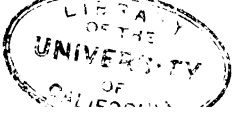
OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1876.



LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
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PREFACE.

THE following translation has been undertaken with the view of presenting the classical student with a close and literal version of Æschylus, and of furnishing the general reader with a faithful copy of the Author's thoughts and words, although the graces of poetic expression must be sacrificed in a literal prose version.

The Translator gratefully acknowledges the help he has derived from the labours of his predecessors, and trusts that he will generally be found to have preferred the best rendering consistent with the letter of the text. His object has not been to exhibit an elegant though loose paraphrase, but to render the version as close a verbal transcript of the original as could be done without absolute violation of good taste.

The best scholars of Germany and England have of late combined the duties of the philologer with those of the translator[1], duties which ought never to have been separated. The present Translator has attempted the same; but, as the limits of the work rendered condensation imperative, his aim has been rather to direct the inquiring student to sources of information, than to enter at full length upon all the difficulties of an author like Æschylus.

The notes, with a few acknowledged exceptions, are original, and will, it is hoped, prove useful in giving the student some idea of the present condition of the text of Æschylus.

[1] See Conington's Preface to his translation of "The Agamemnon."

103149

If the Author shall seem on some occasions to have been severe in his condemnation of particular views, it is not from a disposition to underrate men far above him in reputation and attainments, but because their very superiority lends a dangerous sanction to clever, but unsafe, sophistry.

The translation is accommodated to the text of Dindorf, except in such instances as this scholar's own notes, or the obvious necessity of alteration, warranted a change. In all such instances, as in the translation of Sophocles lately published, the reader is duly forewarned.

In the "Supplices," the Translator has confined his notes to a mention of some necessary variations, and a few references to the able notes of Mr. Paley, as he was by no means disposed to venture on the thankless task of commenting on so corrupt a text, without long and careful re-examination of the criticism thereof. Should an opportunity of publishing the original text of Æschylus occur hereafter, he still thinks that much may be done, by moderate alteration, to render the heavy accumulation of mystical interpretations unnecessary.

The introductory essay, like prefaces in general, may require some apology. Matters of taste are an open question, and if his remarks shall be thought not wholly devoid of interest, the highest wish of the Author will be realized.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

INTRODUCTION.

ÆSCHYLUS, son of Euphorion, was born at Eleusis, B.C. 525. His early employment to watch the grapes in a vineyard is traditionally reported to have led to the developement of his tragic genius, and possibly to some less excusable propensities of his character, in which the god Bacchus was equally concerned. He first appeared as a tragedian in B.C. 499, with Chœrilus and Pratinas for his competitors. In B.C. 490, he distinguished himself at the battle of Marathon, in company with his brothers Cynegeirus and Ameinias. In B.C. 484, he gained his first tragic victory, and in B.C. 480, he fought at Salamis: thus, as Schlegel[1] observes, "he flourished in the very freshness and vigour of Grecian freedom, and a proud sense of the glorious struggle by which it was won, seems to have animated him and his poetry." This warlike vein is conspicuous in the "Persæ" and "Seven against Thebes," while the "Agamemnon" is replete with pathetic illustrations of the toils, dangers, and sufferings, of a soldier's life.

His journeys into Sicily involve some intricate questions, but the received opinion seems to settle his first visit in B.C. 468, immediately after his defeat by Sophocles, and he probably spent some time there, if the use of Sicilian words in his later plays may be adduced as an argument. The other journey was probably ten years after, B.C. 458, and, as Müller thinks, was undertaken in consequence of the aristocratic notions so freely expressed in his "Eumenides," which were too openly opposed to the interests of Pericles' party, then in the

[1] Lect. vi. p. 80, ed. Bohn.

ascendant, to render Athens a safe abode for our poet. Other accounts state that a charge of impiety was the real cause of his second departure, and that he only escaped the fury of the populace, through the intervention of the Areopagus. His death took place at Gela, B.C. 456. The story is, that an eagle having mistaken his bald head for a stone, dropped a tortoise upon it in order to break the shell, and that the blow proved fatal. There seems, however, little doubt but that our poet died in the ordinary course of nature, as his advanced age would render probable.

The number of plays written by Æschylus is doubtful, but, as in the case of Sophocles, seven only have survived the ravages of time. Among these seven we are fortunate in possessing a complete trilogy, consisting of the "Agamemnon," "Choephoræ," and "Eumenides." The remaining plays are the "Prometheus Bound," the "Seven Chiefs against Thebes," the "Persians," and the "Suppliants."

In criticising the plays of Æschylus, due regard must be had to the state in which Æschylus found the drama, and to the difference between his earlier and later works, as far as the existing specimens allow us to judge.

When we are told that Æschylus formed the dialogue of the Athenian stage, by adding a second actor, it is evident that the preceding dramas must have consisted of little else than a recitative and chorus alternately following each other. The single actor probably detailed some legend possessing a mythological or local interest, while the chorus relieved the monotony by songs and dances connected with the subject. If we consider the earliest specimens of our own drama, we shall find the dialogue heavy, and consisting of long paragraphs, whilst the more modern stage limits these lengthy speeches to narrative, argument, or soliloquy. But in the "Suppliants" of Æschylus, (which some scholars consider

the most ancient specimen of the Greek drama that has descended to us in a complete form,) we shall find that the chorus are really the chief personages in the piece, and, as Æschylus is considered to have limited the functions of the chorus, it follows that the single actor was rather subservient to carrying on the story, than the hero of it. And this agrees with Aristotle's account, that Æschylus "introduced an actor of first parts[1]," evidently shewing that the histrionic abilities previously required in the actor were of an inferior order. Throughout the whole play of the "Suppliants," the pathos rests entirely with the chorus, the speeches of Danaus and the king are quiet and didactic, and even the herald lacks the haughtiness with which such persons are elsewhere invested. Setting aside the chorus, the whole play exhibits a dead level of moral common places and mythical details. It might indeed be read and performed "with characters omitted." As far as the corrupt state of the choruses will allow us to judge, they were genial, brilliant, and graceful, but the very nature of a chorus destroyed all individualisation. Their griefs, joys, and emotions, were common to all their number; there were so many heroines, that there was no heroine.

There is another feature in the Supplices, which points to its extreme antiquity, and that is, its undramatic character. In the first chorus we are told as much as we know at the end of the play. Like the prologues prefixed to the comedies of Terence (unnecessary, as the plot is always the same), the opening chorus contains the whole argument of the piece. The Danaïdes have fled from Egypt to avoid the lawless love

[1] Twining has mistaken the sense of Poetics § IV., B., in translating *τὸν λόγον πρωταγωνιστὴν παρεσκεύασε*, "he made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy." Pacius translates "sermonem primarum partium instituit." Hermann and Ritter both take it to mean the actor, and so Robortelli, in his learned commentary, p. 41, where the subject is admirably illustrated. Dacier was more correct.

of their kinsmen, they crave protection, are admonished to behave themselves; they obtain protection, and, it is to be hoped, follow their father's advice. There is, in fact, something half comic in the whole story, and the effect could only have been heightened by a concluding play in the trilogy (if there was any[1]), in which their punishment should have been so before the eyes of the spectator, with real tubs and real water.

After what has been said on the subject of the "Suppliants," the reader will perhaps be surprised to find that Schlegel considers the "Persæ," "both in point of choice of subject, and the manner of handling it, undoubtedly the most imperfect of all the extant tragedies of this poet." Æschylus certainly laboured under the same disadvantages as Lucan and Silius Italicus, in having chosen a subject too near his own time to possess a mythical interest, and too much depending upon narrative to be truly dramatic. But he successfully appealed to the feelings of the audience, who doubtless listened to this panegyric upon Athens with as much satisfaction as an English audience applauded the braggart prologues "spoken upon occasion," during the last century. There is too great a desire in German critics to elevate the standard of Athenian refinement. The conclusion of the

[1] The subject of the trilogy is very uncertain, and Müller and Welcker have probably told us much more on the subject than the Athenians themselves knew. If the custom had been *invariable*, surely the didascaliæ would have told us something on the subject! Notwithstanding the opinions of Schlegel, Lect. vi. and Müller, Literature of Greece, XXIII. § 8, I do not believe that either the "Suppliants" or "Persians" formed any part of a trilogy. Æschylus is said to have written either 90 or 70 dramas. Neither of these numbers are divisible both by 4 and 3 without a remainder. If the plays were always acted three or four at a time, this would have been the case. Nor am I single in my opinion. See F. Vater, Comm. de Æsch. Persis, in Neue jahrbücher für Philologie und Pædagogik, Juli, 1843.

"Persians" savours too much of ridicule, to excite any high feelings of commiseration, and this play, like the "Seven against Thebes," ought to have ended sooner.

But in the episodes Æschylus has shown great power. The prevailing notion throughout the play is of a deity favouring the Athenians, and overthrowing the haughty yoke of the Persians. The atheistic impiety of Xerxes is hinted at, and his too-late repentance is an instance of the fatalism found throughout the "Agamemnon," and pervading the Æschylean drama. The piety of the Greeks, on the contrary, is powerfully contrasted, and the deity is accordingly represented as "beginning the fight." This description of the sea-fight is wonderfully animated, and could be written only by an eye-witness of the victory of Salamis, while the description of the fate of the miserable remnants of the Persian army, as detailed by the messenger, is in the highest degree graphic.

Nor was the evocation of Darius less pleasing to an Athenian mind. The ancient prophecies of Bacis and others, which, although they might refer to mythical events, were nevertheless greedily seized upon, and applied to the present moment, and the recognition of ancient local traditions by supernatural powers, was an agreeable sacrifice to the vanity of the Athenians. Every man would have exclaimed with Hamlet:

> ——— Touching this vision here,
> It is an honest ghost ———

Nay, Æschylus has excited a feeling of pity for the defeat of the Persians, by the amiable dignity with which he has invested the character of their former lord. The quiet, substantial steadiness of Darius is the most powerful satire upon the intemperance of their subsequent ruler that can be imagined, and the whole evocation is invested with a mystical solemnity that makes us forget its ideality.

Many critics consider the "Persians" as the earliest of the extant plays of Æschylus, but for the reasons above stated, I am inclined to give the higher antiquity to the "Suppliants."

If the "Seven against Thebes" was connected with the "Eleusinians," as Müller thinks, I scarcely believe that Æschylus would have ended with an anticlimax, by introducing the lamentations of Antigone and Ismena over their fallen brothers. When this critic says, "this concluding scene points as distinctly as the end of the Choephoræ to the subject of a new piece, which was doubtless 'the Eleusinians[1],'" he asserts too much. In the first place, it is clear from Plutarch (Thes. p. 14, A.), that the burial of the chieftains was effected by Theseus *under a truce*, not by violence. If, therefore, matters were amicably arranged, why should Antigone be "closely connected with this subject." The fact is, Müller has told us a great deal that we do not know, but has overlooked the only point that Plutarch tells us respecting the "Eleusinians," which, unfortunately contradicts his whole theory. We might as well say that the threats of the Mycenian elders, at the end of the "Agamemnon," necessarily required the "Choephoræ," to open with their revolt, as that, because Antigone threatens to bury her brother, Æschylus was obliged to make her do so in another play, of which all our knowledge only proves the contrary. The theory of tetralogy has been carried much too far.

The "Seven against Thebes" is doubtless an early play, and is as undramatic as the "Persians." But the high tone of true Grecian chivalry which reigns throughout, the splendid individuality of the characters, despite their one common feature of physical valour, is equal to anything, even in Æschylus. The description of each warrior is not only a physical and heroic, but an ethical picture. The high-souled

[1] Lit. of Greece, p. 324.

Amphiaraus, whose destiny led him to that death his wisdom foresaw, whose fate impelled him to that society his sense shrunk from, is pathetically contrasted with the mad boldness of the other chieftains,—his religion with their impiety—his modesty with their idle vaunting—his wisdom with their recklessness. And when Eteocles praises him, we almost forget that he too lies under the ban of fate. So good does Eteocles seem by his praise of the good.

In allusion to the question of a connexion between dramas, it may be worth while to observe the different degrees of fatalism that influence the minds of the two brothers in this play, and in the "Œdipus at Colonus" of Sophocles. Polynices, in the latter play, is presented to us as the heart-broken fugitive, the wandering victim of a father's curse, softened by misfortune, and seeking to palliate the wrath of his destiny. But in the Eteocles of Æschylus, there is no compunction. He remembers the curse of his aged sire, and speaks even with affection of the man who had banned his lawless life by a paternal anathema. But he seeks not to avert the doom. Stern, uncompromising, he will meet the man he must slay, by whom he must himself fall. Still, as Sophocles has softened the character of Polynices till he almost obtains our pity, so has Æschylus heightened that of Eteocles with sentiments of temperate prudence and undaunted courage, till he deserves it; and in this respect both have exemplified the precept of Aristotle[1].

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the "Prometheus," the sublimest poem, and simplest tragedy of antiquity. I have one motive in doing so, in reference to that great triad of tragedies, the "Oresteia," and that is to show the similar aristocratic spirit that pervades the whole of the four plays.

[1] Poetics, § XIII. 15, and in § XI. 5, he enumerates οἵ ἐν τῷ φανερῷ θάνατοι among the things that excite pity.

The Titan majesty of mankind had been infringed by the new gods of Olympus, and Prometheus appeared as their protector, the assertor of their rights. Opposed to a new aristocracy, he was still the supreme power of the old one. In the true spirit of the old aristocracy he laboured for the benefit of his weaker dependants. The Olympian gods, like the *parvenus* of Aristotle[1], are everywhere represented as oppressing mankind, and each other. Moreover, Prometheus represents the intellectual ascendancy of mankind over the creation, the power of moral progress in opposition to physical strength and conventional resources. The imprudence of Jove is hereafter to destroy that power, in the haughtiness of which he had thought fit to spurn the god of wisdom from him. Much as I am disinclined to allegorical interpreters and interpretations, much as I dislike the tediousness of an Eustathius or the barbarism of a Fulgentius, still the "Prometheus" of Æschylus cannot but seem a magnificent impersonation of mind struggling against circumstances, intellect against force, providence against fate. And the very fatalism of this play is pleasing. Unlike the gloomy demon that lurks over the ill-fated house of Mycenæ, unlike the Fates that but exchange death for revenge, Prometheus is ever cheered by the triumphant prospect before him. As he foresaw his present troubles, so he even names the time of their termination. His very philanthropy, his inability to do further good, force from him the groan of the hero, but, as the good man meets death, so does he meet pain—conscious that there is something yet to come.

The introduction of Io is perfctly agreeable to Aristotle's idea of Episode, and enables us to learn the deeds of Prometheus, and to test his powers of prescience. Moreover, Prometheus and Io are both victims to the power of Zeus,

[1] Cf. Rhet. II. 9, 9.

both await their relief from his downfall. The pathetic description of Io's fall, her exclusion from the home of her sorrowing sire, her phantom-stricken wanderings over earth and sea, are all depictured with a power that proves how Æschylus could touch the tenderest, as well as the most lofty emotions of the human soul.

Müller has entered, with some ability, into the question of the discrepancy between the character of Zeus as pourtrayed in this play, and in the later works of our poet. I grant that the tyrannical Zeus of this play is unlike the mild potentate, "who guides men in the ways of wisdom[1]," or the "great Zeus in heaven[2]," whose aid the fatherless may implore with confidence against their oppressors, but I do not see the necessity of reconciling the inconsistency. If Æschylus could create a conception, he might also depart from it. Zeus was as necessarily the tyrant in the Titan world, as he was the mild governor of things in the heroic ages. But Müller has rightly observed, that this discrepancy is partly reconciled by the fact that Prometheus everywhere appears in the light of an offender against the "powers that be," too proud to reverence Adrasteia. Like Antigone, he is relatively guilty, in offending against ruling authorities; like her, he is abstractedly right. The sin of both is the sin of time and place, not of principle.

Shelley, whose whole poetry is deeply imbued with the mysterious power of Æschylus, has imitated the imagery of this play with a success proving that a man must be a poet to truly appreciate Æschylus. It is to be regretted that this true genius, (like Knowles, so often disgraced by imitators,) never translated any productions of the Greek drama, with the single exception of the Satyric "Cyclops" of Euripides. He has invested his Prometheus with all the placid grandeur

[1] Agam. 176. [2] Soph. El. 175.

of the deity, all the tenderness of the good man. To say that he imitates, in the modern sense, is to say nothing—to feel that the spirit of Æschylus has passed into the mind of Shelley, is the fairest praise that can be awarded. But the picturesque scenery of Shelley's painting is the marvellous feature of the play. The Indian Caucasus, with its ice-bound rocks, and gloomy prospect of the world spread beneath it; the sea, "heaven's ever-changing shadow," and the giant, grotesque glaciers, lost in the dim, chilled atmosphere, form a picture that the mind of Æschylus could conceive, but the hand of the Grecian painter could not imitate. But circumstantial comparison will lead us too much away from the main subject. The legend of Prometheus lives in the poetry of Æschylus and Shelley. The power of one poet can scarcely be measured but by the equality of the other.

The mention of scenery suggests a question of much æsthetic interest, namely, how far the Athenian artist could realise the conceptions of the poet. In the "Prometheus" such an attempt must have been a failure. Setting aside the question of the place of Prometheus' suffering, the poetry draws upon larger resources than the Athenian scene-painter could have possessed. The architectural delineations of the fronts of palaces and other buildings, which usually formed the scene of the drama, were easily executed, and in a country possessing the finest models for imitation, were doubtless unsurpassed for effect and correctness. But the occasional landscape paintings on the *periaktoi* must have been rude, and even grotesque. The most finished frescoes we possess are totally devoid of any attempt to realise nature, the fragments of encaustic paintings are confined to the human form, and such objects as require no perspective; and if we regard the paintings of the earliest Florentine artists, which sprung from the imitation of the latest Greek, improved by Cimabue,

Giotto, and a few others, we shall find nothing to justify the supposition that the Greeks ever attained to any excellence in landscape painting. The knowledge of aërial perspective, upon which all the realization of the "Prometheus" would depend, is scarcely three centuries old, and if we consider how long our own stage wanted such scenic accessories, we cannot be surprised at the deficiency of the Greeks. The decorations of the Athenian stage were probably confined to costume and architectural embellishment. Moreover, the fact that the plays were always represented in the day-time must have robbed them of all the exquisite illusion produced by the use and combinations of artificial lights. Such being the case, how great was the power of the poet, who could so successfully place nature before his hearers by words only!

The testimony of the didascalia shows that the "Agamemnon," "Choephoræ," and "Eumenides," were performed at the same time, together with a satyric drama called the Proteus. We are, therefore, justified in considering them as forming a trilogy, although I doubt whether the "Oresteia[1]" is a fit name for the trilogy, when Orestes is only indirectly mentioned in the first and principal play. Nor is the connection between the three plays so exact as that which exists in the "King Œdipus," "Œdipus at Colonus," and "Antigone" of Sophocles, which we know did not form a trilogy.

[1] Mr. Burges, who is a clever, but too universal enemy of trilogy, has well remarked, in an article in "The Surplice," March 7, 1846, that, from the words of Euripides (in Arist. Ran. 1122), *πρῶτον δέ μοι τὸν ἐξ Ὀρεστείας λέγε*, he must have meant only a single play, as Æschylus could not otherwise know which of the three was meant. The substitution of *τιν'* for *τὸν* would meet this objection; but I am more disposed to consider, with Mr. Burges, that the title of Oresteia belonged to the Choephoræ alone. I do not, however, approve of his attempt to get rid of the very name of trilogy.

At all events, the three plays form the grandest dramatic work of antiquity. It is true, we do not find the lights and shades of character pourtrayed with the delicate finish of Sophocles, nor is the character of Orestes invested with all the interest of which it might seem capable. But Æschylus, unlike the modern adaptors, who write a piece for two actors in as many days, never sacrificed the play to enhance the character. In a play like the "Prometheus," the hero was necessarily the leading character; but in the Agamemnonian history there were no less than four great characters,—Agamemnon, Orestes, Clytæmnestra, and Cassandra. Nor are the minor parts of the Watchman, the Herald, and Ægisthus, devoid of strongly marked individuality, while Minerva, as Müller has remarked, may almost be considered as the leading character in the "Eumenides."

This attention to the minor characters is almost peculiar to Æschylus. In the extant dramas of Sophocles we everywhere discover a greater amount of subordination to one leading feature, than elaborate filling out of the details. Sophocles forms an abstraction, and not only embodies it in the character of the hero, but sacrifices all surrounding objects to the general conception. The leading character is the type of a moral or religious principle; the subordinate ones are but the means of argument and illustration. In the Æschylean trilogy the play, and not the hero, is the chief object of the poet's attention. Each character is of weighty import, each leads on the action, and each possesses marked and distinct features that give vigour and freshness to every succeeding scene. Moreover, Æschylus excites pity even for the unworthy, by not representing them utterly destitute of better qualities. The Clytæmnestra of Sophocles has not one redeeming trait, but Æschylus has found a partial excuse for his heroine in the fated misfortunes of the house of

Atreus; nor has he placed her illicit friendship for Ægisthus in so odious a light as Sophocles has done. But the finest point is in the conclusion of the play, when, suddenly stricken with a sad consciousness, Clytæmnestra restrains the mad rage of Ægisthus, and exclaims,

Enough of evil,—let no further stain imbrue our hands.

Unlike Lady Macbeth, she has no wish to sacrifice a Banquo to secure her victory. She is a proud, daring woman, but her talents are unequalled. To compare her with Lady Macbeth is, in some respects, a mistake. Semiramis and Lucrecia Borgia are better parallels.

Nor must we less admire the picture of ancient manners which the "Agamemnon" presents to our view. Like Rowena, Iphigenia had probably graced her father's table in the capacity of Hebe. The third cup to the Preserver was perhaps hallowed by the innocence of the cup-bearer. Like the petted daughter of some Saxon chieftain, she could smile away the remembrance of war and toil. Macaulay's exquisite portrait of Virginia gives a delightful idea of the relation between father and daughter in the rough, old times. But the conjugal relations were different. The quiet, sensible replies of Agamemnon to his enquiring spouse remind us of Sir Halbert Glendinning's return, and, like Angelica in "Sir Harry Wildair," Clytæmnestra might well complain of the icy coldness of her spouse. It is the meeting of a king and queen, and that is all. Shakespere, on the contrary, has softened the character of Macbeth by traits of the most affectionate attention to his demon spouse. But if we remember the company in which Agamemnon returned, we shall scarcely be surprised.

Cassandra may possibly be regarded as a second thought of the poet. So complete is the play without her, that we can

easily imagine that the fertility of the poet's imagination carried him on, when the play might otherwise not have exceeded the rest in length. Be this as it may, the addition is magnificent. Power, terror, and pathos are alternately blended in this wonderful scene. The weird boldness of the language, the terrific personification of the ancient horrors of the Atrean house, the changes from sad, sensible consciousness to inspired madness, render this scene the most wonderful of any on the Greek stage. A Siddons alone could act Cassandra. The pedantic poem of Lycophron is a strange contrast, and the imitations by Seneca equal even his worst attempts. Virgil alone has approached equal sublimity in his description of the Cumæan Sibyl.

The time will I trust come, when the attempt to find an esoteric meaning in poetry will be set at its proper value. All the allegorizing absurdities of the Greeks themselves never equalled the amount of dull nonsense that has been talked and written concerning these plays. Can we believe that a poet, whose mind was wholly possessed with his subject, whose fiery, perturbed expressions almost struggled with each other to unfold the exuberance of the mind that sent them forth; —can we suppose that he would stop short in his course in order to arrange an article or pronoun so as to convey a hidden political or religious axiom? Can we suppose the Athenians so unpractical as to trouble themselves to hunt for such axioms, still less, to apply them? The most careful examination has convinced me that such allusions are always broad and distinct, as in the "Persæ," not obscure and unintelligible, as the followers of Suvern generally seem to suppose.

Müller, who is much more learned, has likewise shewn much greater taste in his examination of the "Eumenides." Although I cannot at all times agree with him, yet his know-

ledge is unquestionable, and his power of drawing inferences tempered with good taste and judgment. The supposition that the excitement caused by Ephialtes was alluded to in this play has also occurred to Schlegel, and bears much more appearance of probability than the generality of such theories.

I cannot, however, agree with Müller, that the action is almost at a stand-still in the "Choephoræ." There is not, it must be admitted, such vehement progress as in the "Agamemnon," but the discovery of Orestes by Electra, and the catastrophe of the play, are well united by a continued series of incidents, which, though trivial in themselves, lead on gradually and naturally to the consummation. The chief weakness of the play is in the character of Orestes. His dreadful purpose might well cause some wavering in his determination. Sent from the paternal home at an early age, he had not practically felt all his mother's cruelty, and some lurking remains of tenderness for her might remain. But the will of heaven pursues him. The terrors of disease, of calamity in every shape, the Nemesis of the dead, all threaten him, should he swerve from his purpose. Like Ctesiphon in "Ion," a father's murder calls upon him for revenge. I have already touched upon the conclusion of the play, where Orestes seems to express a degree of pity and compunction over the body of Ægisthus. I am aware that many will think the interpretation I have advocated rather too much for the text. The mention of *praise* is so slight, that it may seem scarcely enough to express the feelings I attribute to Orestes. But much might be done by the actor. Those who remember Macready's gesture and action in reading the few words addressed to the slain Polonius,—

> Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
> I took thee for thy betters:—take thy fortune!

will readily perceive what pathos might be thrown into the brief speech of Orestes.

To write upon the "Eumenides" after Müller, would be almost a useless task. So completely has this great scholar illustrated the spirit and allusions of this play, that the best commentator can do little but praise, quote, and refer to the German critic. It is difficult to say who is the chief personage in the play. The incident certainly turns upon Orestes, but there are so many different interests involved throughout the piece, that till the conclusion, when all parties are satisfied, we remain in suspense.

I shall best conclude these remarks by expressing a hope that my efforts to contribute to an acquaintance with Æschylus may not be deemed an entire failure. But I am painfully aware how much must be effected, how much got rid of, before we can congratulate ourselves on possessing Æschylus in a state even approaching his original magnificence.

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

PROMETHEUS, having, by his attention to the wants of men, provoked the anger of Jove, is bound down, in a cleft of a rock in a distant desert of Scythia. Here he not only relates the wanderings, but foretells the future lot of Io, and likewise alludes to the fall of Jove's dynasty. Disdaining to explain his meaning to Mercury, he is swept into the abyss amidst terrific hurricane and earthquake.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

STRENGTH.	CHORUS OF NYMPHS, DAUGHTERS OF OCEAN.
FORCE.	IO, DAUGHTER OF INACHUS.
VULCAN.	MERCURY.
PROMETHEUS.	

STRENGTH, FORCE, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS.

STRENGTH. [1]We are come to a plain, the distant boundary

[1] Lucian, in his dialogue entitled "Prometheus," or "Caucasus," has given occasional imitations of passages in this play, not, however, sufficient to amount to a paraphrase, as Dr. Blomfield asserted. Besides, as Lucian lays the scene at Caucasus, he would rather seem to have had the "Prometheus solutus" in mind. (See Schutz, Argum.) But the ancients commonly made Caucasus the seat of the punishment of Prometheus, and, as Æschylus is not over particular in his geography, it is possible that he may be not altogether consistent with himself. Lucian makes no mention of Strength and Force, but brings in Mercury at the beginning of the dialogue. Moreover, Mercury is represented in an excellent humour, and rallies Prometheus good-naturedly upon his tortures. Thus § 6, he says, εὖ ἔχει. καταπτήσεται δὲ ἤδη καὶ ὁ ἀετὸς ἀποκερῶν το ἧπαρ, ὡς πάντα ἔχοις ἀντὶ τῆς καλῆς καὶ εὐμηχανου πλαστικης. In regard to the place where Prometheus was bound, the scene doubtless represented a ravine between two precipices rent from each other, with a distant prospect of some of the places mentioned in the wanderings of Io. (See Schutz, *ibid.*) But as the whole mention of Scythia is an anachronism, the less said on this point the better. Compare, however, the following remarks of Humboldt, Cosmos, vol. ii. p. 140, "The legend of Prometheus, and the unbinding

of the earth, to the Scythian track, to an untrodden[1] desert. Vulcan, it behoves thee that the mandates, which thy Sire imposed, be thy concern,—to bind this daring wretch[2] to the lofty-cragged rocks, in fetters of adamantine chains that cannot be broken. For he stole and gave to mortals thy honour, the brilliancy of fire [that aids] all arts[3]. Hence for such a trespass he must needs give retribution to the gods; that he may be taught to submit to the sovereignty of[4] Jupiter, and to cease from his philanthropic disposition.

VULCAN. Strength and Force, as far as you are concerned, the mandate of Jupiter has now[4] its consummation, and there is no further obstacle. But I have not the courage to bind perforce a kindred god to this weather-beaten ravine. Yet in every way it is necessary for me to take courage for this task; for a dreadful thing it is to disregard[5] the directions of the Sire[6]. Lofty-scheming son of right-counselling Themis, unwilling shall I rivet thee unwilling in indissoluble shackles to this solitary rock, where nor voice nor form of any one of mortals shalt thou see[7]; but slowly scorched by the bright

the chains of the fire-bringing Titan on the Caucasus by Hercules in journeying eastward—the ascent of Io from the valley of the Hybrites—[See Griffith's note on v. 717, on *ὑβριστὴς ποταμὸς*, which *must* be a proper name.]—towards the Caucasus; and the myth of Phryxus and Helle,—all point to the same path on which Phœnician navigators had earlier adventured."

[1] Dindorf, in his note, rightly approves the elegant reading *ἄβροτον* (= *ἀπάνθρωπον*) in lieu of the frigid *ἄβατον*. See Blomf. and Burges. As far as this play is concerned, the tract was not actually *impassable*, but it was so to *mortals*.

[2] *λεωργὸς* = *ῥαδιοῦργος*, *πανοῦργος*, *κακοῦργος*. Cf. Liddell and Linwood, s. v. The interpretation and derivation of the etym. magn. *ὁ τῶν ἀνθρώπων πλάστης*, is justly rejected by Dindorf, who remarks that Æschylus paid no attention to the fable respecting Prometheus being the maker of mankind.

[3] The epithet *παντέχνου*, which might perhaps be rendered "art-full," is explained by v. 110 and 254.

[4] See Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 720, 2d.

[5] There seems little doubt that *εὐωριάζειν* is the right reading. Its ironical force answers to Terence's "probe curasti."

[6] I have spelt Sire in all places with a capital letter, as Jove is evidently meant. See my note on v. 49.

[7] This is not a mere zeugma, but is derived from the supposition that sight was the chief of the senses, and in a manner included the rest. (Cf. Plato Tim. p. 533, C. D.) See the examples adduced by the commentators.

blaze of the sun thou shalt lose the bloom of thy complexion; and to thee joyous shall night in spangled robe[1] veil the light; and the sun again disperse the hoar-frost of the morn; and evermore shall the pain of the present evil waste thee; for no one yet born shall release thee. Such fruits hast thou reaped from thy friendly disposition to mankind. For thou, a god, not crouching beneath the wrath of the gods, hast imparted to mortals honours beyond what was right. In requital whereof thou shalt keep sentinel on this cheerless rock, standing erect, sleepless, not bending a knee[2]: and many laments and unavailing groans shalt thou utter; for the heart of Jupiter is hard to be entreated; and every one that has newly acquired power is stern.

ST. Well, well! Why art thou delaying and vainly commiserating? Why loathest thou not the god that is most hateful to the gods, who has betrayed thy prerogative to mortals?

VUL. Relationship and intimacy are of great power.

ST. I grant it—but how is it possible to disobey the Sire's word? Dreadest thou not this the rather?

VUL. Aye truly thou art ever pitiless and full of boldness.

ST. For to deplore this wretch is no cure [for him]. But concern not thou thyself vainly with matters that are of no advantage.

VUL. O much detested handicraft!

ST. Wherefore loathest thou it! for with the ills now present thy craft in good truth is not at all chargeable.

VUL. For all that, I would that some other had obtained this.

ST. Every thing has been achieved except for the gods to rule; for no one is free save Jupiter[3].

Schrader on Musæus 5, and Boyes, Illustrations to Sept. c. Th. 98. Shakspeare has burlesqued this idea in his exquisite buffoonery, Midsummer Night's Dream, act v. sc. 1.

Pyramus. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

[1] Claudian de rapt. Pros. II. 363. "Stellantes nox picta sinus." See on Soph. Trach. 94.

[2] *i. e.* having no rest. Soph. Œd. Col. 19. *κῶλα κάμψον τοῦδ' ἐπ' ἀξέστου πέτρου.*

[3] The difficulties of this passage have been increased by no one of the commentators perceiving the evident opposition between Θεοὶ and Ζεύς. As in the formula *ὦ* Ζεῦ *καὶ* Θεοί, (cf. Plato Protag. p. 193, E.; Aristoph. Plut. I. with Bergler's note; Julian Cæs. pp. 51, 59, 76; Dionys. Hal.

VUL I know it—and I have nothing to say against it[1].

ST. Wilt thou not then bestir thyself to cast fetters about this wretch, that the Sire may not espy thee loitering?

VUL. Aye, and in truth you may see the manacles ready.

ST. Take them, and with mighty force clench them with the mallet about his hands: rivet him close to the crags.

VUL. This work of ours is speeding to its consummation and loiters not.

ST. Smite harder, tighten, slacken at no point, for he hath cunning to find outlets even from impracticable difficulties.

VUL. This arm at all events is fastened inextricably.

ST. And now clasp this securely, that he may perceive himself to be a duller contriver than Jupiter.

VUL. Save this [sufferer], no one could with reason find fault with me

ST. Now by main force rivet the ruthless fang of an adamantine wedge right through his breast[2].

VUL. Alas! alas! Prometheus, I sigh over thy sufferings.

ST. Again art thou hanging back, and sighest thou over the enemies of Jupiter? Look to it, that thou hast not at some time to mourn for thyself.

VUL. Thou beholdest a spectacle ill-sighted to the eye.

ST. I behold this wretch receiving his deserts. But fling thou these girths round his sides.

VUL. I must needs do this; urge me not very much.

ST. Aye, but I will urge thee, and set thee on too. Move downwards, and strongly link his legs.

VUL. And in truth the task is done with no long toil.

ST. With main force now smite the galling fetters, since stern indeed is the inspector of this work.

A. R. II. p. 80, 32—81, 20, ed. Sylb.) so, from the time of Homer downwards, we find Ζεὺς constantly mentioned apart from the other gods (cf. Il. I. 423. 494), and so also with his epithet πατηρ, as in v. 4, 17, 20, etc) (Eustath. on Il. T. I., p. 111, 30, ὅτι Ζεὺς ἀλλαχοῦ μὲν ἀπλῶς πατὴρ ἐλεχθη.) There is evidently, therefore, the opposition expressed in the text: "'tis not for the other gods (*i. e.* τοῖς ἄλλοις θεοῖς) to rule, but for Jove alone." This view was approved, but not confirmed, by Paley.

[1] See Dindorf.

[2] Paley well observes that there is no objection to this interpretation, for if Prometheus could endure the daily gnawing of his entrails by the vulture, the rivets wouldn't put him to much trouble. Lucian, § 6, is content with fastening his hands to the two sides of the chasm.

VUL. Thy tongue sounds in accordance with thy form.

ST. Yield thou to softness, but taunt not me with ruthlessness and harshness of temper.

VUL. Let us go; since he hath the shackles about his limbs.

ST. There now be insolent; and after pillaging the prerogatives of the gods, confer them on creatures of a day. In what will mortals be able to alleviate these agonies of thine? By no true title do the divinities call thee Prometheus; for thou thyself hast need of a Prometheus, by means of which you will slip out of this fate[1].

[*Exeunt* STRENGTH *and* FORCE.

PROMETHEUS. O divine æther, and ye swift-winged breezes, and ye fountains of rivers, and countless dimpling[2] of the waves of the deep, and thou earth, mother of all—and to the all-seeing orb of the Sun I appeal; look upon me, what treatment I, a god, am enduring at the hand of the gods! Behold with what indignities mangled I shall have to wrestle through time of years innumerable. Such an ignominious bondage hath the new ruler of the immortals devised against me. Alas! alas! I sigh over the present suffering, and that which is coming on. How, where must a termination of these toils arise? And yet what is it I am saying? I know beforehand all futurity exactly, and no suffering will come upon me unlooked-for. But I needs must bear my doom as easily as may be, knowing as I do, that the might of Necessity cannot be resisted.

But yet it is not possible for me either to hold my peace, or not to hold my peace touching these my fortunes. For having bestowed boons upon mortals, I am enthralled unhappy in these hardships. And I am he that searched out the source of fire, by stealth borne-off enclosed in a

[1] τύχης is retained by Dindorf, but τέχνης is defended by Griffith and Paley. I think, with Burges, that it is a gloss upon Προμηθέως.

[2] So Milton, P. L. iv. 165.

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean *smiles*.

Lord Byron (opening of the Giaour):

There mildly *dimpling* Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the *laughing* tides that lave
Those Edens of the eastern wave.

fennel-rod[1], which has shewn itself a teacher of every art to mortals, and a great resource. Such then as this is the vengeance that I endure for my trespasses, being rivetted in fetters beneath the naked sky.

Hah! what sound, what ineffable odour[2] hath been wafted to me, emanating from a god, or from mortal, or of some intermediate nature? Has there come any one to the remote rock as a spectator of my sufferings, or with what intent[3]! Behold me an ill-fated god in durance, the foe of Jupiter, him that hath incurred the detestation of all the gods who frequent the court of Jupiter, by reason of my excessive friendliness to mortals. Alas! alas! what can this hasty motion of birds be which I again hear hard by me? The air too is whistling faintly with the whirrings of pinions. Every thing that approaches is to me an object of dread.

CHORUS. Dread thou nothing; for this is a friendly band that has come with the fleet rivalry of their pinions to this rock, after prevailing with difficulty on the mind of our father. And the swiftly-wafting breezes escorted me: for the echo of the clang of steel pierced to the recess of our grots, and banished my demure-looking reserve; and I sped without my sandals in my winged chariot.

PR. Alas! alas! ye offspring of prolific Thetys, and daughters of Ocean your sire, who rolls around the whole earth in his unslumbering stream; look upon me, see clasped in what bonds I shall keep an unenviable watch on the topmost crags of this ravine.

CH. I see, Prometheus: and a fearful mist full of tears darts over mine eyes, as I looked on thy frame withering

[1] Literally "filling a rod," πλήρωτος here being active. Cf. Agam. 361, ἄτης παναλώτου. Chœph. 296, παμφθάρτῳ μόρῳ. Pers. 105, πολέμους πυργοδαΐκτους. See also Blomfield, and Porson on Hes. 1117, νάρθηξ is "ferula" or "fennel-giant," the pith of which makes excellent fuel. Blomfield quotes Proclus on Hesiod, Op. 1, 52, "the νάρθηξ preserves flame excellently, having a soft pith inside, that nourishes, but cannot extinguish the flame." For a strange fable connected with this theft, see Ælian Hist. An. VI. 51.

[2] On the preternatural scent supposed to attend the presence of a deity, cf. Eur. Hippol. 1391, with Monk's note, Virg. Æn. I. 403, and La Cerda. See also Boyes's Illustrations.

[3] On δή cf. Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 723, 2.

on the rocks[1] in these galling adamantine fetters: for new pilots are the masters of Olympus; and Jove, contrary to right, lords it with new laws, and things aforetime had in reverence he is obliterating.

Pr. Oh would that he had sent me beneath the earth, and below into the boundless Tartarus of Hades that receives the dead, after savagely securing me in indissoluble bonds, so that no god at any time, nor any other being, had exulted in this my doom. Whereas now, hapless one, I, the sport of the winds, suffer pangs that gladden my foes.

Ch. Who of the gods is so hard-hearted as that these things should be grateful to him? Who is there that sympathizes not with thy sufferings, Jove excepted? He indeed, in his wrath, assuming an inflexible temper, is evermore oppressing the celestial race! nor will he cease before that either he shall have sated his heart, or some one by some stratagem shall have seized upon his sovereignty that will be no easy prize.

Pr. In truth hereafter the president of the immortals[2] shall have need of me, albeit that I am ignominiously suffering in stubborn shackles, to discover to him the new plot by which he is to be despoiled of his sceptre and his honours. But neither shall he win me by the honey-tongued charms of persuasion; nor will I at any time, crouching beneath his stern threats, divulge this matter, before he shall have released me from my cruel bonds, and shall be willing to yield me retribution for this outrage.

Ch. Thou indeed both art bold, and yieldest nought to thy bitter calamities, but art over free in thy language. But piercing terror is worrying my soul; for I fear for thy fortunes. How, when will it be thy destiny to make the haven and see the end of these thy sufferings? for the son of Saturn has manners that supplication cannot reach, and an inexorable heart.

[1] Elmsley's reading, *πέτρᾳ .... τᾷδε*, is preferred by Dindorf, and seems more suitable to the passage. But if we read *ταῖσδε*, it will come to the same thing, retaining *πέτραις*.

[2] Surely we should read this sentence interrogatively, as in v. 99. *πῆ ποτε μόχθων Χρὴ τέρματα τῶνδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι*; although the editions do not agree as to that passage. So Burges.

Pr. I know that Jupiter is harsh, and keeps justice to himself: but for all that he shall hereafter be softened in purpose, when he shall be crushed in this way; and, after calming his unyielding temper with eagerness will he hereafter come into league and friendship with me that will eagerly [welcome him.]

Ch. Unfold and speak out to us the whole story, from what accusation has Jupiter seized thee, and is thus disgracefully and bitterly tormenting thee. Inform us, if thou be in no respect hurt by the recital.

Pr. Painful indeed are these things for me to tell, and painful too for me to hold my peace, and in every way grievous. As soon as the divinities began discord, and a feud was stirred up among them with one another,—one party[1] wishing to eject Saturn from his throne, in order forsooth that Jupiter might be king, and others expediting the reverse, that Jupiter might at no time rule over the gods:—then I, when I gave the best advice, was not able to prevail upon the Titans, children of Uranus and Terra; but they, contemning in their stout spirits wily schemes, fancied that without any trouble, and by dint of main force, they were to win the sovereignty. But it was not once only that my mother Themis, and Terra, a single person with many titles, had forewarned me of the way in which the future would be accomplished; how it was destined, that, not by main force, nor by the strong hand, but by craft the victors should prevail. When, however, I explained such points in discourse, they deigned not to pay me any regard at all. Of the plans which then presented themselves to me, the best appeared, that I should take my mother and promptly side with Jupiter, who was right willing [to receive us]. And 'tis by means of my counsels that the murky abyss of Tartarus overwhelms the antique Saturn, allies and all. After thus being assisted by me, the tyrant of the gods hath recompensed me with this foul recompense. For somehow this malady attaches to tyranny, not

[1] Nominativus Pendens. Soph. Antig. 259, λόγοι δ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐρρόθουν κακοι, φύλαξ ἑλίγχων φύλακα, where see Wunder, and Elmsley on Eur. Heracl. 40. But it is probably only the σχῆμα καθ' ὅλον καὶ μέρος, on which see Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 478, and the same thing takes place with the accusative, as in Antig. 21, sq. 561. See Erfurdt on 21.

to put confidence in its friends. But for your inquiries upon what charge is it that he outrages me, this I will make clear. As soon as he had established himself on his father's throne, he assigns forthwith to the different divinities each his honours, and he was marshalling in order his empire: but of woe-begone mortals he made no account, but wished, after having annihilated the entire race, to plant another new one. And these schemes no one opposed except myself. But I dared: I ransomed mortals from being utterly destroyed, and going down to Hades. 'Tis for this, in truth, that I am bent by sufferings such as these, agonising to endure, and piteous to look upon. I that had compassion for mortals, have myself been deemed unworthy to obtain this, but mercilessly am thus coerced to order, a spectacle inglorious to Jupiter.

Ch. Iron-hearted and formed of rock too, Prometheus, is he, who condoles not with thy toils: for I could have wished never to have beheld them, and now, when I behold them, I am pained in my heart.

Pr. Aye, in very deed I am a piteous object for friends to behold.

Ch. And didst thou chance to advance even beyond this?

Pr. Yes! I prevented mortals from foreseeing their doom.

Ch. By finding what remedy for this malady?

Pr. I caused blind hopes to dwell within them.

Ch. In this thou gavest a mighty benefit to mortals.

Pr. Over and above these boons, however, I imparted fire to them.

Ch. And do the creatures of a day now possess bright fire?

Pr. Yes—from which they will moreover learn thoroughly many arts.

Ch. Is it indeed on charges such as these that Jupiter is both visiting thee with indignities, and in no wise grants thee a respite from thy pains? And is no period to thy toils set before thee?

Pr. None other assuredly, but when it may please him.

Ch. And how shall it be his good pleasure? What hope is there? Seest thou not that thou didst err? but how thou

didst err, I cannot relate with pleasure, and it would be a pain to you. But let us leave these points, and search thou for some escape from thine agony.

PR. 'Tis easy, for any one that hath his foot unentangled by sufferings, both to exhort and to admonish him that is in evil plight. But I knew all these things willingly, willingly I erred, I will not gainsay it: and in doing service to mortals I brought upon myself sufferings. Yet not at all did I imagine, that, in such a punishment as this, I was to wither away upon lofty rocks, meeting with this desolate solitary crag. And yet wail ye not over my present sorrows, but after alighting on the ground, list ye to the fortune that is coming on, that ye may learn the whole throughout. Yield to me, yield ye, take ye a share in the woes of him that is now suffering. Hence in the same way doth calamity roaming to and fro settle down on different individuals.

CH. Upon those who are nothing loath hast thou urged this, Prometheus: and now having with light step quitted my rapidly-wafted chariot-seat, and the pure æther, highway of the feathered race, I will draw near to this rugged ground: and I long to hear the whole tale of thy sufferings.

Enter OCEAN.

I am arrived at the end of a long journey[1], having passed over [it] to thee, Prometheus, guiding this winged steed of mine, swift of pinion, by my will, without a bit; and, rest assured, I sorrow with thy misfortunes. For both the tie of kindred thus constrains me, and, relationship apart, there is no one on whom I would bestow a larger share [of my regard] than to thyself. And thou shalt know that these words are sincere, and that it is not in me vainly to do lip-service: for come, signify to me in what it is necessary for me to assist thee; for at no time shalt thou say that thou hast a stauncher friend than Oceanus.

PR. Hah! what means this? and hast thou too come to be a witness of my pangs? How hast thou ventured, after quitting both the stream that bears thy name, and the rock-

[1] See Linwood's Lexicon, s. v. *ἀμείβω*, whose construing I have followed

roofed self-wrought[1] grots, to come into the iron-teeming land? Is it that you may contemplate my misfortunes, and as sympathising with my woes that thou hast come? Behold a spectacle, me here the friend of Jupiter, that helped to establish his sovereignty, with what pains I am bent by him.

Oc. I see, Prometheus, and to thee, subtle as thou art, I wish to give the best counsel. Know thyself, and assume to thyself new manners; for among the gods too there is a new monarch. But if thou wilt utter words thus harsh and whetted, Jupiter mayhap, though seated far aloft, will hear thee, so that the present bitterness of sufferings will seem to thee to be child's play. But, O hapless one, dismiss the passion which thou feelest, and search for a deliverance from these sufferings of thine. Old-fashioned maxims these, it may be I appear to thee to utter; yet such become the wages of the tongue that talks too proudly. But not even yet art thou humble, nor submittest to ills; and in addition to those that already beset thee, thou art willing to bring others upon thee. Yet not, if at least thou takest me for thy instructor, wilt thou stretch out thy leg against the pricks; as thou seest that a harsh monarch, and one that is not subject to control, is lording it. And now I for my part will go, and will essay, if I be able, to disenthral thee from these thy pangs. But be thou still, nor be over impetuous in thy language. What! knowest thou not exactly, extremely intelligent as thou art, that punishment is inflicted on a froward tongue?

Pr. I give thee joy, because that thou hast escaped censure, after taking part in and venturing along with me in all things. And now leave him alone, and let it not concern thee. For in no wise wilt thou persuade him; for he is not open to persuasion. And look thou well to it that thou take not harm thyself by the journey.

Oc. Thou art far better calculated by nature to instruct

[1] Cf. Virg. Æn. I. 167, "Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo."

"The rudest habitation, ye might think
That it had sprung from earth self-raised, or grown
Out of the living rock." Wordsworth's Excursion, Book vi.

Compare a most picturesque description of Diana's cave, in Apul. Met. II. p. 116; Elm. Telemachus, Book I.; Undine, ch. viii.; Lane's Arabian Nights', vol. iii. p. 385.

thy neighbours than thyself: I draw my conclusion from fact, and not from word. But think not for a moment to divert me from the attempt. For I am confident, yea, I am confident, that Jupiter will grant me this boon, so as to release thee from these pangs of thine.

PR. In part I commend thee, and will by no means at any time cease to do so. For in zeal to serve me thou lackest nothing. But trouble thyself not; for in vain, without being of any service to me[1], wilt thou labour, if in any respect thou art willing to labour. But hold thou thy peace, and keep thyself out of harm's way; for I, though I be in misfortune, would not on this account be willing that sufferings should befal as many as possible. No, indeed, since also the disasters of my brother Atlas gall my heart, who is stationed in the western regions, sustaining on his shoulders the pillar of heaven and of earth, a burthen not of easy grasp. I commiserated too when I beheld the earthborn inmate of the Cilician caverns, a tremendous prodigy, the hundred-headed impetuous Typhon, overpowered by force, who withstood all the gods, hissing slaughter from his hungry jaws; and from his eyes there flashed a hideous glare, as though he would perforce overthrow the sovereignty of Jove. But the sleepless shaft of Jupiter came upon him, the descending thunderbolt breathing forth flame, which scared him out of his presumptuous bravadoes; for having been smitten to his very soul he was crumbled to a cinder, and thunder-blasted in his prowess. And now, a helpless and paralyzed form, is he lying hard by a narrow frith, pressed down beneath the roots of Ætna[2]. And,

[1] Although Dindorf has left ΩΚΕΑΝΟΣ before the lines beginning with *οὐ δῆτα*, yet, as he in his notes, p. 54, approves of the opinion of Elmsley (to which the majority of critics assent), I have continued them to Prometheus. Dindorf (after Burges) remarks that the particles *οὐ δῆτα* deceived the copyists, who thought that they pointed to the commencement of a new speaker's address. He quotes Soph. Œd. C. 433; Eur. Alcest. 555; Heracl. 507, sqq., where it is used as a continuation of a previous argument, as in the present passage.

[2] It has been remarked that Æschylus had Pindar in mind, see Pyth. I. 31, and VIII. 20. On this fate of Enceladus cf. Philostrat. de V. Apoll. V. 6; Apollodorus I.; Hygin. Fab. 152; and for poetical descriptions, Cornel. Severus Ætna, 70, "Gurgite Trinacrio morientem Jupiter Ætna Obruit Enceladum, vasti qui pondere montis Æstuat, et patulis exspirat faucibus ignes." Virg. Æn. III. 578; Valer. Flacc. II. 24; Ovid. Met.

seated on the topmost peaks, Vulcan forges the molten masses, whence there shall one day burst forth floods devouring with fell jaws the level fields of fruitful Sicily: with rage such as this shall Typhon boil over in hot artillery of a never-glutted fire-breathing storm; albeit he hath been reduced to ashes by the thunderbolt of Jupiter. But thou art no novice, nor needest thou me for thine instructor. Save thyself as best thou knowest how; but I will exhaust my present fate' until such time as the spirit of Jupiter shall abate its wrath.

Oc. Knowest thou not this then, Prometheus, that words are the physicians of a distempered feeling[1]?

Pr. True, if one seasonably soften down the heart, and do not with rude violence reduce a swelling spirit.

Oc. Aye, but in foresight along with boldness[2] what mischief is there that thou seest to be inherent? inform me.

Pr. Superfluous trouble and trifling folly.

Oc. Suffer me to sicken in this said sickness, since 'tis of the highest advantage for one that is wise not to seem to be wise.

V. Fab. V. 6; Claudian, de raptu Pros. I. 155; Orph. Arg. 1256. Strabo, I. p. 42, makes Hesiod acquainted with these eruptions. (See Goettling on Theog. 821.) But Prometheus here utters a prophecy concerning an eruption that really took place during the life of Æschylus, Ol. 75, 2, B.C. 479. Cf. Thucydides III. 116; Cluver, Sicil. Antig. p. 104, and Dindorf's learned note. There can be little doubt but Enceladus and Typhon are only different names for the same monster. Burges has well remarked the resemblance between the Egyptian Typho and the Grecian, and considers them both as "two outward forms of one internal idea, representing the destructive principle of matter opposed to the creative." I shall refer the reader to Plutarch's entertaining treatise on Isis and Osiris: but to quote authorities from Herodotus down to the Apologetic Fathers, would be endless.

[1] I think, notwithstanding the arguments of Dindorf, that ὀργῆς νοσούσης means "a mind distempered," and that λόγοι mean "arguments, reasonings." Boyes, who always shows a *poetical* appreciation of his author, aptly quotes Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. 2, c. 8, st. 26.

"Words well dispost,
Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage."

And Samson Agonistes:

"Apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind."

The reading of Plutarch, ψυχῆς appears to be a mere gloss.

[2] Intellige *audaciam prudentiâ conjunctam.* Blomfield.

Pr. (Not so, for) this trespass will seem to be mine.

Oc. Thy language is plainly sending me back to my home.

Pr. Lest thy lamentation over me bring thee into ill-will.

Oc. What with him who hath lately seated himself on the throne that ruleth over all?

Pr. Beware of him lest at any time his heart be moved to wrath.

Oc. Thy disaster, Prometheus, is my monitor.

Pr. Away! withdraw thee, keep thy present determination.

Oc. On me, hastening to start, hast thou urged this injunction; for my winged quadruped flaps with his pinions the smooth track of æther; and blithely would he recline his limbs in his stalls at home. [*Exit* Ocean.

Ch. I bewail thee for thy lost fate, Prometheus. A flood of trickling tears from my yielding eyes has bedewed my cheek with its humid gushings: for Jupiter commanding this thine unenviable doom by laws of his own, displays his spear appearing superior o'er the gods of old[1]. And now the whole land echoes with wailing—they wail thy stately and time-graced honours, and those of thy brethren; and all they of mortal race that occupy a dwelling neighbouring on hallowed Asia[2] mourn with thy deeply-deplorable sufferings: the virgins that dwell in the land of Colchis too, fearless of the fight, and the Scythian horde who possess the most remote region of earth around lake Mæotis: and the warlike flower of Arabia[3], who occupy a fortress on the craggy

[1] *αἰχμὰ* is rendered "indoles" by Paley (see on Ag. 467.) Linwood by "authority," which is much nearer the truth, as the spear was anciently used for the sceptre. Mr. Burges opportunely suggests Pindar's *ἔγχος ζάκοτον*, which he gives to Jupiter, Nem. vi. 90.

[2] Asia is here personified.

[3] All commentators, from the scholiast downwards, are naturally surprised at this mention of Arabia, when Prometheus is occupied in describing the countries bordering on the Euxine. Burges conjectures *Ἀβάριος*, which he supports with considerable learning. But although the name *Ἀβάριδες* (mentioned by Suidas) might well be given to those who dwelt in unknown parts of the earth, from the legendary travels of Abaris with his arrow, yet the epithet *ἄρειον ἄνθος* seems to point to some really existing nation, while *Ἀβάριες* would rather seem proverbial. Till then we are more certain, Æschylus must still stand chargeable with geographical inconsistency.

heights in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, a warrior-host, clamouring amid sharply-barbed spears.

One other god only indeed have I heretofore beheld in miseries, the Titan Atlas, subdued by the galling of adamantine[1] bonds, who evermore in his back is groaning beneath[2] the excessive mighty mass of the pole of heaven. And the billow of the deep roars as it falls in cadence, the depth moans, and the murky vault of Hades rumbles beneath the earth, and the fountains of the pure streaming rivers wail for his piteous pains.

Pr. Do not, I pray you, suppose that I am holding my peace from pride or self-will: but by reflection am I gnawed to the heart, seeing myself thus ignominously entreated[3]. And yet who but myself defined completely the prerogatives for these same new gods? But on these matters I say nothing, for I should speak to you already acquainted with these things. But for the misfortunes that existed among mortals, hear how I made them, that aforetime lived as infants, rational and possessed of intellect[4]. And I will tell you, having no complaint against mankind, as detailing the kindness of the boons which I bestowed upon them:—they who at first seeing saw in vain, hearing they heard not. But, like to the forms of dreams, for a long time they used to huddle together all things at random, and nought knew they about brick-built[5] and sun-ward houses, nor carpentry: but they dwelt in the excavated earth like

[1] I have followed Burges and Dindorf, although the latter retains '*καμαντοδέτοις* in his text.

[2] Why Dindorf should have adopted Hermann's frigid *ὑποστεγάζει*, is not easily seen. The reader will however find Griffith's foot-note well deserving of inspection.

[3] On *προυσελούμενον*, see Dindorf.

[4] Among the mythographi discovered by Maii, and subsequently edited by Bode, the reader will find some allegorical explanations of these benefits given by Prometheus. See Myth. primus I. 1, and tertius 3, 10, 9. They are, however, little else than compilations from the commentary of Servius on Virgil, and the silly, but amusing, mythology of Fulgentius. On the endowment of speech and reason to men by Prometheus, cf. Themist. Or. xxvi. p. 323, C. D. and xxvii. p. 338, C. ed. Hard.; and for general illustrations, the notes of Wasse on Sallust, Cat. sub init.

[5] Brick-building is first ascribed to Euryalus and Hyperbius, two brothers at Athens, by Pliny, H. N. vii. 56, quoted by Stanley. After caves, huts of beams, filled in with turf-clods, were probably the first

tiny emmets in the sunless depths of caverns. And they had no sure sign either of winter, or of flowery spring, or of fruitful summer: but they used to do every thing without judgment, until indeed I showed to them the risings of the stars and their settings[1], hard to be discerned.

And verily I discover for them Numbers, the surpassing all inventions[2], the combinations too of letters, and Memory, effective mother-nurse of all arts. I also first bound with yokes beasts submissive to the collars; and in order that with their bodies they might become to mortals substitutes for their severest toils, I brought steeds under cars obedient to the rein[3], a glory to pompous luxury. And none other than I invented the canvas-winged chariots of mariners that roam over the ocean. After discovering for mortals such inventions, wretch that I am, I myself have no device whereby I may escape from my present misery.

Ch. Thou hast suffered unseemly ills, baulked in thy discretion thou art erring; and like a bad physician, having fallen into a distemper thou art faint-hearted, and, in reference to thyself, thou canst not discover by what manner of medicines thou mayest be cured.

Pr. When thou hearest the rest of my tale, thou wilt wonder still more what arts and resources I contrived. For the greatest—if that any one fell into a distemper, there was no remedy, neither in the way of diet, nor of liniment, nor of potion, but for lack of medicines they used to pine away to skeletons, before that I pointed out to them the composition[4] of mild remedies, wherewith they ward off all their maladies.

dwellings of men. See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, p. 217, ed. Bohn. This whole passage has been imitated by Moschion apud Stob. Ecl. Phys. I. 11, whilst the early reformation of men has ever been a favourite theme for poets. Cf. Eurip. Suppl. 200 sqq.; Manilius I. 41, sqq.; and Bronkhus. on Tibull. I. 3, 35.

[1] Cf. Apul. de Deo Socr. § II. ed. meæ, "quos probe callet, qui signorum ortus et obitus comprehendit," Catullus (in a poem imitated from Callimachus) carm. 67, 1. "Omnia qui magni dispexit lumina mundi, Qui stellarum ortus comperit atque obitus." See on Agam. 7,

[2] On the following discoveries consult the learned and entertaining notes of Stanley.

[3] *ἥγαγον φιληνίους*, i. e. *ὥστε φιληνίους εἶναι.*

[4] See the elaborate notes of Blomfield and Burges, from whence all the other commentators have derived their information. *Κράσις* is what Scribonius Largus calls "compositio." Cf. Rhodii Lexicon Scribon.

Many modes too of the divining art did I classify, and was the first that discriminated among dreams those which are destined to be a true vision; obscure vocal omens[1] too I made known to them; tokens also incidental on the road, and the flight of birds of crooked talons I clearly defined, both those that are in their nature auspicious, and the ill-omened, and what the kind of life that each leads, and what are their feuds and endearments[2] and intercourse one with another: the smoothness too of the entrails, and what hue they must have to be acceptable to the gods, the various happy formations of the gall and liver, and the limbs enveloped in fat: and having roasted the long chine I pointed out to mortals the way into an abstruse art; and I brought to light the fiery symbols[3] that were aforetime wrapt in darkness. Such indeed were these boons; and the gains to mankind that were hidden under ground, brass, iron, silver, and gold,—who could assert that he had discovered before me? No one, I well know, who does not mean to idly babble. And in one brief sentence learn the whole at once—All arts among the human race are from Prometheus.

Ch. Do not now serve the human race beyond what is profitable, nor disregard thyself in thy distress: since I have good hopes that thou shalt yet be liberated from these shackles, and be not one whit less powerful than Jove.

Pr. Not at all in this way is Fate, that brings events to their consummation ordained to accomplish these things: but

p. 364—5; Serenus Sammonicus "synthesis." The former writer observes in his preface, p. 2, "est enim hæc pars (compositio, scilicit) medicinæ ut maxime necessaria, ita certe antiquissima, et ob hoc primum celebrata atque illustrata. Siquidem verum est, antiquos herbis ac radicibus earum corporis vitia curasse.

[1] Apul. de Deo Socr. § 20, ed. meæ. "ut videmus plerisque usu venire, qui nimia ominum superstitione, non suopte corde, sed alterius verbo, reguntur: et per angiporta reptantes, consilia ex alienis vocibus colligunt." Such was the voice that appeared to Socrates. See Plato Theog. p. 11. A. Xenoph. Apol. 12; Proclus in Alcib. Prim. 13, p. 41, Creuz. See also Stanley's note.

[2] On these augurial terms see Abresch.

[3] Although the Vatican mythologist above quoted observes of Prometheus, "deprehendit præterea rationem fulminum, et hominibus indicavit—" I should nevertheless follow Stanley and Blomfield, in understanding these words to apply to the omens derived from the flame and smoke ascending from the sacrifices.

after having been bent by countless sufferings and calamities, thus am I to escape from my shackles. And art is far less powerful than necessity.

CH. Who then is the pilot of necessity?

PR. The triform Fates and the remembering Furies.

CH. Is Jupiter then less powerful than these?

PR. Most certainly he cannot at any rate escape his doom[1].

CH. Why, what is doomed for Jupiter but to reign for evermore?

PR. This thou mayest not yet learn, and do not press it.

CH. 'Tis surely some solemn mystery that thou veilest.

PR. Make mention of some other matter; it is by no means seasonable to proclaim this; but it must be shrouded in deepest concealment: for it is by keeping this secret that I am to escape from my ignominious shackles and miseries.

CH. Never may Jupiter, who directs all things, set his might in opposition to my purpose; nor may I be backward in attending upon the gods at their hallowed banquets, at which oxen are sacrificed, beside the restless stream of my sire Ocean; and may I not trespass in my words; but may this feeling abide by me and never melt away. Sweet it is to pass through a long life in confident hopes, making the spirits swell with bright merriment; but I shudder as I behold thee harrowed by agonies incalculable . . . . For not standing in awe of Jupiter, thou, Prometheus, in thy self-will honourest mortals to excess. Come, my friend, own how boonless was the boon; say where is any aid? What relief can come from the creatures of a day? Sawest thou not the powerless weakness, nought better than a dream, in which the blind race of men is entangled? Never shall at any time the schemes of mortals evade the harmonious system of Jupiter. This I learned by witnessing thy destructive fate, Prometheus. And far different is this strain that now flits towards me from that hymenæal chant which I raised around the baths and thy couch with the consent[2] of nuptials, when, after having

[1] Cf. Herodot. I. 91, quoted by Blomfield: *τὴν πεπρωμένην μοίρην ἀδύνατά ἐστι ἀποφυγέειν καὶ τῷ θεῷ.* On this Pythagorean notion of Æschylus see Stanley.

[2] Or, "in pleasure at the nuptials." See Linwood. Burges: "for the one-ness of marriage."

won Hesione with thy love-tokens, thou didst conduct her our sister to be thy bride, the sharer of thy bed.

Enter Io[1].

What land is this? what race? whom shall I say I here behold storm-tossed in rocky fetters? Of what trespass is the retribution destroying thee? Declare to me into what part of earth I forlorn have roamed. Ah me! alas! alas! again the hornet[2] stings me miserable: O earth avert[3] the goblin of earth-born Argus[4]: I am terrified at the sight of the neatherd of thousand eyes, for he is journeying on,

[1] No clue is given as to the form in which Io was represented on the stage. In v. 848, the promise *ἐνταῦθα δή σε Ζεὺς τίθησιν ἔμφρονα* does not imply any bodily change, but that Io laboured under a mental delusion. Still the mythologists are against us, who agree in making her transformation complete. Perhaps she was represented with horns, like the Egyptian figures of Isis, but in other respects as a virgin, which is somewhat confirmed by v. 592, *κλύεις φθέγμα τᾶς βούκερω παρθένου*;

[2] "gad-fly" or "brize." See the commentators.

[3] On the discrepancies of reading, see Dind. With the whole passage compare Nonnus, Dionys. III. p. 62, 2.

ταυροφυὴς ὅτε πόρτις ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
εἰς ἀγέλην ἄγραυλος ἐλαύνετο σύννομος Ἰώ.
καὶ δαμάλης ἄγρυπνον ἐθήκατο βουκόλον Ἥρη
ποικίλον ἀπλανέεσσι κεκασμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων·
Ζηνὸς ἀθηήτοιο καὶ ἐς νομὸν ἴϊε κούρη,
ὀφθαλμοὺς τρομέουσα πολυγλήνοιο νομῆος.
γυιαβόρῳ δὲ μύωπι χαρασσομένη δέμας Ἰὼ
Ἰονίης [ἅλος] οἴδμα κατέγραφε φοιτάδι χηλῇ.
ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Αἴγυπτον—

This writer, who constantly has the Athenian dramatists in view, pursues the narrative of Io's wanderings with an evident reference to Æschylus. See other illustrations from the poets in Stanley's notes.

[4] The ghost of Argus was doubtless whimsically represented, but probably without the waste of flour that is peculiar to modern stage spectres. Perhaps, as Burges describes, "a mute in a dress resembling a peacock's tail expanded, and with a Pan's pipe slung to his side, which ever and anon he seems to sound; and with a goad in his hand, mounted at one end with a representation of a hornet or gad-fly." But this phantom, like Macbeth's dagger, is supposed to be in the mind only. With a similar idea Apuleius, Apol. p. 315, ed. Elm. invokes upon Æmilianus in the following mild terms: "At .... semper obvias species mortuorum, quidquid umbrarum est usquam, quidquid lemurum, quidquid manium, quidquid larvarum oculis tuis oggerat: omnia noctium occursacula, omnia bustorum formidamina, omnia sepulchrorum terriculamenta, a quibus tamen ævo emerito haud longe abes."

keeping a cunning glance, whom not even after death does earth conceal: but issuing forth from among the departed he chases me miserable, and he makes me to wander famished along the shingled strand, while the sounding wax-compacted pipe drones on a sleepy strain. Oh! oh! ye powers! Oh! powers! whither do my far-roaming wanderings convey me? In what, in what, O son of Saturn, hast thou, having found me transgressing, shackled me in these pangs? Ah! ah! and art thus wearing out a timorous wretch phrensied with sting-driven fear. Burn me with fire, or bury me in earth, or give me for food to the monsters of the deep, and grudge me not these prayers, O king! Amply have my much-traversed wanderings harassed me; nor can I discover how I may avoid pain. Hearest thou the address of the ox-horned maiden?

Pr. How can I fail to hear the damsel that is phrenzy-driven by the hornet, the daughter of Inachus, who warms the heart of Jupiter with love, and now, abhorred of Juno, is driven perforce courses of exceeding length?

Io. From whence utterest thou the name of my father? Tell me, the woe-begone, who thou art, who, I say, O hapless one, that hast thus correctly accosted me miserable, and hast named the heaven-inflicted disorder which wastes me, fretting with its maddening stings? Ah! ah! violently driven by the famishing tortures of my boundings have I come a victim to the wrathful counsels of Juno. And of the ill-fated who are there, ah me! that endure woes such as mine? But do thou clearly define to me what remains for me to suffer, what salve[1]: what remedy there is for my malady, discover to me, if at all thou knowest: speak, tell it to the wretched roaming damsel.

Pr. I will tell thee clearly everything which thou desirest to learn, not interweaving riddles, but in plain language, as it is right to open the mouth to friends. Thou seest him that bestowed fire on mortals, Prometheus.

Io. O thou that didst dawn a common benefit upon mortals, wretched Prometheus, as penance for what offence art thou thus suffering?

[1] I have followed Dindorf's elegant emendation. See his note, and Blomf. on Ag. 1.

Pr. I have just ceased lamenting my own pangs.

Io. Wilt thou not then accord to me this boon?

Pr. Say what it is that thou art asking, for thou mightest learn every thing from me.

Io. Say who it was that bound thee fast in this cleft?

Pr. The decree of Jupiter, but the hand of Vulcan.

Io. And for what offences art thou paying the penalty?

Pr. Thus much alone is all that I can clearly explain to thee.

Io. At least, in addition to this, discover what time shall be to me woe-worn the limit of my wanderings.

Pr. Not to learn this is better for thee than to learn it.

Io. Yet conceal not from me what I am to endure.

Pr. Nay, I grudge thee not this gift.

Io. Why then delayest thou to utter the whole?

Pr. 'Tis not reluctance, but I am loth to shock thy feelings.

Io. Do not be more anxious on my account than is agreeable to me[1].

Pr. Since thou art eager, I must needs tell thee: attend thou.

Ch. Not yet, however; but grant me also a share of the pleasure. Let us first learn the malady of this maiden, from her own tale of her destructive[2] fortunes; but, for the sequel of her afflictions let her be informed by thee.

Pr. It is thy part, Io, to minister to the gratification of these now before thee, both for all other reasons, and that they are the sisters of thy father. Since to weep and lament over misfortunes, when one is sure to win a tear from the listeners, is well worth the while.

Io. I know not how I should disobey you; and in a plain tale ye shall learn every thing that ye desire: and yet I am pained even to speak of the tempest that hath been sent upon me from heaven, and the utter marring of my per-

[1] After the remarks of Dindorf and Paley, it seems that the above must be the sense, whether we read ὧν with Hermann, or take ὡς for ἢ ὡς with the above mentioned editor.

[2] Paley remarks that τὰς πολλ. τύχας is used in the same manner as in Pers. 453, φθαρέντες = "shipwrecked," (see his note,) or "wandering." He renders the present passage, "the adventures of her long wanderings."

son, whence it suddenly came upon me, a wretched creature! For nightly visions thronging to my maiden chamber, would entice me with smooth words: "O damsel, greatly fortunate, why dost thou live long time in maidenhood, when it is in thy power to achieve a match the very noblest? for Jupiter is fired by thy charms with the shaft of passion, and longs with thee to share in love. But do not, my child, spurn away from thee the couch of Jupiter; but go forth to Lerna's fertile mead, to the folds and ox-stalls of thy father, that the eye of Jove may have respite from its longing." By dreams such as these was I unhappy beset every night, until at length I made bold to tell my sire of the dreams that haunted me by night. And he despatched both to Pytho and to Dodona[1] many a messenger to consult the oracles, that he might learn what it behoved him to do or say, so as to perform what was well-pleasing to the divinities. And they came bringing a report back of oracles ambiguously worded, indistinct, and obscurely delivered. But at last a clear response came to Inachus, plainly charging and directing him to thrust me forth both from my home and my country, to stray an outcast to earth's remotest limits; and that, if he would not, a fiery-visaged thunderbolt would come from Jupiter, and utterly blot out his whole race. Overcome by oracles of Loxias such as these, unwilling did he expel and exclude me unwilling from his dwelling: but the bit of Jupiter[2] perforce constrained him to do this. And straightway my person and my mind were distorted, and horned, as ye see, stung by the keenly-biting fly, I rushed with maniac boundings to the sweet stream of Cerchneia, and the fountain[3] of Lerna:—and the earth-born neat-herd Argus of untempered fierceness, kept dogging me, peering after my footsteps with thick-set eyes. Him, however, an unlooked-for sudden fate bereaved of life; but I

[1] With the earlier circumstances of this narrative compare the beautiful story of Psyche in Apuleius, Met. IV. p. 157, sqq. Elm.

[2] Cf. Ag. 217, *ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνάγκας ἔδυ λέπαδνον.*

[3] *κρήνην* is the elegant conjecture of Canter, approved by Dindorf. In addition to the remarks of the commentators, the tradition preserved by Pausanias II. 15, greatly confirms this emendation. He remarks, *θέρους δὲ αὖα σφίσιν ἐστὶ τὰ ῥεύματα, πλὴν τῶν ἐν Λέρνῃ.* It was probably somewhat proverbial.

hornet-striken am driven by the scourge divine from land to land. Thou hearest what has taken place, and if thou art able to say what pangs there remain for me, declare them; and do not, compassionating me, warm me with false tales, for I pronounce fabricated statements to be a most foul malady.

CH. Ah! ah! forbear! Alas! Never never did I expect that a tale [so] strange would come to my ears, or that sufferings thus horrible to witness and horrible to endure, outrages, terrors with their two-edged goad, would chill my spirit. Alas! alas! O Fate! Fate! I shudder as I behold the condition of Io.

PR. Prematurely, however, art thou sighing, and art full of terror. Hold, until thou shalt also have heard the residue.

CH. Say on; inform me fully: to the sick indeed it is sweet to get a clear knowledge beforehand of the sequel of their sorrows.

PR. Your former desire at any rate ye gained from me easily; for first of all ye desired to be informed by her recital of the affliction[1] that attaches to herself. Now give ear to the rest, what sort of sufferings it is the fate of this young damsel before you to undergo at the hand of Juno: thou too, seed of Inachus, lay to heart my words, that thou mayest be fully informed of the termination of thy journey. In the first place, after turning thyself from this spot towards the rising of the sun, traverse unploughed fields; and thou wilt reach the wandering Scythians, who, raised from off the ground, inhabit wicker dwellings on well-wheeled cars, equipped with distant-shooting bows; to whom thou must not draw near, but pass on out of their land, bringing thy feet to approach the rugged roaring shores. And on thy left hand dwell the Chalybes, workers of iron, of whom thou must needs beware, for they are barbarous, and not accesible to strangers. And thou wilt come to the river Hybristes[2],

[1] I shall not attempt to enter into the much-disputed geography of Io's wanderings. So much has been said, and to so little purpose, on this perplexing subject, that to write additional notes would be only to furnish more reasons for doubting.

[2] Probably the Kurban. Schutz well observes that the words *οὐ ψευδώνυμον* could not be applied to an epithet of the poet's own creation. Such, too, was Humboldt's idea. See my first note on this pla-

not falsely so called, which do not thou cross, for it is not easy to ford, until thou shalt have come to Caucasus itself, loftiest of mountains, where from its very brow the river spouts forth its might. And surmounting its peaks that neighbour on the stars, thou must go into a southward track, where thou wilt come to the man-detesting host of Amazons, who hereafter shall make a settlement, Themiscyra, on the banks of Thermodon, where lies the rugged Salmydessian sea-gorge, a host by mariners hated, a step-dame to ships; and they will conduct thee on thy way, and that right willingly. Thou shalt come too to the Cimmerian ithsmus, hard by the very portals of a lake, with narrow passage, which thou undauntedly must leave, and cross the Mæotic frith; and there shall exist for evermore among mortals a famous legend concerning thy passage, and after thy name it shall be called the Bosphorus; and after having quitted European ground, thou shalt come to the Asiatic continent. Does not then the sovereign of the gods seem to you to be violent alike towards all things? for he a god lusting to enjoy the charms of this mortal fair one, hath cast upon her these wanderings. And a bitter wooer, maiden, hast thou found for thy hand; for think that the words which thou hast now heard are not even for a prelude.

Io. Woe is me! ah! ah!

Pr. Thou too in thy turn[1] art crying out and moaning: what wilt thou do then, when thou learnest the residue of thy ills?

Ch. What! hast thou aught of suffering left to tell to her?

Pr. Aye, a tempestuous sea of baleful calamities.

Io. What gain then is it for me to live? but why did I not quickly fling myself from this rough precipice, that dashing on the plain I had rid myself of all my pangs? for better is it once to die, than all one's days to suffer ill.

Pr. Verily thou wouldst hardly bear the agonies of me to whom it is not doomed to die. For this would be an escape from sufferings. But now there is no limit set to my hardships, until Jove shall have been deposed from his tyranny.

[1] See Schutz and Griffiths.

Io. What! is it possible that Jupiter should ever fall from his power?

Pr. Glad wouldst thou be, I ween, to witness this event.

Io. And how not so, I, who through Jupiter am suffering ill?

Pr. Well then thou mayest assure thyself of these things that they are so.

Io. By whom is he to be despoiled of his sceptre of tyranny.

Pr. Himself, by his own senseless counsels.

Io. In what manner? Specify it, if there be no harm.

Pr. He will make such a match as he shall one day rue[1].

Io. Celestial or mortal? If it may be spoken, tell me.

Pr. But why ask its nature? for it is not a matter that I can communicate to you.

Io. Is it by a consort that he is to be ejected from his throne?

Pr. Yes, surely, one that shall give birth to a son mightier than the father[2].

Io. And has he no refuge from this misfortune?

Pr. Not he, indeed, before at any rate I after being liberated from my shackles———

Io. Who then is he that shall liberate thee in despite of Jupiter?

Pr. It is ordained that it shall be one of thine own descendants.

Io. How sayest thou? Shall child of mine release thee from thy ills?

[1] Wrapped in mystery as the liberation of Prometheus is in this drama, it may be amusing to compare the following extracts from the Short Chronicle prefixed to Sir I. Newton's Chronology.

"968. B.C. Sesak, having carried on his victories to Mount Caucasus, leaves his nephew Prometheus there, to guard the pass, etc.

"937. The Argonautic expedition. Prometheus leaves Mount Caucasus, being set at liberty by Hercules," etc.—Old Translator.

[2] Stanley compares Pindar, Isth. vii. 33.

——— πεπρωμένον ἦν φέρ-
-τερον γόνον [οἱ] ἄνακτα πατρὸς τεκεῖν.

And Apoll. Rhod. iv. 201. Also the words of Thetis herself in Nonnus, Dionys. xxxiii. 356.

Ζεύς με πατὴρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν ἐς γάμον ἔλκειν,
εἰ μή μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκαπτε Προμηθεύς,
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρείονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι.

Pr. Yes, the third of thy lineage in addition to ten other generations[1].

Io. This prophecy of thine is no longer easy for me to form a guess upon.

Pr. Nor seek thou to know over well thine own pangs.

Io. Do not after proffering me a benefit withhold it from me.

Pr. I will freely grant thee one of two disclosures.

Io. Explain to me first of what sort they are, and allow me my choice.

Pr. I allow it thee; for choose whether I shall clearly tell to thee the residue of thy troubles, or who it is that is to be my deliverer.

Ch. Of these twain do thou vouchsafe to bestow the one boon on this damsel, and the other on me, and disdain thou not my request. To her tell the rest of her wanderings, and to me him that is to deliver thee; for this I long [to hear].

Pr. Seeing that ye are eagerly bent upon it, I will not oppose your wishes, so as not to utter every thing as much as ye desire. To thee in the first place, Io, will I describe thy mazy wanderings, which do thou engrave on the recording tablets of thy mind.

When thou shalt have crossed the stream that is the boundary of the Continents, to the ruddy realms of morn where walks the sun[2] . . . . . having passed over the roaring swell of the sea, until thou shalt reach the Gorgonian plains of Cisthene, where dwell the Phorcides, three swan-like aged damsels, that possess one eye in common, that have but a single tooth, on whom ne'er doth the sun glance with his rays, nor the nightly moon. And hard by are three winged sisters of these, the snake-tressed Gorgons, abhorred of mortals, whom none of human race can look upon and retain the breath of life[3]. Such is this cau-

[1] "These were: 1. Epaphus; 2. Lybia; 3. Belus; 4. Danaus; 5. Hypermnestra; 6. Abas; 7. Prœtus; 8. Acrisius; 9. Danae; 10. Perseus; 11. Electryon. 12. Alcmena; 13. Hercules." Blomfield.

[2] For two ways of supplying the lacuna in this description of Io's travels, see Dindorf and Paley.

[3] Being turned into stone. Such was the punishment of the fire-worshippers in the story of the first Lady of Baghdad. See Arabian Nights, Vol. I., p. 198. The mythico-geographical allusions in the following lines have been so fully and so learnedly illustrated, that I shall content myself with referring to the commentators.

tion[1] which I mention to thee. Now lend an ear to another hideous spectacle; for be on thy guard against the keen-fanged hounds of Jupiter that never bark, the gryphons, and the cavalry host of one-eyed Arimaspians, who dwell on the banks of the gold-gushing fount, the stream of Pluto: go not thou nigh to these. And thou wilt reach a far-distant land, a dark tribe, who dwell close upon the fountains of the sun, where is the river Æthiops. Along the banks of this wend thy way, until thou shalt have reached the cataract where from the Bybline mountains the Nile pours forth his hallowed, grateful stream. This will guide thee to the triangular land of the Nile; where at length, Io, it is ordained for thee and thy children after thee to found the distant colony. And if aught of this is obscurely uttered, and hard to be understood, question me anew, and learn it thoroughly and clearly: as for leisure, I have more than I desire.

Ch. If indeed thou hast aught to tell of her baleful wanderings, that still remains or hath been omitted, say on; but if thou hast told the whole, give to us in our turn the favour which we ask, and you, perchance, remember.

Pr. She hath heard the full term of her journeying. And that she may know that she hath not been listening to me in vain, I will relate what hardships she endured before she came hither, giving her this as a sure proof of my statements. The very great multitude indeed of words I shall omit, and I will proceed to the termination itself of thine aberrations. For after that thou hadst come to the Molossian plains, and about the lofty ridge of Dodona, where is the oracular seat of Thesprotian Jove, and a portent passing belief, the speaking oaks, by which thou wast clearly and without any ambiguity saluted illustrious spouse of Jove that art to be; if aught of this hath any charms for thee[2]. Thence madly rushing along the sea-side track, thou didst dart away to the vast bay of Rhea, from which thou art tempest-driven in retrograde courses: and in time to come, know well that the gulf of the deep shall be called IO-nian, a memorial of thy passage to all mortals. These hast thou as tokens of my intelligence, how that it perceives somewhat beyond what appears.

[1] See Linwood's Lexicon and Griffiths' note.

[2] There is still much doubt about the elision ἔσεσθ', εἰ. Others read the passage interrogatively. See Griffiths and Dindorf.

The rest I shall tell both to you and to her in common, after reaching the very identical track of my former narrative. There is on the land's utmost verge a city Canopus, hard by the Nile's very mouth and alluvial dyke; on this spot Jupiter at length makes thee sane by merely soothing and touching thee with his unalarming hand. And named after the progeniture of Jupiter[1] thou shalt give birth to swarthy Epaphus, who shall reap the harvest of all the land which the wide-streaming Nile waters. But fifth in descent from him a generation of fifty virgins shall again come to Argos, not of their own accord, fleeing from incestuous wedlock with their cousins; and these with fluttering hearts, like falcons left not far behind by doves, shall come pursuing marriage such as should not be pursued, but heaven shall be jealous over their persons[2]; and Pelasgia shall receive them after being crushed by a deed of night-fenced daring, wrought by woman's hand; for each bride shall bereave her respective husband of life, having dyed in their throats[3] a sword of twin sharp edge. Would that in guise like this Venus might visit my foes! But tenderness shall soften one[4] of the maidens, so that she shall not slay the

[1] This pun upon the name of Epaphus is preserved by Moschus II. 50.

ἐν δ' ἦν Ζεὺς, ἐπαφώμενος ἠρέμα χειρί θεείῃ
πόρτιος Ἰναχίης. τὴν ἐπταπόρῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ
ἐκ βόος εὐκεράοιο πάλιν μετάμειβε γυναῖκα.

and Nonnus, III. p. 62, 20

ἔνθ' Ἔπαφον διὶ τίκτεν ἀκηρασίων ὅτι κόλπων
Ἰναχίης δαμάλης ἐπαφήσατο θεῖος ἀκοίτης
χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι—

[2] There is much difficulty in this passage. Dindorf understands ἐκείνων (Ægypti filiorum), and so Paley, referring to his notes on Ag. 938, Suppl. 437. Mr. Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 696, Obs. 3, appears to take the same view. There does not, therefore, seem any need of alteration. On the other interpretation sometimes given to φθόνον ἴξει σωμάτων see Linwood, v. φθόνος.

[3] σφαγαῖσι is rightly rendered "in jugulo" by Blomfield, after Ruhnk. Ep. Crit. I. p. 71. To the examples quoted add Apul. Met. I. p. 108, "per jugulum sinistrum capulotenus gladium totum ei demergit," and p. 110, "jugulo ejus vulnus dehiscit in patorem." The expression νυκτιφρουρήτῳ θράσει is well illustrated by the words of Nonnus, l. c. p. 64, 17,

καὶ κρυφίοις ξιφέεσσι σιδηροφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἄρσενα γυμνὸν ἄρηα κατεύνασε θῆλις ἐννώ.

[4] See Nonnus, l. c. Ovid. Ep. xiv. 51, sqq.

"Sed timor, et pietas crudelibus obstitit ausis:
Castaque mandatum dextra refugit opus."

partner of her couch, but shall be blunt in her resolve; and of the two alternatives she shall choose the former, to be called a coward rather than a murderess. She in Argos shall give birth to a race of kings. There needs a long discourse to detail these things distinctly; but from this seed be sure shall spring a dauntless warrior renowned in archery, who shall set me free from these toils. Such predictions did my aged mother the Titaness Themis rehearse to me; but how and when—to tell this requires a long detail, and thou in knowing it all wouldst be in nought a gainer.

Io. Eleleu! Eleleu! Once more the spasm[1] and maddening phrenzies inflame me—and the sting of the hornet, wrought by no fire,[2] envenoms me; and with panic my heart throbs violently against my breast. My eyes too are rolling in a mazy whirl, and I am carried out of my course by the raging blast of madness, having no controul of tongue, but my troubled words dash idly against the surges of loathsome calamity. *Exit* Io.

Ch. Wise was the man, aye, wise indeed, who first weighed well this maxim, and with his tongue published it abroad, that to match in one's own degree is best by far[3]; and that one who lives by labour should woo the hand neither of any that have waxed wanton in opulence, nor of such as pride themselves on nobility of birth. Never, O Destinies[4], never . . . . . may ye behold me approaching as a partner the couch of Jupiter: nor may I be[5] brought to the arms of any bridegroom from among the sons of heaven: for I am in dread when I behold the maiden Io, contented with no mortal lover, greatly marred by wearisome wanderings at the hand of Juno. For myself, indeed—inasmuch as wedlock on one's own level is free from apprehension—I feel no alarm[6]. And oh! never may the love of the mightier gods cast on me a glance that none can elude. This at least is a war without a conflict,

[1] On σφάκελος see Ruhnk. Tim. p. 123, and Blomfield.

[2] See Paley. α is never intensive.

[3] On this admonition, generally attributed to Pittacus, see Griffiths, and for a modern illustration in the miseries of Sir John Anvil (or Enville), Knt., the Spectator, No. 299.

[4] Paley would supply πότνιαι to complete the metre.

[5] I have followed Griffiths.

[6] Dindorf would throw out ἄφοβος, Paley ὀυ δέδια, remarking that the sense appears to require ὅτε.

accomplishing things impossible[1]: nor know I what might become of me, for I see not how I could evade the counsel of Jove.

Pr. Yet truly shall Jove, albeit he is self-willed in his temper, be lowly, in such[2] wedlock is he prepared to wed, as shall hurl him out of his sovereignty and off his throne a forgotten thing; and the curse of his father Saturn shall then at length find entire consummation, which he imprecated when he was deposed from his ancient throne. From disasters such as these there is no one of the gods beside myself that can clearly disclose to him a way of escape. I know this, and by what means. Wherefore let him rest on in his presumption, putting confidence in his thunders aloft, brandishing in his hand a fire-breathing bolt. For not one jot shall these suffice to save him from falling dishonoured in a downfall beyond endurance; such an antagonist is he now with his own hands preparing against himself, a portent that shall baffle all resistance; who shall invent a flame more potent than the lightning, and a mighty din that shall surpass the thunder; and shall shiver the ocean trident, that earth-convulsing pest, the spear of Neptune. And when he hath stumbled upon this mischief, he shall be taught how great is the difference between sovereignty and slavery.

Ch. Thou forsooth art boding against Jupiter the things thou wishest.

Pr. Things that shall come to pass, and that I desire to boot.

Ch. And are we to expect that any one will get the mastery of Jove?

Pr. Aye, and pangs too yet harder to bear than these [of mine] shall he sustain.

Ch. And how is it that thou art not dismayed blurting out words such as these?

Pr. Why at what should I be terrified to whom it is not destined to die.

Ch. Yet perchance he will provide for thee affliction more grievous than even this.

Pr. Let him do it then, all is foreseen by me.

[1] *i. e.* possessing resources even among impossibilities. Cf. Antig. 360. ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται, and for the construction, Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 561, 2. obs.

[2] I think Elmsley has settled the question in favour of τοῖον for οἷον.

CH. They that do homage to Adrasteia are wise.

PR. Do homage, make thy prayer, cringe to each ruler of the day. I care for Jove less than nothing; let him do, let him lord it for this brief span, e'en as he list, for not long shall he rule over the gods. But no more, for I descry Jove's courier close at hand, the menial of the new monarch: beyond all [doubt] he has come to announce to us some news.

Enter MERCURY.

Thee, the contriver, thee full of gall and bitterness, who sinned against the gods by bestowing their honours on creatures of a day, the thief of fire, I address. The Sire commands thee to divulge of what nuptials it is that thou art vaunting, by means of which he is to be put down from his power. And these things, moreover, without any kind of mystery, but each exactly as it is, do thou tell out; and entail not upon me, Prometheus, a double journey; and thou perceivest that by such conduct Jove is not softened.

PR. High sounding, i'faith, and full of haughtiness is thy speech, as beseems a lackey of the gods. Young in years, ye are young in power[1]; and ye fancy forsooth that ye dwell in a citadel impregnable against sorrow. Have I not known two monarchs[2] dethroned from it? And the third that now is ruler I shall also see expelled most foully and most quickly. Seem I to thee in aught to be dismayed at, and to crouch beneath the new gods? Widely, aye altogether, do I come short [of such feelings]. But do thou hie thee back the way by which thou camest: for not one tittle shalt thou learn of the matter on which thou questionest me.

MER. Yet truly 'twas by such self-will even before now that thou didst bring thyself to such a calamitous mooring.

PR. Be well assured that I would not barter my

[1] "In Æschylus we seem to read the vehement language of an old servant of exploded Titanism: with him Jupiter and the Olympians are but a new dynasty, fresh and exulting, insolent and capricious, the victory just gained and yet but imperfectly secured over the mysterious and venerable beings who had preceded, TIME, HEAVEN, OCEAN, EARTH and her gigantic progeny: Jupiter is still but half the monarch of the world; his future fall is not obscurely predicted, and even while he reigns, a gloomy irresistible destiny controls his power." Quart. Rev. xxviii. 416.

[2] Uranus and Saturn. Cf. Agam. 167 sqq.

wretched plight for thy drudgery; for better do I deem it to be a lackey to this rock, than to be born the confidential courier of father Jove. Thus is it meet to repay insult in kind.

MER. Thou seemest to revel in thy present state.

PR. Revel! Would that I might see my foes thus revelling, and among these I reckon thee.

MER. What dost thou impute to me also any blame for thy mischances?

PR. In plain truth, I detest all the gods, as many of them as, after having received benefits at my hands, are iniquitously visiting me with evils.

MER. I hear thee raving with no slight disorder.

PR. Disordered I would be, if disorder it be to loathe one's foes.

MER. Thou wouldst be beyond endurance, wert thou in prosperity.

PR. Woe's me!

MER. This word of thine Jove knows not.

PRO. Aye, but Time as he grows old teaches all things,

MER. And yet verily thou knowest not yet how to be discreet.

PRO. No i'faith, or I should not have held parley with thee, menial as thou art.

MER. Thou seemest disposed to tell naught of the things which the sire desires.

PR. In sooth, being under obligation as I am to him, I am bound to return his favour.

MER. Thou floutest me, forsooth as if I were a boy.

PR. Why, art thou not a boy, and yet sillier than one, if thou lookest to obtain any information from me? There is no outrage nor artifice by which Jupiter shall bring me to utter this, before my torturing shackles shall have been loosened. Wherefore let his glowing lightning be hurled, and with the white feathered shower of snow, and thunderings beneath the earth let him confound and embroil the universe; for naught of these things shall bend me so much as even to say by whom it is doomed that he shall be put down from his sovereignty.

MER. Consider now whether this determination seems availing.

PR. Long since has this been considered and resolved.

MER. Resolve, O vain one, resolve at length in consideration of thy present sufferings to come to thy right senses.

PR. Thou troublest me with thine admonitions as vainly as [thou mightest] a billow[1]. Never let it enter your thoughts that I, affrighted by the purpose of Jupiter, shall become womanish, and shall importune the object whom I greatly loathe, with effeminate upliftings of my hands, to release me from these shackles: I want much of that.

MER. With all that I have said I seem to be speaking to no purpose: for not one whit art thou melted or softened in thy heart by entreaties, but art champing the bit like a colt fresh yoked, and struggling against the reins. But on the strength of an impotent scheme art thou thus violent; for obstinacy in one not soundly wise, itself by itself availeth less than nothing. And mark, if thou art not persuaded by my words, what a tempest and three-fold surge of ills, from which there is no escape, will come upon thee. For in the first place the Sire will shiver this craggy cleft with thunder and the blaze of his bolt, and will overwhelm thy body, and a clasping arm of rock shall bear thee up. And after thou shalt have passed through to its close a long space of time, thou shalt come back into the light! and a winged hound of Jupiter, a blood-thirsting eagle, shall ravenously mangle thy huge lacerated frame, stealing upon thee an unbidden guest, and [tarrying] all the livelong day, and shalt banquet his fill on the black viands[2] of thy liver. To such labours look thou for no termination, until some god shall appear as a substitute in thy pangs, and shall be willing to go both to gloomy Hades, and to the murky depths around Tartarus. Wherefore advise thee, since this is no fictitious vaunt, but uttered in great earnestness; for the divine

[1] Milton, Samson Agon.

Dalilah. "I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds or seas."

Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1.

"You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height."

See Schrader on Musæus, 326.

[2] See Linwood's Lexicon. Cf. Nonnus, Dionys. II. p. 45, 22.

δεσμὰ φυγὼν δολόμητις ὁμαρτήσειε Προμηθεὺς,
ἥπατος ἠβώοντος ἀφειδέα δαιτυμονῆα
οὐρανίης θρασὺν ὄρνιν ἔχων πομπῆα κελεύθου.

mouth knows not how to utter falsehood, but will bring every word to pass. But do thou look around and reflect, and never for a moment deem pertinacity better than discretion.

CH. To us indeed Mercury seems to propose no unseasonable counsel; for he bids thee to abandon thy recklessness, and seek out wise consideration. Be persuaded; for to a wise man 'tis disgraceful to err.

PR. To me already well aware of it hath this fellow urged his message; but for a foe to suffer horribly at the hands of foes is no indignity. Wherefore let the doubly-pointed wreath of his fire be hurled at me, and æther be torn piecemeal by thunder, and spasm of savage blasts; and let the wind rock earth from her base, roots and all, and with stormy surge mingle in rough tide the billow of the deep and the paths of the stars; and fling my body into black Tartarus, with a whirl, in the stern eddies of necessity. Yet by no possible means shall he visit me with death.

MER. Resolutions and expressions, in truth, such as these of thine, one may hear from maniacs. For in what point doth his fate fall short of insanity[1]? What doth it abate from ravings? But do ye then at any rate, that sympathise with him in his sufferings, withdraw hence speedily somewhither from this spot, lest the harsh bellowing of the thunder smite you with idiotcy.

CH. Utter and advise me to something else, in which too thou mayest prevail upon me; for in this, be sure, thou hast intruded a proposal not to be borne. How is it that thou urgest me to practise baseness? Along with him here I am willing to endure what is destined, for I have learned to abhor traitors; and there is no evil, which I hold in greater abomination.

MER. Well then, bear in mind the things of which I forewarn you: and do not, when ye have been caught in the snares of Atè, throw the blame on fortune, nor ever at any time say that Jove cast you into unforeseen calamity: no indeed, but ye your ownselves: for well aware, and not on a sudden, nor in ignorance, will ye be entangled by your senselessness in an impervious net of Atè.

Exit MERCURY.

PR. And verily in deed and no longer in word doth the earth

[1] I have adopted Dindorf's emendation. See his note.

heave, and the roaring echo of thunder rolls bellowing by us; and deep blazing wreaths of lightning are glaring, and hurricanes whirl the dust; and blasts of all the winds are leaping forth, shewing one against the other a strife of conflict gusts; and the firmament is embroiled with the deep[1]. Such is this onslaught that is clearly coming upon me from Jove, a cause for terror. O dread majesty of my mother Earth, O æther that diffusest thy common light, thou beholdest the wrongs I suffer.

[1] How the cosmoramic effects here described were represented on the stage, it is difficult to say, but such descriptions are by no means rare in the poets. Compare Musæus, 314, sqq. Lucan, I. 75 sqq. and a multitude in the notes of La Cerda on Virgil, Æn. I. 107, and Barthius on Claudian. Gigant. 31, sqq. Nonnus, Dionys. I. p. 12.

THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES.

THE siege of the city of Thebes, and the description of the seven champions of the Theban and Argive armies. The deaths of the brothers Polynices and Eteocles, the mournings over them, by their sisters Antigone and Ismene, and the public refusal of burial to the ashes of Polynices, against which Antigone boldly protests, conclude the play.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ETEOCLES.	ISMENE.
A MESSENGER.	ANTIGONE.
CHORUS OF THEBAN VIRGINS.	A HERALD.

SCENE. The Acropolis of Thebes.—Compare v. 227, ed. Blomf.

TIME. Early in the morning; the length of the action can scarcely be fixed with absolute certainty. It certainly did not exceed twelve hours.

The expedition of "the Seven" against Thebes is fixed by Sir I. Newton, B.C. 928. Cf. his Chronology, p. 27. Blair carries it as far back as B.C. 1225. OLD TRANSLATOR.

ETEOCLES. Citizens of Cadmus! it is fitting that he should speak things seasonable, who has the care of affairs on the poop of a state, managing the helm, not lulling his eyelids in slumber. For if we succeed, the gods are the cause; but if, on the other hand, (which heaven forbid,) mischance should befall, Eteocles alone would be much bruited through the city by the townsmen in strains clamorous and in wailings, of which may Jove prove righty called the Averter to the city of the Cadmæans[1]. And now it behoves you—both him who still falls short of youth in its prime, and him who in point of age has passed his youth, nurturing the ample vigour of his frame and each that is in his prime[2], as is best fitting—

[1] Or, "of which may Jove the Averter be what his name imports." See Paley and Linwood's Lex.

[2] This interpretation is now fully established. See Paley. Thus Cæsar, B. G. I. 29, "qui arma ferre possent; et item separatius pueri, senes;" II. 28. Eteocles wishes even the ἀχρεῖοι to assist in the common defence.

to succour the city, and the altars of your country's gods so that their honours may never be obliterated; your children, too, and your motherland, most beloved nurse; for she, taking fully on herself the whole trouble of your rearing, nurtured you when infants crawling on her kindly soil, for her trusty shield bearing citizens, that ye might be [trusty][1] for this service And, for the present indeed, up to this day, the deity inclines in our favour; since to us now all this time beleaguered the war for the most part, by divine allotment, turns out well. But now, as saith the seer, the feeder[2] of birds, revolving in ear and thoughts, without the use of fire, the oracular birds with unerring art,—he, lord of such divining powers, declares that the main Achæan assault is this night proclaimed[3], and [that the Achæans] attempt the city.

But haste ye all, both to the battlements and the gates of the tower-works; On! in full panoply throng the breast-works, and take your stations on the platforms of the towers, and, making stand at the outlets of the gates, be of good heart, nor be over-dismayed at the rabble of the aliens; God will give a happy issue. Moreover, I have also despatched scouts and observers of the army, who will not, I feel assured, loiter on their way; and when I have had intelligence from these, I shall, in no point, be surprised by stratagem.

MESSENGER. Most gallant Eteocles! sovereign of the Cadmæans, I have come bearing a clear account of the matters yonder, from the army; and I myself am eye-witness of the facts. For seven chieftains, impetuous leaders of battalions, cutting a bull's throat[4] over an iron-rimmed shield[5], and touching with their hands the gore of the bull, by oath have called to witness[6] Mars, Enyo and Terror, that delights in bloodshed, that either having wrought the demolition of our city they will make havoc of the town of the Cadmæans, or having

[1] πιστοὶ is to be supplied with γένοισθε.

[2] Although βοτήρ may be compared with the Roman *pullarius*, yet the phrase is here probably only equivalent to δεσπότης μαντευμάτων soon after.

[3] Paley prefers "nocturno concilio agitari," comparing Rhes. 88, τὰς σὰς πρὸς ἐννὰς φύλακες ἐλθόντες φόβῳ νυκτηγοροῦσι. On the authority of Griffiths, I have supplied τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς before ἐπιβουλέυειν.

[4] See my note on Prom. 863.

[5] See commentators.

[6] Cf. Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 566, 2.

fallen will steep this land of ours in gore. Memorials too of themselves, to their parents at home, were they with their hands hanging in festoons[1] at the car of Adrastus, dropping a tear, but no sound of complaint passed their lips[2]. For their iron-hearted spirit glowing with valour was panting, as of lions that glare battle. And the report of these my tidings is not retarded by sluggishness. But I left them in the very act of casting lots, that so each of them, obtaining his post by lot, might lead on his battalion to our gates.—Wherefore do thou with all speed marshal at the outlets of the gates the bravest men, the chosen of our city; for already the host of Argives hard at hand armed cap-à-pié is in motion, is speeding onward, and white foam is staining the plain with its drippings from the lungs of their chargers. Do thou then, like the clever helmsman of a vessel, fence[3] our city before the breath of Mars burst like a hurricane upon it, for the mainland billow of their host is roaring.—And for these measures do thou seize the very earliest opportunity; for the sequel I will keep my eye a faithful watch by day, and thou, knowing from the clearness of my detail the movements of those without, shalt be unscathed. *Exit* MESSENGER.

ET. O Jupiter! and earth! and ye tutelary deities! and thou Curse, the mighty Erinnys of my sire! do not, I pray, uproot with utter destruction from its very base, a prey to foemen, our city, which utters the language of Greece, and our native dwellings[4]. Grant that they may never hold the free

[1] See Linwood, s. v. *στέφειν*. Paley compares v. 267, *Λάφυρα δᾴων δουρίπηχθ' ἁγνοῖς δόμοις Στέψω πρὸ ναῶν*. Adrastus alone had been promised a safe return home.

[2] Cf. Eum. 515, *οἶκτον οἰκτίσαιτο, would utter cries of pity*. Suppl. 59, *οἶκτον οἰκτρὸν αἴων, hearing one mournful piteous cry*. The old translations rendered it, "no regret was expressed on their countenance."

[3] Perhaps we might render *φράξαι, dam*, in order to keep up the metaphor of the ship. Cf. Hom. Od. V. 346, *φράξε δέ μιν ῥίπεσσι διαμπερὲς οἰσυίνῃσι*. The closing the ports of a vessel to keep out the water will best convey the meaning to modern readers.

[4] This seems the true meaning of *ἐφεστίους, indigenous in Greece*, as Blomfield interprets, quoting Hesych. *ἐφέστιος, αὐτόχθων, ἔνοικος*, Il. B. 125, etc. An Athenian audience, with their political jealousy of Asiatic influence, and pride of indigenous origin, would have appreciated this prayer as heartily as the one below, v. 158, *πόλιν δορίπονον μὴ προδῶθ' Ἑτεροφώνῳ στρατῷ*, which their minds would connect with more powerful associations than the mere provincial differences of Bœotia

land and city of Cadmus in a yoke of slavery; but be ye our strength,—nay, I trust that I am urging our common interests, for a state that is in prosperity honours the divinities[1].

Exit ETEOCLES.

CHORUS[2]. I wail over our fearful, mighty woes! the army is let loose, having quitted its camp, a mighty mounted host is streaming hitherward in advance[3] the dust appearing high in the air convinces me, a voiceless, clear, true messenger; the noise of the clatter of their hoofs upon the plain[4], reaching even to our couches, approaches my ears, is wafted on, and is rumbling like a resistless torrent lashing the mountain-side. Alas! alas! Oh gods and goddesses, avert the rising horror; the white-bucklered[5] well-appointed host is rushing on with a shout on the other side our walls, speeding its way to the city. Who then will rescue us, who then of gods and goddesses will aid us? Shall I then prostrate myself before the statues of the divinities? Oh ye blessed beings, seated on your glorious thrones, 'tis high time

and Argos. How great a stress was laid upon the ridicule of foreign dialect, may be seen from the reception of Pseudartabas in the Acharnians.

[1] Cf. Arist. Rhet. II. 17, 6. The same sentiment, though expressed the contrary way, occurs in Eur. Troad. 26, *Ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακή, Νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.*

[2] The chorus survey the surrounding plains from a high part of the Acropolis of Thebes, as Antigone from the top of the palace in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, v. 103, sqq.

[3] *πρόδρομος = so as to be foremost.* Cf. Soph. Antig. 108, *φυγάδα πρόδρομον ὀξυτέρῳ κινήσασα χαλινῷ.*

[4] This passage is undoubtedly corrupt, but Dindorf's conjecture *ἔλε δ' ἐμὰς φρένας δέος· ὅπλων κτύπος ποτιχρίμπτεται, διὰ πέδον βοᾷ ποτᾶται, βρέμει δ'*—, although ingenious, differs too much from the *ductus literarum*, to be considered safe. Paley, from the interpretation of the Medicean MS. and the reading of Robortelli, εΑΙΔεμνας, has conjectured ΔΙΑ *δὲ γᾶς ἐμᾶς πεδί' ὁπλοκτύπου*, which seems preferable. Perhaps we might read *ἐπὶ δὲ γᾶς πεδιοπλοκτύπου ὠσὶν χρίμπ. βοά*, by tmesis, for *ἐπιχρίμπτεται*. Æschylus uses the compound, *ἐγχρίπτεσθαι*, Suppl. 790, and nothing is more common than such a tmesis. I doubt whether *πεδιοπλοκτύπου* is not one of Æschylus' own "high-crested" compounds. Mr. Burges has kindly suggested a parallel passage of an anonymous author, quoted by Suidas, s. v. *ὑπαραττομένης*: *ἵππων χρεμετιζόντων, τῆς γῆς τοῖς ποσὶν ἀυτῶν ὑπαραττομένης, ὅπλων συγκρουομένων.*

[5] Cf. Soph. Antig. 106.

for us to cling to your statues—why do we deeply sighing delay? Hear ye, or hear ye not, the clash of bucklers? When, if not now, shall we set about the orison of the peplus[1] and chaplets? I perceive a din, a crash of no single spear. What wilt thou do? wilt thou, O Mars, ancient guardian of our soil, abandon thine own land? God of the golden helm, look upon, look upon the city which once thou didst hold well-beloved. Tutelary gods of our country, behold[2], behold this train of virgins suppliant to escape from slavery[3], for around our city a surge of men with waving crests is rippling, stirred by the blasts of Mars. But, O Jove, sire all-perfect! avert thoroughly from us capture by the foemen; for Argives are encircling the fortress of Cadmus; and I feel a dread of martial arms, and the bits which are fastened through the jaws of their horses are knelling slaughter. And seven leaders of the host, conspicuous in their spear-proof harness, are taking their stand at our seventh gate[4], assigned their posts by lot. Do thou too, O Jove-born power that delightest in battle, Pallas, become a saviour to our city; and thou, equestrian monarch, sovereign of the main, with thy fish-smiting trident, O Neptune, grant a deliverance, a deliverance from our terrors. Do thou too, O Mars, alas! alas! guard the city which is named after Cadmus, and manifestly shew thy care;—and thou, Venus, the original mother of our race, avert [these ills] —for from thy blood are we sprung; calling on thee with heaven-ward orisons do we approach thee.—And thou Lycæan king—be thou fierce as a wolf[5] to the hostile army,

[1] Cf. Virg. Æn. I. 479:—

"Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliadès passis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes"——

Statius, Theb. x. 50:—

—— "et ad patrias fusæ Pelopeides aras
Sceptriferæ Junonis opem, reditumque suorum
Exposcunt, pictasque fores, et frigida vultu
Saxa terunt, parvosque docent procumbere natos.
* * * * * *
Peplum etiam dono, cujus mirabile textum," etc.

[2] Here there is a gap in the metre. See Dindorf.

[3] "pro vitanda servitute." Paley.

[4] Not "at the seven gates," as Valckenaer has clearly shewn.

[5] The paronomasia can only be kept up by rendering, "do thou, king of wolves, fall with wolf-like fierceness," etc. Muller, Dorians, vol. i.

[moved] by the voice of our sighs[1]. Thou too, virgin-daughter of Latona, deftly adorn thyself with thy bow, O beloved Diana. Ah! ah! ah! I hear the rumbling of cars around the city, O revered Juno, the naves of the heavy-laden axles creak, the air is maddened with the wizzing of javelins—what is our city undergoing? What will become of it? To what point is the deity conducting the issue[2]? ah! ah! A shower of stones too from their slingers is coming over our battlements. O beloved Apollo! there is the clash of brass-rimmed shields at the gates, and the just issue in battle must be decided by arms according to the disposal of Jove[3]. And thou Onca[4], immortal queen, that dwellest in front of our city, rescue thy seven-gated seat. O gods, all-potent to save, O ye gods and goddesses, perfect guardians of the towers of this land, abandon not our war-wasted city to an army of aliens. Listen to these virgins, listen to our all-just prayers, as is most right, to the orisons of virgins which are offered with out-stretched hands. O beloved divinities, hovering around our city as its deliverers, show how ye love it; give heed to our public rituals, and when ye give heed to them succour us, and be ye truly mindful, I beseech ye, of the rites of our city which abound in sacrifices.

Re-enter ETEOCLES.

Intolerable creatures! is this, I ask you, best and salutary for our city, and an encouragement to this beleaguered force, for you to fall before the statues of our tutelary gods, to shriek, to yell—O ye abominations of the wise. Neither in woes nor in welcome prosperity may I be associated with woman-kind; for when woman prevails, her audacity is more than one can live with; and when she is affrighted, she is a still greater mischief to her home and city. Even now, having brought upon your countrymen this pell-mell flight, ye have,

p. 325, considers that Λύκειος is connected with λύκη *light*, not with λύκος, *a wolf*.

[1] I follow Paley's emendation, ἀϋταῖς.

[2] See a judicious note of Paley's.

[3] I have borrowed Griffiths' translation. It seems impossible that ἀγνὸν τέλος could ever be a personal appeal, while σύ τε evidently shows that the address to Pallas Onca was unconnected with the preceding line. As there is probably a lacuna after Διόθεν, it is impossible to arrive at any certain meaning.

[4] See Stanley. Ὄγκα is a Phœnician word, and epithet of Minerva.

by your outcries, spread dastard cowardice, and ye are serving, as best ye may, the interests of those without, but we within our walls are suffering capture at our own hands;—such blessings will you have if you live along with women. Wherefore if any one give not ear to my authority, be it man or woman, or other between [these names[1],] the fatal pebble shall decide against him, and by no means shall he escape the doom of stoning at the hand of the populace. For what passeth without is a man's concern, let not woman offer advice —but remaining within do thou occasion no mischief. Heard'st thou, or heard'st thou not, or am I speaking to a deaf woman?

Ch. O dear son of Œdipus, I felt terror when I heard the din from the clatter of the cars, when the wheel-whirling naves rattled, and [the din] of the fire-wrought bits, the rudders[2] of the horses, passing through their mouths that know no rest.

Et. What then? does the mariner who flees from the stern to the prow[3] find means of escape, when his bark is labouring against the billow of the ocean?

Ch. No; but I came in haste to the ancient statues of the divinities, trusting in the gods, when there was a pattering at our gates of destructive sleet showering down, even then I was carried away by terror to offer my supplications to the Immortals, that they would extend their protection over the city.

Et. Pray that our fortification may resist the hostile spear.

Ch. Shall not this, then, be at the disposal of the gods?

Et. Aye, but 'tis said that the gods of the captured city abandon it.

Ch. At no time during my life may this conclave of gods abandon us: never may I behold our city overrun, and an army firing it with hostile flame.

Et. Do not thou, invoking the gods, take ill counsel;—for subordination, woman, is the mother of saving success; so the adage runs.

[1] The boys, girls, etc.

[2] Cf. Eur. Hippol. 1219, sqq.

καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἱππικοῖς ἐν ἤθεσι
πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἥρπασ' ἡνίας χεροῖν,
ἕλκει δὲ, κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ.

[3] *i. e.* to adore the images placed at the head of the vessel. See Griffiths.

CH. But the gods have a power superior still, and oft in adversity does this raise the helpless out of severe calamity, when clouds are overhanging his brow.

ET. It is the business of men, to present victims and offerings of worship to the gods, when foemen are making an attempt: 'tis thine on the other hand to hold thy peace and abide within doors.

CH. 'Tis by the blessing of the gods that we inhabit a city unconquered, and that our fortification is proof against the multitude of our enemies. What Nemesis can feel offended at this?

ET. I am not offended that ye should honour the race of the gods; but that thou mayest not render the citizens faint-hearted, keep quiet and yield not to excessive terrors.

CH. When I heard the sudden din, I came, on the very instant, in distracting panic to this Acropolis, a hallowed seat.

ET. Do not now, if ye hear of the dying or the wounded, eagerly receive them with shrieks; for with this slaughter of mortals is Mars fed.

CH. And I do in truth hear the snortings of the horses.

ET. Do not now, when thou hearest them, hear too distinctly.

CH. Our city groans from the ground, as though the foes were hemming her in.

ET. Is it not then enough that I take measures for this?

CH. I fear! for the battering at the gates increases.

ET. Wilt thou not be silent? Say nought of this kind in the city.

CH. O associate band [of gods], abandon not our towers.

ET. Cannot ye endure it in silence, and confusion to ye?

CH. Gods of my city! let me not meet with slavery.

ET. Thou thyself art making a slave both of me, of thyself, and of the city.

CH. O all-potent Jove! turn the shaft against our foes.

ET. O Jove? what a race hast thou made women!

CH. Just as wretched as men when their city is taken.

ET. Again thou art yelping as thou claspest the statues!

CH. Yes, for in my panic terror hurries away my tongue.

ET. Would to heaven that you would grant me a trifling favour on my requesting it.

CH. Tell me as quickly as you can, and I shall know at once.

ET. Hold thy peace, wretched woman, alarm not thy friends.

CH. I hold my peace—with others I will suffer what is destined.

ET. I prefer this expression of thine rather than thy former words; and moreover, coming forth from the statues, pray thou for the best,—that the gods may be our allies. And after thou hast listened to my prayers, then do thou raise the sacred auspicious shout of the Pæan, the Grecian rite of sacrificial acclamation, an encouragement to thy friends that removes the fear of the foe. And I, to the tutelary gods of our land, both those who haunt the plains, and those who watch over the forum, and to the fountains of Dirce, and I speak not without those of the Ismenus[1], if things turn out well and our city is preserved, do thus make my vows that we, dyeing the altars of the gods with the blood of sheep, offering bulls to the gods, will deposit trophies, and vestments of our enemies, spear-won spoils of the foe, in their hallowed abodes. Offer thou prayers like these to the gods, not with a number of sighs, nor with foolish and wild sobbings; for not one whit the more wilt thou escape Destiny. But I too, forsooth[2], will go and marshal at the seven outlets of our walls, six men, with myself for a seventh, antagonists to our foes in gallant plight, before both urgent messengers and quickly-bruited tidings arrive, and inflame us by the crisis. [*Exit* ETEOCLES.

CH. I attend, but through terror my heart sleeps not, and cares that press close upon my heart keep my dread alive, because of the host that hems our walls[3] around; like as

[1] This far-fetched interpretation of an absurd text is rightly condemned by W. Dindorf in his note, who elegantly reads with Lud. Dindorf ὕδασί τ' Ἰσμηνοῦ. Paley has clearly shown the origin of the corruption. Linwood is equally disinclined to support the common reading.

[2] Blomfield reads ἐγὼ δέ γ' ἄνδρας, the change of ΔΕΓ to ΔΕΠ being by no means a difficult one. Linwood agrees with this alteration, and Dindorf in his notes. But Paley still defends the common reading, thinking that ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς is to be taken from the following line. I do not think the poet would have hazarded a construction so doubtful, that we might take ἐπὶ either with ἄνδρας, ἐχθροῖς, or by tmesis, with ἄξω.

[3] The construction of the exegetical accusative is well illustrated in Jelf's Gk. Gr. § 580, 3.

dove, an all-attentive nurse, fears, on behalf of her brood, serpents evil intruders into her nest. For some are advancing against the towers in all their numbers, in all their array; (what will become of me?) and others are launching the vast rugged stone at the citizens, who are assailed on all sides. By every means, O ye Jove-descended gods! rescue the city and the army that spring from Cadmus. What better plain of land will ye take in exchange to yourselves than this, after ye have abandoned to our enemies the fertile land, and Dirce's water best fed of all the streams that earth-encircling Neptune sends forth, and the daughters of Tethys? Wherefore, O tutelary gods of the city! having hurled on those without the towers the calamity that slaughters men, and casts away shields, achieve glory for these citizens, and be your statues placed on noble sites, as deliverers of our city[1], through our entreaties fraught with shrill groanings. For sad it is to send prematurely to destruction an ancient city, a prey of slavery to the spear, ingloriously overthrown in crumbling ashes by an Achæan according to the will of heaven; and for its women to be dragged away captives, alas! alas! both the young and the aged, like horses by their hair, while their vestments are rent about their persons. And the emptied city cries aloud, while its booty is wasted amid confused clamours;—verily I fearfully forebode heavy calamities. And a mournful thing it is for [maidens] just marriageable[2], before the celebration of rites for culling the fresh flower of their virginity, to have to traverse a hateful journey from their homes. What? I pronounce that the dead fares better than these; for full many are the calamities, alas! alas! which a city undergoes when it has been reduced. One drags another[3], slaughters, and to parts he sets fire—the whole city is defiled with smoke, and raving Mars that tramples down the nations, violating

[1] I have followed Blomfield, and Dindorf in his notes, in reading κῦδος τοῖσδε πολίταις.

[2] This is perhaps the sense required; but, with Dindorf, I cannot see how it can be elicited from the common reading. Perhaps Schneider's ἀρτιτρόφοις is right, which is approved by Dindorf, Linwood, and Paley.

[3] There is the same irregular antithesis between ἄλλον ἄγει and τὰ δὲ (= τᾷ δὲ) πυρφορεῖ; as in Soph. Ant. 138, εἶχε δ' ἄλλᾳ τὰ μὲν, ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις ἐπενώμα—Ἄρης.

piety, inspires them. Throughout the town are uproars, against the city rises the turreted circumvallation[1], and man is slain by man with the spear. And the cries of children at the breast all bloody resound, and there is rapine sister of pell-mell confusion. Pillager meets pillager, and the empty-handed shouts to the empty-handed, wishing to have a partner, greedy for a portion that shall be neither less nor equal. What of these things can speech picture? Fruits of every possible kind strewn[2] upon the ground occasion sorrow, and dismal is the face of the stewards. And full many a gift of earth is swept along in the worthless streams, in undistinguished medley. And young female slaves have new sorrows, a foe being superior[3], and fortunate as to their wretched captive couch, so that they hope for life's gloomy close to come, a guardian against their all-mournful sorrows.

SEMI-CH. The scout, methinks, my friends, is bringing us some fresh tidings from the army, urging in haste the forwarding axles[4] of his feet.

SEMI-CH. Aye, and in very truth here comes our prince, son of Œdipus, very opportunely for learning the messenger's report,—and haste does not allow him to make equal footsteps[5].

[*Re-enter* MESSENGER *and* ETEOCLES *from different sides.*

MES. I would fain tell, for I know them well, the arrangements of our adversaries, and how each has obtained his lot at our gates. Tydeus now for some time has been raging hard by the gate of Prœtus: but the seer allows him not to cross

[1] See Elmsl. on Eur. Bacch. 611. I follow Griffiths and Paley.

[2] There is much difficulty in the double participle *πεσὼν-κυρήσας*. Dindorf would altogether omit *κυρήσας*, as a gloss. But surely *πεσὼν* was more likely to be added as a gloss, than *κυρήσας*. I think that the fault probably lies in *πεσών*.

[3] This passage is scarcely satisfactory, but I have followed Paley. Perhaps if we place a comma after *ὑπερτέρου*, and treat *ὡς ἀνδρ. δ. ὑπ. εὐτυχ.* as a genitive absolute, there will be less abruptness, *ἐλπὶς ἐστι* standing for *ἐλπίζουσι*, by a frequent enallage.

[4] The turgidity of this metaphor is almost too much even for Æschylus!

[5] The multitude of interpretations of the common reading are from their uniform absurdity sufficient to show that it is corrupt. I have chosen the least offensive, but am still certain that *ἀπαρτίζει* is indefensible. Hermann (who, strange to say, is followed by Wellauer) reads *καταργίζει*, Blomfield *καταρτίζει*.

the stream of Ismenus, for the sacrifices are not auspicious. So Tydeus, raving and greedy for the fight, roars like a serpent in its hissings beneath the noontide heat, and he smites the sage seer, son of Oïcleus, with a taunt, [saying] that he is crouching to both Death and Battle out of cowardice. Shouting out such words as these, he shakes there shadowy crests, the hairy honours of his helm, while beneath his buckler bells cast in brass are shrilly pealing terror: on his buckler too he has this arrogant device,—a gleaming sky tricked out with stars, and in the centre of the shield a brilliant full moon is conspicuous, most august of the heavenly bodies, the eye of night. Chafing thus in his vaunting harness, he roars beside the bank of the river, enamoured of conflict, like a steed champing his bit with rage, that rushes forth when he hears the voice of the trumpet[1]. Whom wilt thou marshal against this [foe]? Who, when the fastenings give way, is fit to be intrusted with the defence of the gate of Prœtus?

Et. At no possible array of a man should I tremble; and blazonry has no power of inflicting wounds, and crests and bell bite not[2] without the spear. And for this night which thou tellest me is sparkling on his buckler with the stars of heaven, it may perchance be a prophet in conceit[3]; for if night shall settle on his eyes as he is dying, verily this vaunting device would correctly and justly answer to its name, and he himself will have made the insolence ominous against himself. But against Tydeus will I marshal this wary son of Astacus, as defender of the portals, full nobly born, and one that reverences the throne of Modesty, and detests too haughty language, for he is wont to be slow at base acts, but no

[1] Besides Stanley's illustrations, see Pricæus on Apul. Apol. p. 58. Pelagonius in the Geoponica, XVI. 2, observes *ἀγαθοῦ δὲ ἵππου καὶ τοῦτο τεκμήριον, ὅταν ἑστηκὼς μὴ ἀνέχηται, ἀλλὰ κροτῶν τὴν γὴν ὥσπερ τρέχειν ἐπιθυμῇ*. St. Macarius Hom. XXIII. 2, *ἐπὰν δὲ μάθῃ (ὁ ἵππος) καὶ συνεθίσθῃ εἰς τὸν πόλεμον, ὅταν ὀσφραι·θῇ καὶ ἀκούσῃ φωνὴν πολέμου, ἀυτὸς ἑτοίμως ἔρχεται ἐπὶ τοὺς ἐχθροὺς, ὥστε καὶ ἀπ' ἀυτῆς τῆς φωνῆς πτόησιν ἐμποιεῖν τοῖς πυλεμίοις*. Marmion, Canto V.,—

> "Marmion, like charger in the stall,
> That hears without the trumpet's call,
> Began to chafe and swear."

[2] See Boyes' Illustrations. p. 11.

[3] This seems to be the sense of *μάντις ἐννοία*. Blomfield would alter *ἐννοία* to the dative, which is easier.

dastard. And from the sown heroes whom Mars spared is Melanippus sprung a scion, and he is thoroughly a native. But the event Mars with his dice will decide. And justice, his near kinswoman, makes him her champion[1], that he may ward off the foeman's spear from the mother that bare him.

CH. Now may the gods grant unto our champion to be successful, since with justice[2] does he speed forth in defence of the city; but I shudder to behold the sanguinary fate of those who perish in behalf of their friends.

MES. To him may the gods so grant success.—But Capaneus has by lot obtained his station against the Electran gate. This is a giant, greater than the other aforementioned, and his vaunt savours not of humanity; but he threatens horrors against our towers, which may fortune not bring to pass! for he declares, that whether the god is willing or unwilling, he will make havoc of our city, and that not the Wrath[3] of Jove, dashing down upon the plain, should stop him. And he is wont to compare both the lightnings and the thunder-bolts to the heat of noontide. He has a bearing too, a naked man bearing fire, and there gleams a torch with which his hands are armed[4];—and, in letters of gold, he is uttering, I WILL BURN THE CITY. Against a man such as this do thou send[5] ———. Who will engage with him? Who will abide his vaunting and not tremble?

ET. And in this case[6] also one advantage is gained upon another. Of the vain conceits of man in sooth the tongue of

[1] So Linwood. Justice is styled the near relation of Melanippus, because he was *αἰσχρῶν ἀργὸς*, v. 406. The scholiast however interprets it *τὸ τῆς ξυγγενείας δίκαιον*.

[2] Dindorf's substitution of *δικαίας* for *δικαίως* is no improvement. Paley's *δίκαιος* is more elegant, but there seems little reason for alteration.

[3] Probably nothing more than the lightning is meant, as Blomfield supposes. Paley quotes Eur. Cycl. 328, *πέπλον κρούει, Διὸς βρονταῖσιν εἰς ἔριν κτυπῶν*. And this agrees with the fate of Capaneus as described in Soph. Antig. 131, sqq.; Nonnus, XXVIII. p. 480; Eur. Phœn. 1187, sqq.

[4] Blomfield compares Eur. Bacch. 733, *θύρσοις διὰ χειροῖν μίναις*. But the present construction is harsher.

[5] See Blomfield.

[6] I follow Blomfield and Paley.

truth becomes accuser. But Capaneus is menacing, prepared for action, dishonouring the gods, and practising his tongue in vain exultation;—mortal as he is, he is sending loud swelling words into heaven to the ears of Jove. But I trust that, as he well deserves, the fire-bearing thunderbolt will with justice come upon him, in no wise likened to the noontide warmth of the sun. Yet against him, albeit he is a very violent blusterer, is a hero marshalled, fiery in his spirit, stout Polyphontes, a trusty guard by the favor of Diana our protectress, and of the other gods. Mention another who hath had his station fixed at another of our gates,

CH. May he perish[1] who proudly vaunts against our city, and may the thunder-bolt check him before that he burst into my abode, or ever, with his insolent spear force us away from our maiden dwellings.

MES. And verily I will mention him that, hath next had his post allotted him against our gates:—for to Eteoclus, third in order, hath the third lot leapt from the inverted helm of glittering brass, for him to advance his battalion against the gates of Neïs; and he is wheeling his steeds fuming in their trappings, eager to dash forward against the gates. And their snaffles ring, in barbarian fashion, filled with the breath of their snorting nostrils. His buckler, too, hath been blazoned in no paltry style, but a man in armour is treading the steps of a ladder to his foemen's tower, seeking to storm it. And this man, in a combination of letters, is shouting, how that not even Mars should force him from the bulwarks.—Do thou send also to this man a worthy champion to ward off from this city the servile yoke.

ET. I will send this man forthwith, and may it be with good fortune; and verily he is sent, bearing his boast in deed[2], Megareus, the offspring of Creon, of the race of the sown[3]; who

[1] "We embrace this opportunity of making a grammatical observation with respect to the older poets, which, to the best of our knowledge, has not hitherto been noticed by any grammarian or critic. Wherever a wish or a prayer is expressed, either by the single optative mood of the verb, or with μή, εἴθε, εἰ γάρ, εἴθε γάρ, the verb is in the second aorist, if it have a distinct second aorist; otherwise it may be in the present tense, but is more frequently in the first aorist." Edinb. Rev. xix. 485.

[2] *i. e.* not bearing a braggart inscription, but putting confidence in his own valour. οὐ was rightly thrown out by Erfurdt. See Paley.

[3] *i. e.* from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.

will go forth from the gates not a whit terrified at the noise of the mad snortings of the horses; but, either by his fall will fully pay the debt of his nurture to the land, or, having taken two men[1] and the city on the shield, will garnish with the spoils the house of his father. Vaunt thee of another, and spare me not the recital.

CH. I pray that this side may succeed, O champion of my dwellings! and that with them it may go ill; and as they, with frenzied mind, utter exceedingly proud vaunts against our city, so may Jove the avenger regard them in his wrath.

MES. Another, the fourth, who occupies the adjoining gates of Onca Minerva, stands hard by with a shout, the shape and mighty mould of Hippomedon; and I shuddered at him as he whirled the immense orb, I mean the circumference of his buckler—I will not deny it. And assuredly it was not any mean artificer in heraldry who produced this work upon his buckler, a Typhon, darting forth through his fire-breathing mouth dark smoke, the quivering sister of fire, and the circular cavity of the hollow-bellied shield hath been made further solid with coils of serpents. He himself, too, hath raised the war-cry; and, possessed by Mars, raves for the onslaught, like a Thyiad[2], glaring terror. Well must we guard against the attack of such a man as this, for Terror is already vaunting himself hard by our gates.

ET. In the first place, this Onca Pallas, who dwells in our suburbs, living near the gates, detesting the insolence of the man, will drive him off, as a noxious serpent from her young. And Hyperbius, worthy son of Œnops, hath been chosen to oppose him, man to man, willing to essay his destiny in the crisis of fortune; he is open to censure neither in form, nor in spirit, nor in array of arm: but Mercury hath matched them fairly; for hostile is the man to the man with whom he will have to combat, and on their bucklers will they bring into conflict hostile gods; for the one hath fire-breathing Typhon, and on the buckler of Hyperbius father Jove is seated firm, flashing, with his bolt in his hand; and never yet did any one know of Jove being by any chance vanquished[3].

[1] Eteoclus and the figure on his shield.

[2] Like a Bacchic devotee. See Virg. Æn. IV. 301, sqq.
So in the Agamemnon, v. 477.

μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι κάσις
πηλοῦ ξύνουρος, διψία κόνις, τάδε.

[3] Cf. Ag. 174. Ζῆνα δὲ τις ἐπινίκια κλάζων, Τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ

Such in good sooth is the friendship of the divinities: we are on the side of the victors, but they on that of the conquered, if at least Jove be mightier in battle than Typhon. Wherefore 'tis probable that the combatants will fare accordingly; and to Hyperbius, in accordance with his blazonry, may Jove that is on his shield become a saviour.

CH. I feel confident that he who hath upon his shield the adversary of Jove, the hateful form of the subterranean fiend, a semblance hateful both to mortals and the everliving gods will have to leave his head before our gates.

MES. May such be the issue! But, furthermore, I mention the fifth, marshalled at the fifth gate, that of Boreas, by the very tomb of Jove-born Amphion. And he makes oath by the spear[1] which he grasps, daring to revere it more than a god, and more dearly than his eyes[2], that verily he will make havoc of the city of the Cadmæans in spite of Jove: thus says the fair-faced scion of a mountain-dwelling mother, a stripling hero, and the down is just making its way through his cheeks, in the spring of his prime, thick sprouting hair. And he takes his post, having a ruthless spirit, not answering to his maidenly name[3], and a savage aspect. Yet not without his vaunt does he take stand against our gates, for on his brazen-forged shield the rounded bulwark of his body, he was wielding the reproach of our city, the Sphinx of ruthless maw affixed by means of studs, a gleaming embossed form; and under her she holds a man, one of the Cadmæans, so

πᾶν. Dindorf would omit all the following lines. There is some difficulty about the sense of *προσφίλεια*, which I think Pauw best explains as meaning "such is the god that respectively befriends each of these champions."

[1] Cf. Apollon. Rhod. I. 466, *Ἴστω νῦν δόρυ θοῦρον, ὅτῳ περιώσιον ἄλλων Κῦδος ἐνὶ πτολέμοισιν ἀείρομαι, οὐδέ μ' ὀφέλλει Ζεὺς τόσον, ὁσσάτιόν περ ἐμὸν δόρυ.* Statius Theb. ix. 549—"ades o mihi dextera tantum Tu præsens bellis, et inevitabile numen, Te voco, te solam superum contemptor adoro." See Cerda on Virg. Æn. X. 773.

[2] So Catullus, iii. 4, 5.

Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.

And Vathek, p. 124 (of the English version) "Nouronihar loved her cousin more than her own beautiful eyes." OLD TRANSLATOR. See Valcken. on Theocrit. xi. 53.

[3] A pun upon the word *παρθένος* in the composition of Parthenopæus's name.

that against this man[1] most shafts are hurled. And he, a youth, Parthenopœus an Arcadian, seems to have come to fight in no short measure[2], and not to disgrace the length of way that he has traversed: for this man, such as he is, is a sojourner, and, by way of fully repaying Argos for the goodly nurture she has given him, he utters against these towers menaces, which may the deity not fulfil.

Et. O may they receive from the gods the things which they are purposing in those very unhallowed vaunts! Assuredly they would perish most miserably in utter destruction. But there is [provided] for this man also, the Arcadian of whom you speak, a man that is no braggart, but his hand discerns what should be done, Actor, brother of the one aforementioned, who will not allow either a tongue, without deeds, streaming within our gates, to aggravate mischiefs, nor him to make his way within who bears upon his hostile buckler the image of the wild beast, most odious monster, which from the outside shall find fault with him who bears it within, when it meets with a thick battering under the city. —So, please the gods, may I be speaking the truth.

Ch. The tale pierces my bosom, the locks of my hair stand erect, when I hear of the big words of these proudly-vaunting impious men. Oh! would that the gods would destroy them in the land.

Mes. I will tell of the sixth, a man most prudent, and in valour the best, the seer, the mighty Amphiaraus: for he, having been marshalled against the gate of Homolois, reviles mighty Tydeus full oft with reproaches, as the homicide, the troubler of the state, chief teacher of the mischiefs of Argos, the summoner of Erinnys, minister of slaughter, and adviser of these mischiefs to Adrastus. Then again going up[3] to thy brother, the mighty Polynices, he casts his eye aloft, and, at

[1] The figure on the shield is undoubtedly the one meant.

[2] *i. e.* "he will fight by wholesale." See comm. Perhaps the English phrase to "deal a blow," to "lend a blow," is the nearest approximation to this curious idiom. Boyes quotes some neat illustrations.

[3] This passage is a fair instance of the impossibility of construing certain portions of Æschylus as they are edited. Dindorf in his notes approves of Dobree's emendation, *καὶ τὸν σὸν αὖτ' ἀδελφὸν ἐς πατρὸς μόρον Ἐξυπτιάζων ὄνομα*, and so Paley, except that he reads *ὄμμα* with Schutz, and renders it "*oculo in patrio Œdipi fatum religiose sublato.*" Blomfield's *προσμόλων ὁμόσπορον* seems simpler, and in better taste. *ὁμόσπορον* was doubtless obliterated by the gloss *ἀδελφέον* (an Ionic form ill suited to the senarius), and the *ὁμοιοτέλευτον* caused the remainder

last, reproachfully dividing his name [into syllables[1],] he calls to him; and through his mouth he gives utterance to this speech —"Verily such a deed is well-pleasing to the gods, and glorious to hear of and to tell in after times, that you are making havoc of your paternal city, and its native gods, having brought into it a foreign armament. And what Justice shall staunch the fountain of thy mother's tears? And how can thy father-land, after having been taken by the spear through thy means, ever be an ally to thee? I, for my part, in very truth shall fatten this soil, seer as I am, buried beneath a hostile earth. Let us to the battle, I look not for a dishonourable fall." Thus spake the seer, wielding a fair-orbed shield, all of brass; but no device was on its circle,—for he wishes not to seem but to be righteous, reaping fruit from a deep furrow in his mind, from which sprout forth his goodly counsels. Against this champion I advise that thou send antagonists, both wise and good. A dread adversary is he that reveres the gods.

Et. Alas! for the omen[2] that associates a righteous man with the impious!—Indeed in every matter, nothing is worse than evil fellowship—the field of infatuation has death for its fruits[3]. For whether it be that a pious man hath embarked in a vessel along with violent sailors, and some villany, he perishes with the race of men abhorred of heaven; or, being righteous, and having rightly fallen into the same toils with his countrymen, violators of hospitality, and unmindful of the gods, he is beaten down, smitten with the scourge of the deity, which falls alike on all. Now this seer, I mean the son of Oïcleus, a moderate, just, good, and pious

of the error. Burges first proposed *ὁμόσπορον* in Troad. Append. p. 134. D. As to Paley's idea that Œdipus' death was caused "*per contentiorim filii indolem*," I cannot find either authority for the fact, or reason for its mention here, and I have therefore followed Blomfield. Dindorf's translation I cannot understand. The explanations of *ἐξυπτιάζων ὄνομα* are amusing, and that is all.

[1] *i. e.* saying Πολύνεικες *πολυνεικές*. Paley ingeniously remarks that *ἐνδατεῖσθαι* is here used in a double sense, both of *dividing* and *reproaching*. See his note, and cf. Phœn. 636. *ἀληθῶς ὄνομα* Πολυνείκη *πατὴρ ἔθετό σοι θεία προνοίᾳ, νεικέων ἐπώνυμον*.

[2] See Griffiths.

[3] Porson, and all the subsequent editors have bracketed this verse as spurious, but the chief objection to this sense of *καρπίζεσθαι* seems to be obviated by Paley. See his note.

man, a mighty prophet, associated with unholy bold-mouthed men, in spite of his [better] judgment, when they made their long march, by the favour of Jove, shall be drawn along with them to go to the distant city[1]. I fancy, indeed, that he will not make an attack on our gates, not as wanting spirit, nor from cowardice of disposition, but he knows that it is his doom to fall in battle, if there is to be any fruit in the oracles of Apollo: 'tis his wont too to hold his peace, or to speak what is seasonable. Nevertheless against him we will marshal a man, mighty Lasthenes, a porter surly to strangers, and who bears an aged mind, but a youthful form; quick is his eye, and he is not slow of hand to snatch his spear made naked from his left hand[2]. But for mortals to succeed is a boon of the deity.

CH. O ye gods, give ear to our righteous supplications, and graciously bring it to pass that our city may be successful, while ye turn the horrors wrought by the spear upon the invaders of our country: and may Jove, having flung them [to a distance] from our towers, slay them with his thunderbolt.

MES. Now will I mention this the seventh, against the seventh gate, thine own brother—what calamities too he imprecates and prays for against our city;—that, he having scaled the towers, and been proclaimed[3] to the land, after having shouted out the pæan of triumph at the capture, may engage with thee; and, having slain thee, may die beside thee, or avenge himself on thee alive, that dishonoured, that banished him[4], by exile after the very same manner. Thus does mighty Polynices clamour, and he summons the gods of his race and fatherland to regard his supplications. He has, moreover, a newly-constructed shield, well suited [to his arm,] and a double

[1] Either with πάλιν or πόλιν there is much difficulty, as without an epithet πόλις seems harshly applied to Hades. Paley thinks that τὴν μακρὰν refers both to πομπὴν and πόλιν. Dindorf adopts his usual plan when a difficulty occurs, and proposes to omit the line. Fritzsche truly said of this learned critic, that if he had the privilege of omitting everything he could not understand, the plays of the Grecian dramatists would speedily be reduced to a collection of fragments.

[2] When the spear was not in use, it was held in the left hand, under the shield. See Blomfield.

[3] sc. king, or victor. Blomfield adopts the former.

[4] This passage is not satisfactory. Paley reads ἀνδρηλατῶν, but I am doubtful about τῶς . . . . τόνδε . . . τρόπον.

device wrought upon it.—For a woman is leading on a mailed warrior, forged out of brass, conducting him decorously; and so she professes to be Justice, as the inscription tells.—I WILL BRING BACK THIS MAN, AND HE SHALL HAVE THE CITY OF HIS FATHERS, AND A DWELLING IN THE PALACE. Such are their devices; and do thou thyself now determine whom it is that thou thinkest proper to send: since never at any time shalt thou censure me for my tidings; but do thou thyself determine the management of the vessel of the state.

ET. O heaven-phrenzied, and great abomination of the gods!—Oh! for our race of Œdipus, worthy of all mourning —Alas for me! now verily are the curses of my sire coming to an accomplishment. But it becomes me not to weep or wail, lest birth be given to a lament yet more intolerable. But to Polynices, that well deserves his name, I say, soon shall we know what issue his blazonry will have; whether letters wrought in gold, vainly vaunting on his buckler, along with phrenzy of soul will restore him. If indeed Justice, the virgin daughter of Jove, attended on his actions or his thoughts, perchance this might be. But neither when he escape the darkness of the womb, nor in his infancy, nor ever in his boyhood, nor in the gathering of the hair on his chin, did Justice look on him, or deem him worthy her regards: nor truly do I suppose that she will now take her stand near to him, in his ill-omened possession of his father-land. Truly she would then in all reason be falsely called Justice, were she to consort with a man all-daring in his soul. Trusting in this I will go, and face him in person. Who else could do so with better right? Leader against leader, brother against brother, foeman with foeman, shall I take my stand. Bring me with all speed my greaves, my spear, and my armour of defence against the stones. *Exit* MESSENGER.

CH. Do not, O dearest of men, son of Œdipus, become in wrath like to him against whom thou hast most bitterly spoken.—Enough it is that Cadmæans come to the encounter with Argives. For such bloodshed admits of expiation. But the death of own brothers thus mutually wrought by their own hands—of this pollution there is no decay.

ET. If any one receives evil without disgrace, be it so; for the only advantage is among the dead: but of evil and disgraceful things, thou canst not tell me honour

CH. Why art thou eager, my son? let not Até, full of wrath, raging with the spear, hurry thee away—but banish the first impulse of [evil] passion.

ET. Since the deity with all power urges on the matter, let the whole race of Laïus, abhorred by Phœbus, having received for its portion the wave of Cocytus, drift down with the wind.

CH. So fierce a biting lust for unlawful blood hurries thee on to perpetrate the shedding of a man's blood, of which the fruit is bitter[1].

ET. Aye, for the hateful curse of my dear father, consummated, sits hard beside me with dry tearless eyes, telling me that profit comes before my after doom[2].

CH. But do not accelerate it; thou wilt not be called dastardly if thou honourably preservest thy life—and Erinnys[3], with her murky tempest, enters not the dwelling where the gods receive a sacrifice from the hands [of the inmates].

ET. By the gods, indeed, we have now for some time been in a manner neglected, and the pleasure which arises from our destruction is welcomed by them; why should we any longer fawn[4] upon our deadly doom?

CH. Do so now, whilst it is in thy power; since the dæmon, that may alter with a distant shifting of his temper, will perchance come with a gentler air; but now he still rages.

ET. Aye, for the curses of Œdipus have raged beyond all bounds; and too true were my visions of phantoms seen in my slumbers, dividers of my father's wealth[5].

CH. Yield thee to women, albeit that thou lovest them not.

ET. Say ye then what one may allow you; but it must not be at length.

CH. Go not thou on this way to the seventh gate.

[1] In the original there is, perhaps, a slight mixture of construction, *αἵματος* partly depending upon *κάρπος* implied in *πικρόκαρπον*, and partly upon *ἀνδροκτασιαν. ἀνδροκτ. αἵμ.* being *the slaughter of a man, by which his blood is shed.*

[2] Wellauer: *denuntians lucrum, quod prius erit morte posteriore.* i. e. victoriam quam sequetur mors. And so Griffiths and Paley.

[3] Shakspeare uses this name in the opening speech of King Henry, in part I.:

> No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil
> Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.
>
> OLD TRANSLATOR.

[4] See above, v. 383.

[5] Somewhat to the same effect is the dream of Atossa in the Persæ.

ET. Whetted as I am, thou wilt not blunt me by argument.
CH. Yet god, at all events, honours an inglorious victory.
ET. It ill becomes a warrior to acquiesce in this advice.
CH. What! wilt thou shed the blood of thine own brother?
ET. By heaven's leave, he shall not elude destruction.

Exit ETEOCLES.

CH. I shudder with dread that the power that lays waste this house, not like the gods, the all-true, the evil-boding Erinnys summoned by the curses of the father, is bringing to a consummation the wrathful curses of distracted Œdipus[1]. 'Tis this quarrel, fatal to his sons, that arouses her. And the Chalybian stranger, emigrant from Scythia, is apportioning their shares, a fell divider of possessions, the stern-hearted steel[2], allotting them land to occupy, just as much as it may be theirs to possess when dead, bereft of their large domains[3]. When they shall have fallen, slain by each other's hands in mutual slaughter, and the dust of the ground shall have drunk up the black-clotted blood of murder, who will furnish expiation? who will purify them? Alas for the fresh troubles mingled with the ancient horrors of this family! for I speak of the ancient transgression with its speedy punishment; yet it abides unto the third generation: since Laïus, in spite of Apollo, who had thrice declared, in the central oracles of Pytho, that, dying without issue, he would save the state[4], did, notwithstanding, overcome by his friends, in his infatuation beget his own destruction, the parricide Œdipus, who dared to plant in an unhallowed field, where he had been reared, a bloody root.—

[1] I prefer Blomfield's transposition to Dindorf's correction, βλαψιφρόνως, which, though repudiated in the notes, is still adopted by Paley.

[2] A noble impersonation of the sword.

[3] Shakspeare, King John, act iv. sc. 2:

That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold.——

King Henry IV. part i. act v. sc. 5.

Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.———

[4] Surely the full stop after πόλιν in v. 749 should be removed, and a colon, or mark of hyperbaton substituted. On looking at Paley's edition, I find myself anticipated.

'Twas phrenzy linked the distracted pair; and as it were a sea of troubles brings on one billow that subsides, and rears another triply cloven, which too dashes about the stern of our state. But between [it and us] there stretches a fence at a small interval, a tower in width alone[1]. And I fear lest the city should be overcome along with its princes. For the execrations, that were uttered long ago, are finding their accomplishment: bitter is the settlement, and deadly things in their consummation pass not away. The wealth of enterprising merchants[2], too thickly stowed, brings with it a casting overboard from the stern. For whom of mortals did the gods, and his fellow-inmates in the city, and the many lives of herding men[3], admire so much as they then honoured Œdipus, who had banished from the realm the baneful pest that made men her prey. But when he unhappy was apprised of his wretched marriage, despairing in his sorrow, with phrenzied heart he perpetrated a twofold horror; he deprived himself with parricidal hand of the eyes that were more precious than his children. And indignant because of his scanty supply of food[4], he sent upon his sons, alas! alas! a curse horrible in utterance, even that they should some time or other, share his substance between them with sword-wielding hand; and now I tremble lest the swift Erinnys should be on the point of fulfilling that prayer.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Be of good cheer, maidens that have been nurtured by your mothers[5]. This city hath escaped the yoke of servitude; the vauntings of our mighty foes have fallen; and our city is calm, and hath not admitted a leak from the many buffets of the surge; our fortification too stands proof, and we have fenced our gates with champions fighting single-handed, and bringing surety;—for the most part, at six of our gates, it is well; but the seventh the revered lord of the seventh, sovereign

[1] This is Griffiths' version of this awkward passage. I should prefer reading *ἀλκὰν* with Paley, from one MS. So also Burges.

[2] See my note on Soph. Philoct. 708, ed. Bohn.

[3] This seems the best way of rendering the bold periphrase, *ὁ πολύβοτος αἰὼν βροτῶν*. See Griffiths.

[4] I follow Paley. Dindorf, in his notes, agrees in reading *τροφᾶς*, but the metre seems to require *ἐπίκοτος*. Griffiths defends the common reading, but against the ancient authority of the schol. on Œd. Col. 1375. See Blomfield.

[5] Blomfield with reason thinks that a verse has been lost.

Apollo, chose for himself, bringing to a consummation the ancient indiscretions of Laïus.

CH. And what new event is happening to our city?

MES. These men have fallen by hands that dealt mutual slaughter[1].——

CH. Who? What is it thou sayest! I am distracted with terror at thy tidings.

MES. Now be calm and listen, the race of Œdipus—

CH. Alas for me wretched! I am a prophetess of horrors.

MES. Stretched in the dust are they beyond all dispute.

CH. Came they even to that? bitter then are thy tidings, yet speak them.

MES. Even thus [too surely] were they destroyed by brotherly hands.

CH. Even thus was the dæmon at once impartial to both.

MES. And he himself, be sure of this, is cutting off the ill-fated race.

CH. Over such events one may both rejoice and weep—[rejoice] at the success of our city—but [mourn because][2] our princes, the two generals, have portioned out the whole possession of their substance with the hammer-wrought Scythian steel, and they will possess of land just as much as they receive at their burial, carried off according to the unhappy imprecations of their sire.

MES. The city is rescued, but earth hath drank the blood of the brother princes through their slaughter of each other.

Exit MESSENGER[3].

CH. Oh mighty Jove! and tutelary divinities of our city

[1] The care which the Messenger takes to show the bright side of the picture first, reminds us of Northumberland's speech, Shakspeare, King Henry IV. part ii. act i. sc. 1:

> This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus and thus;
> Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
> Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
> But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
> Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
> Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead. OLD TRANSL.

[2] This is a good example of the figure chiasmus, the force of which I have expressed by the bracketed words repeated from the two infinities. See Latin examples in the notes of Arntzenius on Mamertin. Geneth. 8, p. 27; Paneg. Vett. t. i.

[3] The Messenger retires to dress for the Herald's part.

Horace's rule, "Nec quarta loqui persona laboret," seems to have

ye that do in very deed protect these towers of Cadmus, am I to rejoice and raise a joyous hymn to the saviour of our city, the averter of mischief, or shall I bewail the miserable and ill-fated childless[1] commanders, who, in very truth, correctly, according to their name[2], full of rancour, have perished in impious purpose? Oh dark and fatal curse of the race and of Œdipus, what horrible chill is this that is falling upon my heart[3]? I, like a Thyiad, have framed a dirge for the tomb, hearing of the dead, dabbled in blood, that perished haplessly —verily this meeting of spears was ill-omened. The imprecation of the father hath taken full effect, and hath not failed: and the unbelieving schemes of Laïus have lasted even until now;—and care is through our city, and the divine declarations lose not their edge—Alas! worthy of many a sigh, ye have accomplished this horror surpassing credence; and lamentable sufferings have come in deed. This is self-evident, the tale of the messenger is before my eyes—Double are our sorrows, double are the horrors of them that have fallen by mutual slaughter; doubly shared are these consummated sufferings. What shall I say? What, but that of a certainty troubles on troubles are constant inmates of this house? But, my friends, ply the speeding stroke of your hands about your heads, before the gale of sighs, which ever wafts on its passage, the bark, on which no sighs are heard, with sable sails, the freighted with the dead, untrodden for Apollo, the sunless, across Acheron, and to the invisible all-receiving shore[4].

been drawn from the practice of the Greek stage. Only three actors were allowed to each of the competitor-dramatists, and these were assigned to them by lot. (Hesychius, Νέμησις ὑποκριτῶν.) Thus, for instance, as is remarked by a writer in the Quarterly Review, in the Œdipus at Colonus, v. 509, Ismene goes to offer sacrifice, and, after about forty lines, returns in the character of Theseus. Soon afterwards, v. 847, Antigone is carried off by Creon's attendants, and returns as Theseus after about the same interval as before. OLD TRANSLATION. The translator had misquoted the gloss of Hesychius.

[1] This is the tragic account. See Soph. Antig. 170, sqq.; Eurip. Phæn. 757, sqq. But other authors mention descendants of both.

[2] Another pun on Πολυνεικῆς.

[3] Cf. Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. 3:

" I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins."

[4] This passage is confessedly corrupt. Paley seems to have rightly restored ἄστολον from the ἄστολον θεωρίδα in Robertelli's edition. This ship, as he remarks, would truly be ἄστολος, in opposition to the one sent to Delphi, which was properly said στέλλεσθαι ἐπὶ θεωρίαν. The

But [enough]! for here are coming to this bitter office both Antigone and Ismene. I am assured beyond all doubt that they will send forth a fitting wail from their lovely deep-cinctured bosoms. And right it is that we, before the sound of their wailing reach us, both ejaculate the dismal-sounding chaunt of Erinnys, and sing a hateful pæan to Pluto. Alas! ye that are the most hapless in your sisterhood of all women that fling the zone around their robes, I weep, I mourn, and there is no guile about so as not to be truly wailing from my very soul.

SEMI-CHORUS. Alas! alas! ye frantic youths, distrustful of friends, and unsubdued by troubles, have wretched seized on your paternal dwelling with the spear.

SEMI-CH. Wretched in sooth were they who found a wretched death to the bane of their houses.

SEMI-CH. Alas! alas! ye that overthrew the walls of your palace, and having cast an eye on bitter monarchy how have ye now settled your claims with the steel?

SEMI-CH. And too truly hath awful Erinnys brought [the curses] of their father Œdipus to a consummation.

SEMI-CH. Smitten through your left——Smitten in very truth, and through sides that sprung from a common womb.

SEMI-CH. Alas for them, wretched! Alas! for the imprecations of death which avenged murder by murder.

SEMI-CH. Thou speakest of the stroke that pierced through and through those that were smitten in their houses and in their persons, with speechless rage, and the doom of discord brought upon them by the curses of their father.

SEMI-CH. And moreover sighing pervades the city, the towers sigh, the land that loved her heroes sighs: and for posterity remains the substance by reason of which, by reason of which[1], contention came upon them whom evil destiny, and the issue of death.

SEMI-CH. In the fierceness of their hearts they divided between them the possessions, so as to have an equal share; but the arbiter[2] escapes not censure from their friends, and joyless was their warfare.

words ἀστιβῆ' πόλλωνι confirm this opinion. In regard to the allusions, see Stanley and Blomfield, also Wyttenbach on Plato Phædon. sub init.

[1] This repetition of δ' ὧν is not altogether otiose. Their contention for estate was the cause both of their being *αἰνόμοροι* and of the *νεῖκος* that ensued.

[2] *i. e.* the sword. Cf. v. 885.

SEMI-CH. Smitten by the steel, here they lie; and smitten by the steel[1] there await them—one may perchance ask what? —the inheritance of the tombs of their fathers.

SEMI-CH. From the house the piercing groan sends forth its sound loudly over them, mourning with a sorrow sufferings as o'er its own, melancholy, a foe to mirth, sincerely weeping from the very soul, which is worn down while I wail for these two princes.

SEMI-CH. We may say too of these happy men that they both wrought many mischiefs to their countrymen, and to the ranks of all the strangers, that perished in great numbers in battle.

SEMI-CH. Ill-fated was she that bare them before all women, as many as are mothers of children. Having taken to herself her own son for a husband, she brought forth these, and they have ended their existence thus by fraternal hands that dealt mutual slaughter.

SEMI-CH. Fraternal in very truth! and utterly undone were they by a severing in no wise amicable, by phrenzied strife at the consummation of their feud.

SEMI-CH. But their enmity is terminated: and in the reeking earth is their life-blood mingled, and truly are they of the same blood. A bitter arbiter of strife is the stranger from beyond the sea, the whetted steel that bounded forth from the fire; and bitter is the horrible distributer of their substance, Mars, who hath brought the curse of their father truly to its consummation.

SEMI-CH. Hapless youths! They have obtained their portion of heaven-awarded woes, and beneath their bodies shall be a fathomless wealth of earth[2]. Alas! ye that have made your houses bloom with many troubles! And at its fall these Curses raised the shout of triumph in shrill strain, when the race had been put to flight in total rout; a trophy of Atè has been reared at the gate at which they smote each other, and, having overcome both, the dæmon rested.

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

ANT. When wounded thou didst wound again[3].

[1] This epithet applied to their ancestral tombs doubtless alludes to the violent deaths of Laïus and Œdipus.

[2] On the enallage *σώματι* for *σώμασι* see Griffiths. The poet means to say that this will be all their possession after death. Still Blomfield's reading, *χώματι*, seems more elegant and satisfactory.

[3] Pauw remarks that Polynices is the chief subject of Antigone s

Ism. And thou, having dealt death, didst perish.

Ant. With the spear thou didst slay.

Ism. By the spear thou didst fall.

Ant. Wretched in thy deeds!

Ism. Wretched in thy sufferings!

Ant. Let tears arise.

Ism. Let groans resound.

Ant. Having slain, he shall lie prostrate. Alas alas! my soul is maddening with sighs.

Ism. And my heart mourns within me.

Ant. Alas! thou that art worthy of all lamentation!

Ism. And thou again also utterly wretched.

Ant. By a friend didst thou fall.

Ism. And a friend didst thou slay.

Ant. Double horrors to tell of.

Ism. Double horrors to behold!

Ant. These horrors are near akin to such sorrows.

Ism. And we their sisters here are near to our brothers.

Ch. Alas! thou Destiny, awarder of bitterness, wretched! and thou dread shade of Œdipus! and dark Erinnys! verily art thou great in might.

Ant. Alas! alas! sufferings dismal to behold hath he shown to me after his exile.

Ant. And he returned not when he had slain him.

Ism. No—but after being saved he lost his life.

Ant. In very truth he lost it.

Ism. Aye, and he cut off his brother.

Ant. Wretched family!

Ism. That hath endured wretchedness. Woes that are wretched and of one name. Thoroughly steeped in three-fold sufferings.

Ant. Deadly to tell—

Ism. Deadly to look on.

Ch. Alas! alas! thou Destiny, awarder of bitterness, wretched! and thou dread shade of Œdipus! and dark Erinnys! verily art thou great in might.

Ant. Thou in sooth knowest this by passing through it.

mourning, whilst Ismene bewails Eteocles. This may illustrate much of the following dialogue, as well as explain whence Sophocles derives his masterpiece of character, the Theban martyr-heroine. Antigone.

ISM. And so dost thou, having learned it just as soon as he.

ANT. After that thou didst return to the city.

ISM. An antagonist too to this man here in battle-fray.

ANT. Deadly to tell.

ISM. Deadly to look on.

ANT. Alas! the trouble.

ISM. Alas! the horrors upon our family and our land, and me above all.

ANT. Alas! alas! and me, be sure, more than all.

ISM. Alas! alas! for the wretched horrors! O sovereign Eteocles, our chieftain!

ANT. Alas! ye most miserable of all men.

ISM. Alas! ye possessed by Atè.

ANT. Alas! alas! where in the land shall we place them both? Alas! in the spot that is most honourable. Alas! alas! a woe fit to sleep beside my father[1].

Enter HERALD.

'Tis my duty to announce the good pleasure and the decree of the senators of the people of this city of Cadmus. It is resolved to bury this body of Eteocles for his attachment to his country, with the dear interment in earth! for in repelling our foes he met death in the city, and being pure in respect to the sacred rites of his country, blameless hath he fallen where 'tis glorious for the young to fall; thus, indeed, hath it been commissioned me to announce concerning this corpse: But [it has been decreed] to cast out unburied, a prey for dogs, this the corpse of his brother Polynices, inasmuch as he would have been the overturner of the land of Cadmus, if some one of the gods had not stood in opposition to his spear: and even now that he is dead, he will lie under the guilt of pollution with the gods of his country, whom he having dishonoured was for taking the city by bringing against it a foreign host. So it is resolved that he, having been buried dishonourably by winged fowls, should receive his recompense,

[1] Throughout this scene I have followed Dindorf's text, although many improvements have been made in the disposition of the dramatis personæ. Every one will confess that the length of ἰὼ ἰὼ commonplaces in this scene would be much against the play, but for the animated conclusion, a conclusion, however, that must lose all its finest interest to the reader who is unacquainted with the Antigone of Sophocles!

and that neither piling up by hands of the mound over his tomb should follow, nor any one honour him with shrill-voiced wailings, but that he be ungraced with a funeral at the hands of his friends. Such is the decree of the magistracy of the Cadmæans.

ANT. But I say to the rulers of the Cadmæans, if not another single person is willing to take part with me in burying him, I will bury him, and will expose myself[1] to peril by burying my brother. And I feel no shame at being guilty of this disobedient insubordination against the city. Powerful is the tie of the common womb from which we sprung, from a wretched mother, and a hapless sire. Wherefore, my soul, do thou, willing with the willing share in his woes, with the dead, thou living, with sisterly feeling—and nought shall lean-bellied wolves tear his flesh—let no one suppose it. All woman though I be, I will contrive a tomb and deep-dug grave for him, bearing earth in the bosom-fold of my fine-linen robe, and I myself will cover him; let none imagine the contrary: an effective scheme shall aid my boldness.

HER. I bid thee not to act despite the state in this matter.

ANT. I bid thee not announce to me superfluous things.

HER. Yet stern is a people that has just escaped troubles.

ANT. Aye, call it stern[2],—yet this [corpse] shall not lie unburied.

HER. What! wilt thou honour with a tomb him whom our state abhors[3]?

ANT. Heretofore he has not been honoured by the gods[4].

HER. Not so, at least before he put this realm in jeopardy.

ANT. Having suffered injuriously he repaid with injury.

[1] Wellauer (not Scholefield, as Griffiths says) defends the common reading from Herodot. V. 49.

[2] *τράχυνε*. But T. Burgess' emendation *τραχύς γε* seems better, and is approved by Blomfield.

[3] Soph. Ant. 44. *ᾗ γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ' ἀπόρρητον πόλει*;

[4] I have taken Griffiths' translation of what Dindorf rightly calls "lectio vitiosa," and of stuff that no sane person can believe came from the hand of Æschylus. Paley, who has often seen the truth where all others have failed, ingeniously supposes that *οὐ* is a mistaken insertion, and, omitting it, takes *διατετίμηται* in this sense: *"jam hic non amplius a diis honoratur;* ergo ego eum honorabo." See his highly satisfactory note, to which I will only add that the reasoning of the Antigone of Sophocles, vss, 515, sqq. gives ample confirmation to his view of this passage.

HER. Aye, but this deed of his fell on all instead of one.

ANT. Contention is the last of the gods to finish a dispute, and I will bury him; make no more words.

HER. Well, take thine own way—yet I forbid thee.

Exit HERALD.

CH. Alas! alas! O ye fatal Furies, proudly triumphant, and destructive to this race, ye that have ruined the family of Œdipus from its root. What will become of me? What shall I do? What can I devise? How shall I have the heart neither to bewail thee nor to escort thee to the tomb? But I dread and shrink from the terror of the citizens. Thou, at all events, shalt in sooth have many mourners; but he, wretched one, departs unsighed for, having the solitary-wailing dirge of his sister. Who will agree to this?

SEM. Let the state do or not do aught to those who bewail Polynices. We, on this side will go and join to escort his funeral procession; for both this sorrow is common to the race, and the state at different times sanctions different maxims of justice.

SEM. But we will go with this corpse, as both the city and justice join to sanction. For next to the Immortals and the might of Jove, this man prevented the city of the Cadmæans from being destroyed, and thoroughly overwhelmed by the surge of foreign enemies.

[1] Blomfield would either omit this verse, or assign it to the chorus.

THE PERSIANS.

THE ill-boding dream of Atossa is confirmed by a messenger from the Persian army, giving an account of the defeat at Salamis, and the shade of Darius, being invoked, denounces the mad folly of Xerxes, with whose lamentations, upon his disgraceful return, the play concludes.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHORUS OF AGED PERSIANS.
ATOSSA, THE QUEEN-MOTHER.
A MESSENGER.
THE GHOST OF DARIUS.
XERXES.

CH. These are the faithful band[1] left by the Persians who have gone into the land of Hellas, and guardians of these opulent abodes abounding in gold, whom our prince Xerxes himself, a monarch descended from Darius, selected according to seniority, to have the superintendence of the realm. And now for some time my ill-boding soul within me has been in a state of exceeding agitation concerning the return of our monarch, and of the army in its rich array, for the whole native power of Asia hath gone, and [my mind] calls for its youthful hero[2].

[1] πιστὰ = οἱ πιστοί, see Blomfeld, who shows that this was a customary epithet applied to the Satraps and other Persian dignitaries. Siebelis, Diatrib. in Æschyli Persas, pp. 37, sqq. brings a great show of learning to prove that these were the Eunuchs, especially from their being consulted by Atossa, and moreover supposes both from the etymology of certain of the names, and the enumeration of those allies of the Persians only, who were chiefly infamous for their effeminacy, that a stream of irony runs throughout the whole of this chorus, admirably calculated to please an Athenian audience. This is confirmed by Æschylus having ventured to employ a parody of the commencement of Phrynichus' Phœnissæ, which ran thus: τάδ' ἐστι Περσῶν τῶν πάλαι βεβηκότων (see Sieb. ibid, p. 39). The scene is laid at Susa, where the royal residence and treasury was. See Herodot. V. 49. Hence Susa is placed "inter ornamenta regni" by Curtius V. 1, 7.

[2] I have, with Paley, followed the clear and satisfactory explanation which Linwood has confirmed in his Lexicon, s. v. βαύζειν. He well

And neither does any messenger nor any horseman arrive at the city of the Persians, who, having quitted the city of Susa and of Ecbatana[1], and the antique Cissian fortress, set forth, some on steeds, some in ships, and the infantry in slow march, forming a dense file of war. Amistres[2], for instance, and Artaphrenes, and Megabayes, and Astaspes, leaders of the Persians, kings, subalterns of the great king, speed their way, inspectors of the great host, both those that conquer with the bow, and mounted upon steeds, fearful to look upon[3], and terrible in fight, through their stern determination of spirit. Artembaces too, rejoicing in his charger, and Masistres, and stout Imæus that slays with the bow, and Pharandaces and Sosthanes, driver of steeds. And others Nile, the mighty stream and nourisher of many, sent forth; Susiscanes, Pegastagon native of Egypt, and the lord of sacred Memphis mighty Arsames, and Ariomardus ruler of ancient Thebes, and the dwellers in the fens, skilful rowers of galleys, and in multitude beyond all numbering. There follows a crowd of Lydians, delicate in their habits of life, and they that hold every nation native on the continent[4], whom Mithragathes and valiant Arcteus, inspector-princes, and Sardis that teems with gold, send forth in many chariots, in ranks of double and treble yokes[5], a spectacle fearful to look upon. The borderers too on sacred Tmolus are bent on casting the yoke of servitude around Hellas, Mardon, Tharybis, [twin] anvils of the spear, and the Mysians who launch the javelin. Babylon too, that teems with gold, sends forth her mingled multitude in long array,

remarks that we cannot supply *Ἀσία* from *Ἀσιατογενὴς*, because the subject referred to is not really the same in both cases. Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 566, 3, says "*βαύζει ἄνδρα*, the shout was '*ἀνήρ*;'" comparing Eur. Hipp. 168, *ἀύτεον Ἄρτεμιν*. But the passages are not parallels. The force of *βαύζει* is well illustrated by Stanley.

[1] Ecbatana was another royal residence. Cf. Herodot. I. 98; Curtius, V. 8, 1.

[2] Siebelis (pp. 43, 4) will entertain the reader with some facetious etymologies of some of these Persian names. At all events, Æschylus was not very particular about their orthography or prosody.

[3] Blomfield observes from Herodot. Erato CXII. that this was no more than the truth.

[4] This is Blomfield's interpretation, who supposes the Ionians to be designated by this circumlocution, but Dindorf approves the correction of Schutz, omitting *τοὺς*, and writing *οἳ τ'*.

[5] *i. e.* with four or six horses.

both those who embark in ships, and are trust in their valour to draw the bow. And the scimitar-wielding populace from all Asia follows in their train, under the dread mandates of the king. Such a flower of men is gone from the Persian land; concerning whom the Asiatic soil which reared them is shrivelled with vehement anxiety: and parents and wives, as they count the day, shudder at the lengthening date.

The royal armament that makes havoc of cities, hath some time since passed over to the adjoining opposite region, having crossed the frith of Helle daughter of Athamas[1], on a cable-fastened raft, after flinging a many-rivetted causeway by way of yoke over the neck of Ocean. And against every land does the impetuous lord of many-peopled Asia urge forward his godlike armament in two divisions, of infantry, and of forces drawn from the sea, trusting in his strong sturdy commanders, a man equal to the gods of the race that sprung from gold[2]. And flashing from his eyes the dark-blue glare of the deadly serpent, appointed with many a warrior and many a mariner, and urging on his Syrian[3] car, he is leading on a war victorious with the bow against men who are famous for the spear[4]. And no one is of such approved prowess as that, having made stand against a mighty torrent of men, he can repulse, by mighty bulwarks, the irresistible billow of the sea. For terrible to approach is the army of Persians, and valiant of soul the host. But what mortal man shall elude the treacherous deceit of the deity? Who is he that with an agile foot, of easy spring[5], can bound over it? For fawning on him at first

[1] Hygin. Fab. III.: "Phrixus et Helle, insania a Libero objecta, cum in sylvis errarent, nebula mater eo dicitur venisse, et arietem inauratum adduxisse Neptuni et Theophanes filium, eumque natos suos ascendere jussit, et Colchos ad regem Æetam Solis filium transire, ibique arietem Marti immolare. Quo cum ascendissent, et aries eos in pelagus detulisset, Helle de ariete decidit, ex quo Hellespontum pelagus est appellatum."

[2] Schol. *a.* prefers it. It alludes to the way in which Jove was feigned to have visited Danae, v. 86.

[3] *i. e.* Assyrian. See Blomfield.

[4] Great stress is constantly laid upon the superiority of the hand to hand contests of the Grecian weapons over the archery of the barbarians. See Herodot. V. 49, VII. 211, and Siebelis, p. 41.

[5] Wellauer vainly attempts to defend *ἀνάσσων*. Although the enallage proposed by Blomfield is defensible, I still prefer regarding *πηδήματος* merely as the attributive genitive, with Linwood's Lex. p. 33, and Jelf's Gk. Gr. 521, Obs. 3.

with kindly disposition it lures a man on within the densest toils, whence it is not possible for mortal to struggle out and make his escape. For destiny, fixed by heaven, prevailed in the olden time, and enjoined on the Persians to carry on wars that beat down towers, and the tumults of cavalry warfare, and demolitions of cities. They learned, too, to look upon the ocean fields of the wide-winding sea when it whitens with the violent blast, putting confidence in their slightly-constructed tackling, and the machines in which hosts are wafted [across the deep]. By reason of these things my soul, wrapt in gloom, is torn by terror, alas! for this army of the Persians! lest the state should learn that the mighty city of the Susian district is drained of its warriors, and the fortress of the Cissians; (the crowded assemblage of women uttering[1] this word, alas! will re-echo the strain,) and rending shall fall upon the finely-woven vestments. For all the host that drive the steed, and that tramp along the plain, hath gone off like a swarm of bees, along with the leader of the army, having crossed the ocean promontory common to both continents[2], united to either side. And through regret for their lords, the couches are filled with tears: and the matrons of Persia in excessive grief, each one of them in tenderness for her lord, having sent off her fierce warrior consort, is left behind in solitude. But come, Persians, let us seat ourselves beneath in this ancient dwelling, and take wary and well-pondered care,—for the necessity has arrived—how haply fares our king Xerxes, offspring of Darius, being of the same ancestral race with us[3]. Is it the drawing of the bow that prevails, or hath the might of the barbed spear got the mastery? But here comes forth a light like to the eyes of gods, the mother of our sovereign, and my queen, I do lowly homage. And fitting it is that we all address her with words of salutation. [*Enter* Atossa.] O queen, supreme of Persia's deep-waisted matrons, aged mother of Xerxes, hail to thee! spouse to Darius, consort of the Per-

[1] Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 583, 23.

[2] Blomfield rightly understands this of the bridge across the Hellespont, which, in respect to either side, formed a kind of promontory.

[3] I have followed Dindorf in retaining the old reading. Dindorf compares the forms ἐπωνύμιος and παρωνύμιος, to which Paley adds ὑστώνιος. This origin was from Perses.

sians' god, and mother of a god thou art, unless in some respect our ancient fortune hath forsaken our host.

At. For this reason, in truth, am I come, having left my gold-garnished mansion, the common bridal-dwelling both of Darius and of myself. And anxiety is tearing me at heart: and I will make a disclosure to you, my friends, being of myself by no means free from apprehension, lest mighty wealth, having made great speed, should, with his foot, overturn the wealth which Darius reared, not without the aid of some god. These things are to my soul a two-fold unutterable care, not to honour with reverence a multitude of riches unprotected by men, and that the light shines not on those who are destitute of wealth, however great the strength which they may possess. For our wealth at all events is beyond the reach of censure, but touching our eye[1] is my terrors. For I deem the presence of the master the eye of an household. Whereupon, since these things stand thus, lend me your counsel in this matter, ye aged trusty servants of the Persians. For all my good measures depend on you.

Ch. Be well assured of this, O queen of this land, that thou needest not to speak twice of either word or deed, to which our ability can lead the way to completion. For thou summonest us who are well-affected to thee, as in these matters.

At. I have been continually haunted by many dreams in the night, ever since my son, having fitted forth his armament, went to the land of the Ionians, purposing to lay it waste. But I never yet saw any so plain, as on the night just passed, —and I will tell it thee. There seemed to appear before two women[2] in fair attire—the one robed in Persian vestments, but the other in Doric, both in statue by far the most comely of those who live now-a-days, and in beauty beyond rebuke, and sisters of the same family. And as to country—they inhabited, the one, having had it assigned to her by lot, the land of Hellas,—the other the barbarian[3]; these two, as I fancied I saw, had a feud the one with the other: and my son, when he heard it, was checking and soothing them, and

[1] *i. e.* Xerxes, as Blomfield, Linwood, and Paley rightly understand.

[2] This description of Atossa's dream has been imitated by Moschus in a similar vision seen by Europa, II. 8.

[3] This phrase, as Pauw remarks, was more proper in Æschylus than Atossa.

he yokes them beneath his car, and places a collar on their necks. And the one towered loftily in these trappings, and had a tractable mouth in the reins: but the other kept plunging, and tears in pieces with her hands the harness of the car, and whirls it violently along without the bit, and snaps the yoke in the middle: and my son falls, and his sire Darius stands beside him, commiserating him; and when Xerxes sees him, he rends his robes about his person. These things, indeed, I say that I beheld last night. But when I had arisen, and had touched with my hands a fair-streaming fountain[1], I stood by the altar, wishing to offer a sacrificial cake to the divinities that avert evil, to whom these rites belong. And I behold an eagle fleeing to the altar of Phœbus; and from terror I stood speechless, my friends, and afterwards I see a falcon speeding onward in his course with his pinions, and tearing his head with his talons. And the eagle did nought but cower down and yield his body. These sights are terrible for me to behold, and for you to hear. For be ye well assured, my son, were he successful, would be a man worthy of admiration, and though he fail, he is not liable to be called to account by the state; but if he escape, will equally be sovereign of this realm[2].

Ch. We wish not, O mother, either to terrify too much by our words, or to cheer thee; but do thou, if thou hast seen aught disastrous, approach the gods with supplications, and implore of them to grant it may be averted, but that what is favourable may be accomplished for thyself, and for thy children, and for the city, and for all thy friends. And in the second place it is proper that thou pour libations both to the earth and to the departed. And gently make thy prayer that thy husband Darius, whom thou sayest thou didst see by night, would send good things for thee and for thy

[1] This was the custom after an ill-omened dream. Washing, either of the hands or the whole body, was the first act on rising, which was followed by the offering of a salted cake, wine, and incense. Cf. Tibull. I. 5, 9—III. 4, 9; Apul. Met. XI. p. 257, ed. Elm.; Plautus Amph. II. 2; Mil. Glor. II. 4; Martial, XI. 50; Sueton. Galba, § XVIII.; Silius Ital. Pun. VIII. 122, sqq.; Valer. Flacc. V. 330, sqq. See also an exquisite burlesque of the custom in Aristoph. Ran. 1338, sqq.

[2] I cannot relish this passage as it stands, and think some lines have been lost.

child, into the light of day from beneath the earth: and that what is contrary to these, being detained beneath the earth, may fade away in gloom. This advice have I given thee with kindly intent, auguring by my mind's judgment. And, touching these things, we judge that in all things there will come to thee a favourable issue.

At. Well certainly thou the first interpreter of these dreams of mine, with friendly disposition at least, towards my son and house, hast given confirmation to this. And may what is good in very deed come to pass. And all these things, as thou enjoinest, I will perform to the gods, and to those dear to me beneath the earth, after I shall have gone into the palace; but on those points, my friends, I wish to be thoroughly informed, in what part of the earth they say Athens is situated[1]?

Ch. Far hence, towards the west, where are the wanings of the sovereign sun.

At. What! had my son then a desire to make this city his prey?

Ch. Yes, for so all Hellas would be in subjection to the king.

At. Does so numerous a force belong to them?

Ch. Aye, and such an army as in good truth wrought the Medes much mischief.

At. And what beside these things have they? Is there sufficient wealth in their dwellings?

Ch. They have a fountain of silver, a treasure of their soil.

At. Does the bow-stretching shaft display itself in their hands?

Ch. Not at all. They have spears for close fighting, and shield-guarded panoply.

At. And who is over them as their leader, and has the command of their army.

Ch. They are not called the slaves nor even the subjects of any man.

At. How then should they abide invading foemen?

[1] Nothing but the fact that this play (like the Heraclidæ and Supplices of Euripides) was written as a pleasing compliment to Athenian vanity, can excuse the absurdity of these interrogations. In this case Æschylus could certainly not plead that he wrote for the information of the audience! Siebelis, however, (p. 55, sq.) has not only found an excuse for this, but reason also.

CH. So [well do they], that they destroyed a large and goodly army of Darius.

AT. Truly thou tellest of what is dreadful for the parents of those who are gone to think upon.

CH. But, as it seems to me, thou shalt soon know the whole truth; for the running of this man we may plainly perceive to be that of a Persian; and he is bringing some clear tidings of good or ill for us to hear.

Enter MESSENGER.

O ye cities of the whole land of Asia! O realm of Persia, and mighty haven of opulence, how hath the ample weal been demolished by a single stroke, and the flower of the Persians is fallen and gone. Woe's me, 'tis an ill office to be the first messenger of ill, but yet it is necessary to unfold the whole of the disaster of the Persians, for all the army of the barbarians hath perished.

CH. Dismal, dismal, strange evils, and adverse,—alas, Drench yourselves in tears, ye Persians, hearing of this sorrow.

MES. How has all that armament gone to ruin! But I myself, beyond my hope, behold the day of my return.

CH. Verily this life of ours appears too long protracted to us aged men, that we should hear of this unlooked-for calamity.

MES. And in very deed I, being on the spot, and not having heard reports from others[1], can tell how great ills have been dealt out to the Persians.

CH. Woe! woe! in vain did the multitude of shafts of every kind go from the land of Asia, against a hostile land, the realm of Hellas.

MES. The shores of Salamis, and all the adjoining region, are full of the corpses of those who miserably perished.

CH. Woe! woe! thou tellest us that the dead bodies of our friends, tossed on the billow, oft immersed, are borne along on the twice-changing surface of the tide[2].

MES. Yes, for our bows availed us nought, and our whole host perished, beaten down by the collision of the beaks of the vessels.

CH. Shriek forth a doleful outcry, full of woe to the

[1] Cf. Soph. Œd. C. 6.

[2] This is Blomfield's interpretation. See others in Paley's note.

wretched Persians; for ill did they succeed in all things, alas! when their host was destroyed.

MES. O name of Salamis, most hateful to our ears. Alas! how I sigh when I remember Athens.

CH. Hateful is Athens to us miserable: we have to remember, in sooth, how many of the Persian matrons it has made widows and bereft of their husbands to no gain of ours[1].

AT. I, wretched, have for a long time kept silence, utterly astounded by the evils: for this calamity is too great for me to speak, or to enquire about our sufferings. Nevertheless, it is necessary for mortals to endure afflictions, when the gods award them: and do thou compose thyself and tell us, unfolding the whole of our suffering, even though thou sightest over the evils: who is there that hath not fallen? and whom of the leaders of the host shall we bewail, who, having been appointed to a sceptred office, by his death left his file desolate without their chief?

MES. Xerxes himself lives, and beholds the light.

AT. Thou tellest me of a great light to my house, and a bright-dawning day after a night wrapped in gloom.

MES. But Artembares, leader of a myriad of horse, is dashed against the rugged shores of Sileniæ[2]. And Dadaces the chiliarch, beneath the stroke of the spear, bounded a light leap out of his vessel. Tenagon too, the true-born chieftain[3] of the Bactrians, haunts the sea-beat isle of Ajax. Lilæus, and Arsames, and Argestes third, overcome, keep butting against the hard shore around the dove-breeding isle. Arcteus, too, that dwelt near the sources of Egyptian Nile, Adeues, and Pheresseues the third, Pharnuchus, these fell from one vessel. Matallus of Chrysa, commander of a myriad, leader of a body of thirty thousand black cavalry, in his death, tinged his bright auburn, bushy, thick, shadowy beard, changing its colour with a stain of purple[4]. And Arabus the Mage, and Artames the Bactrian,

[1] Because the victory was lost. See Schutz.

[2] The ἄκρα τρόπαια of Salamis. See the scholiast.

[3] I follow, with Dindorf, Blomfield's elegant emendation, ἀριστεὺς for ἄριστος.

[4] This was at all events more glorious than the transformation of Tittlebat Titmouse's hair by the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra. See "Ten Thousand a Year."

a settler on the rugged land, perished there. Amestris, and Amphistreus who wielded a spear that did great execution, and brave Ariomardus[1] occasioning grief to Sardis, and Sesames, the Mysian; Tharybis, too, commander of five times fifty ships, of Lyrnæan race, a hero of fair form, lies wretched, having died by no means happily. And Syennesis, foremost in gallantry, governor of the Cilicians, that with his single arm occasioned much trouble to the foe, fell gloriously. Of such of our leaders have I now made mention; and I report a few of the many evils that have befallen us.

At. Alas! Alas! I hear these supreme of horrors, both a disgrace to the Persians, and a subject for shrill shriekings. But turn back again and tell me this, how great was the number of the ships of the Greeks, that they ventured to join battle with the Persian armament in the encounter of vessels?

Mess. So far as numbers are concerned, be well assured that the barbarians had the advantage with their ships: for the whole number of those of the Greeks amounted to ten squadrons of thirty, and beside these there were ten of surpassing excellence[2]. But Xerxes, for I know this also, had a thousand, the number of those which he led: and those which exceeded in swiftness were two hundred and seven: thus runs report. Do we seem to you to have been inferior in fight in this respect[3]? But 'twas some divinity that thus depressed the balance with a counterpoise of fortune.

At. The gods preserve the city of the goddess Pallas[4].

Mess. The city indeed of Athens is still not laid waste, for while there are men there is a sure bulwark.

At. And what was the commencement of the encounter of the ships? Tell us; who began the fight, was it the Greeks, or my son, elated by, the multitude of his ships?

Mess. It was some fiend, lady, or evil spirit appearing from

[1] The reader must consult the commentators, as many of these names are corrupt, and violate the metre.

[2] See Blomfield.

[3] Τῇδε non debet cum μάχῃ conjungi, sed seorsim sumptum verti, *hac ex parte, i. e.* quod ad numerum adtinet. Heath.

[4] So Dindorf. But different arrangements of these lines have been proposed. The best is Paley's, who reads ἔτ' ἀρ' Ἀθηνῶν κτλ. with Robertelli, and assigns it to Atossa, giving the next line to the Messenger. At present, they fully justify the sarcasms of Pauw.

some quarter or other that began all the mischief. For a Greek that had come from the host of the Athenians[1], told thy son Xerxes this, that, when the gloom of murky night should come, the Greeks would not remain, but, springing on the benches of their vessels, would severally, in different directions, save their lives by stealthy flight. And he, as soon as he heard it, not aware of the stratagem of the Greek, nor of the jealousy of the gods, publishes this order to all his captains, that when the sun should have ceased to illumine the earth with his rays, and darkness tenant the temple of the firmament, they should draw up the squadron of the ships in three lines, to guard the outlets, and the murmuring passes of the sea, and others in a circle around the isle of Ajax; so that if the Greeks should elude fatal destruction, by discovering any escape for their ships by stealth, it was decreed, that they all should be deprived of their heads. To this effect he spake from a frantic spirit; for he knew not that which was preordained of the gods. And they, without disorder, and with obedient mind, both provided supper for themselves, and the mariner lashed his oar to the well-fitted rowlock. And when the light of the sun had waned, and night had come on, every man, master of an oar, went on board his ship, and every one that had sway over arms; and one line of ships of war cheered on another line, and they make sail as each had been appointed, and all the live-long night the commanders of the ships were keeping the whole naval host occupied in sailing about. And night withdrew, and the force of the Greeks by no means made a stealthy escape in any direction. But when Day, drawn by white steeds, had occupied the whole earth, of radiance beautiful to behold, first of all a shout from the Greeks greeted Echo like a song, and Echo from the island-rock at the same instant shouted forth an inspiring cry: and terror fell on all the barbarians, baulked of their purpose; for not as in flight were the Greeks then chaunting the solemn pæan, but speeding on to the fight with gallant daring of soul. And the trumpet, with its clang, inflamed their whole line; and forthwith, with the collision of the dashing oar, at the word of command they smote the roaring brine. And quickly

[1] Sicinus. Cf. Herodot. VIII. 76, and see Justin, II. 12.

were they conspicuous to view. The right wing, well marshalled, led on foremost in good order, and secondly, their whole force was coming forth against us, and we could at the same time hear a mighty shout: SONS OF THE GREEKS! ON! FREE YOUR COUNTRY, AND FREE YOUR CHILDREN, YOUR WIVES, THE ABODES TOO OF THE GODS OF YOUR FATHERS, AND THE TOMBS OF YOUR ANCESTORS; NOW IS THE CONFLICT FOR THEM ALL! And sooth to say, a murmur of the Persian tongue met them from our line, and no longer was it the moment to delay, but forthwith ship dashed her brazen prow at ship. And a Grecian vessel commenced the engagement, and breaks off the whole of the figure-head of a Phœnician ship: and each commander severally directed his bark against another of the enemy's. At first, indeed, the torrent of the Persian armament bore up against them: but when the multitude of our ships were crowded in the strait, and no assistance could be given to one another, but they were struck by their own brazen beaks, and were smashing their entire equipment of oars, and the Grecian vessels, not without science, were smiting them in a circle on all sides, and the hulls of our vessels were upturned, and the sea was no longer to behold, filled as it was with wrecks and the slaughter of men. The shores, too, and the rugged rocks were filled with the dead; and every ship, as many as ever there were of the barbaric armament, was rowed in flight without order. But the Greeks kept striking, hacking us as it were tunnies, or any draught of fishes, with fragments of oars, and splinters of wrecks; and wailing filled the ocean brine with shrieks, until the eye of murky night removed it. But for the multitude of our woes,—no, not if I should recite them in order for ten days, could I complete the tale for thee. For be thou well assured of this, that there never fell in a single day a multitude of men of such number.

AT. Alas! alas! a mighty ocean of ills has, in truth, burst upon both the Persians and the entire race of the barbarians.

MESS. Be now well-assured of this, that the evil hath not yet reached its half. Such a visitation of ills hath come upon them, as to overbalance these even twice over.

AT. And what event can have befallen that is yet more

hateful than this? Say what misfortune this is, which, thou sayest, hath farther come upon the host, verging to greater horrors.

Mess. As many of the Persians as were in the very bloom of life, most valiant in their spirit, and distinguished by their high birth, and were ever foremost in faithfulness to our monarch himself, have fallen foully by a most inglorious doom.

At. Alas! the wretch that I am, my friends, by this evil hap. And by what kind of doom sayest thou that these of whom thou speakest perished?

Mess. There is a certain island lying off the shores of Salamis, small, a dangerous station for ships, which Pan, who delights in the dance, haunts on its beach. Thither [Xerxes] sends these men, in order that, when the foeman wandering out of their ships should make their escape to the island, they might slay the soldiery of the Greeks, an easy prey, and rescue their comrades from the streams of the sea, ill knowing of the future; for when God gave the glory of the naval battle to the Greeks, on that very day having fortified their bodies in their armour well-wrought of brass, they leaped out of their vessels, and encompassed the whole island around, so that they were at a loss whither they should betake themselves; for often were they smitten by stones from their hands, and arrows falling on them from the bowstring destroyed them. And at last, having charged them with one onslaught, they smite, they hew in pieces the limbs of the wretches, until they had utterly destroyed the life of all of them. And Xerxes shrieked aloud, when he saw the depth of his calamities; for he had a seat that afforded a clear prospect[1] of the whole armament, a high hill near the ocean brine; and having rent his clothes, and uttered a shrill wail, after issuing orders quickly to the land forces, he dismisses them in disorderly flight. Such a misfortune is it thine to wail over, in addition to the aforementioned.

At. O hateful demon! How hast thou then deluded the Persians in their hopes. But bitter did my son find the

[1] Hemsterhuis is probably right in reading *εὐανγῆς*, which Hesychius, as quoted by Stanley, confirms: *εὐαγές-ἔνοπτον*. Paley thinks that *αὐγή* is only *ἀβγή*, and that the common reading may therefore be defended.

vengeance of renowned Athens, and those of the barbarians, whom Marathon formerly destroyed, sufficed not, for whom my son, thinking to exact atonement, drew[1] upon himself so great a multitude of sufferings. But say thou—those of the ships which esaped destruction—where didst thou leave them? knowest thou so as to tell clearly?

MESS. The commanders of the ships, indeed, which were left, tumultuously take to flight before the wind, not in good order. But the residue of the forces perished both in the land of the Bœotians—some around the fountain spring suffering from thirst, and some[2] of us exhausted by panting, pass on thence into the territory of the Phocians, and the land of Doris, and the Melian bay, where Spercheius waters the plain with kindly stream; and thence the soil of the Achaian land, and the city of the Thessalians received us, straitened for want of food: here, indeed, a great many perished both from thirst and hunger; for both these evils befel us. We came also into the land of Magnesia, and the country of the Macedonians, to the ford of the Axius, and the fenny reed of Bolbe, and to mount Pangæus, Edonian land. And in this night God called up winter out of his season[3], and congeals the whole stream of the sacred Strymon. And one that had aforetime believed not in the gods, then made prayer in orisons, doing reverence to earth and heaven[4]. And after that the host had ceased from offering their many invocations, it makes its passage across the ice-bound stream. And whosoever of us had sped our way before the rays of the god had been shed abroad, hath escaped; for the bright orb of the sun blazing with his beams, penetrated through the middle of the stream, warming it with its blaze. They fell, too, one upon another; and happy, in sooth, was any that most speedily broke off the breath of life. And as many as survived and attained to safety, having with

[1] See some capital illustrations in Boyes, p. 14.

[2] On the apodosis of the particles in these lines, see Dindorf.

[3] The battle of Salamis was fought on the 20th of October, 480, B.C.

[4] Boyes appositely quotes Webster's Westward Ho, act iv. sc. 1, "I think I shall pray more, what for fear of the water, and my good success, than I did this twelvemonth." And Hudibras, Part III. c. 2, line 537:

——— Carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform.

difficulty made their way through Thrace with much toil[1], having made their escape, have reached, in no great numbers, the land of their homes; so that the city of the Persians may well sigh, regretting the dearest youth of our country. These tidings are true: but I omit to tell you of many of the horrors which the god hath hurled down upon the Persians.

Ch. O dæmon, hard to struggle with, how exceedingly heavy hast thou with thy feet leaped on the entire Persian race!

At. Alas! wretched that I am for our undone host! O manifest phantom of my visions of the night, how too truly didst thou discover the horrors to me. And very sorrily did ye interpret these things. But notwithstanding, since your speech sanctions this, I would fain first of all make my prayers to the gods; then will I come, after fetching from ym dwelling[2] a sacrificial cake, offerings both for earth and for the departed: over things past [recal] I well know, but it may be that something more auspicious will befal hereafter. But it behoves you to communicate faithful counsels with the faithful, touching what has taken place; and for my son, if he come hither before me, soothe ye him, and escort him into his dwelling, lest even a further ill be added over and above to our present ills[3]. [*Exit* Atossa.

Ch. O sovereign Jove! now hast thou destroyed the armament of the high-vaunting and numerous Persians; and thou hast veiled in gloomy grief the city of Susa and of Ecbatana: and many virgins, rending their veils with their delicate hands, sharing in the sorrow, drench their bosoms with dense floods of tears. Our Persian matrons too, in excess of mourning, longing for the sight of the recent wedlock of their husbands, and having abandoned their couches[4] covered with elegant tapestry, the delight of their delicate youth, they sorrow with most insatiate sighs. And I, for my part, heartily take [for my theme] the melancholy fate of the departed.

Now, in truth, the whole of the land of Asia made deso-

[1] Porson thinks that this inharmonious verse was intended to express the toilsome march of the shattered remnant of the army.

[2] Cf. Agam. 96, πελάνῳ μυχόθεν βασιλείῳ.

[3] *i. e.* lest Xerxes commit suicide. So say the commentators. But may it not mean, lest disrespect be added to his present sufferings?

[4] This is only a periphrase for λέκτρα. See Linwood.

late moans. For Xerxes led forth, O gods! and Xerxes lost, well-a-day! Xerxes managed all things haplessly in his ocean-barks. Oh! why was not Darius at that time in command, so safe a master of the bow to the citizens, beloved sovereign of Susa? The ships, all winged alike and with dark-stained beaks, carried forth both our land forces and our marines, O gods! and ships destroyed them, ah! well-a-day! the ships with the deadly onslaughts of their beaks, and through the hands of the Ionians, as we hear, the king barely made his escape to the champagne and chilly tracts of Thrace. They therefore, indeed, first met their doom, alas! left by necessity, ah! around the shores of Cychreia[1], woe's me! they have been drenched by the billows[2]. Moan, and gnash the teeth, and raise aloud the cry of sorrow; laments that shall reach the heavens, woe's me! and lengthen out the dismally-sounding shout, the piteous cry. And torn dreadfully by the sea, alas! they are lacerated by the dumb children, alas! of the unpolluted [deep,] woe's me! And the dwelling mourns its lord, bereft of him, and parents that are left childless, woe's me! advanced in age, wailing the calamities sent on them by the divinities, now hear the whole of their sorrow. And they in sooth throughout the land of Asia, no longer own the Persian sway, nor any longer pay their tribute under constraint imposed by their sovereign, nor prostrating themselves on the ground will they hold themselves in subjection: for the might of our monarch hath utterly perished. And no longer is the tongue of mortals held in check: for the people have been set at liberty to speak their mind freely, since the yoke of strength hath been loosened. And the sea-washed isle of Ajax, with its soil stained with gore, holds the [bodies] of the Persians.

Re-enter ATOSSA.

My friends, whosoever is experienced in evils knows that when a sea-surge of troubles comes upon mortals, they are wont to dread all things: but when fortune glides smoothly, to feel confident that the same divinity will constantly propel their fortunes with a favourable breeze. For to me now all things are full of terror, and before my eyes appear the adverse dis-

[1] A name for Salamis.

[2] ἔρραντται has been rightly placed here by Hermann, instead of in v. 580.

pensations of the gods; and there is ringing in my ears a strain not soothing; such an amazement in consequence of these horrors scares my soul. Wherefore I have come this way from my house a second time, without either car or my former pomp, bringing propitiatory drink-offerings for the sire of my child, things which are soothing charms to the dead; both, white milk, sweet for drink, from a holy cow, and the distillation of the flower-craftsman, transparent honey, along with limpid drops of a virgin fountain[1], and this pure liquid from its wild mother, the glory of an ancient vine; and the fragrant fruit of the pale-green olive, that ever flourishes as to life in its leaves, is at hand, and wreathed flowers, children of the all-teeming earth. But, my friends, chaunt ye lays in accordance with these libations of the dead, and call up the divine Darius, and I will convey to the gods below these honours that are to be drank by earth.

Ch. Royal dame, venerable majesty of the Persians, do thou convey libations to the chambers beneath the earth, and we, in our lays, will implore the conductors of the dead beneath the earth to be propitious. Come, O ye holy divinities below the earth, both Earth and Mercury, and thou, monarch of the dead, send from beneath the spirit into the light of day; for if he knows any remedy[2] of our ills, he alone could tell the termination more than mortals[3]. Does then the godlike monarch, of blessed memory, hear me as I utter the all-varied barbaric clear plaintive dismal cries? A loud outcry will I make over our utterly wretched sorrows. Does he then hear me from beneath the earth? But do thou, O Earth, and ye other rulers of the infernal regions, suffer the illustrious divinity, the god of the Persians, born in Susa, to pass from your dwellings, and send him into upper air, such an one as never heretofore Persian mould covered. Aye, dear was the man, and dear is his sepulchre, for dear was the character that it entombs.

[1] See my former note on lustrations after dreams, and on these apparitions of the dead my remarks on Soph. Œd. Col. 999, Bohn's edition. Cf. Lomeier de veterum gentilium lustrationibus, XXXVIII. p. 477, sqq., and on the modes of appeasing them, *ibid.* VII. p. 64.

[2] I cannot see why Pauw's ἄχος should have been followed. πέρας, in v. 632, is an epexegesis of ἄκος.

[3] If θνητῶν follows μόνος, it will be at variance with δαίμονα Δαρεῖον in v. 620. I have therefore united it to πλέον at the suggestion of Mr. Burges.

And thou, Aïdoneus, that dost send the shades to this upper world, set at liberty, Aïdoneus, Darius, all kingly as he was. Alas[1]! For as at no time he was the destroyer of men by the wasting calamities of war, so he was called by his Persians, counsellor divine; and counsellor divine he was, for he conducted the host well. Lord[2], ancient lord, come, draw nigh, appear on the topmost peak[3] of the mound, raising the saffron-dyed sandal of thy foot, displaying the crest of thy royal tiara. Come forth, O Darius, author of no ill: Hoa[4]! Show thyself, sovereign lord[5], that thou mayest hear the sorrows of our sovereign, strange in their nature, and new. For some Stygian gloom is hovering over us; for all[6] our youth have already sunk in ruin. Come forth, O Darius, author of no ill: Hoa! alas! alas! O thou that didst die deeply deplored by thy friends! [7]O king, O king! why should these redoubled mishaps pass throughout all this thy land? All the three-banked galleys of this our land have utterly perished, so as to be no longer galleys.

The GHOST OF DARIUS *rises.*

O ye most trusty of the trusty! ye compeers of my youth, aged Persians, with what trouble is our city troubled? the ground groans, is smitten and torn[8]. And beholding

[1] See Blomfield and Dindorf. Both sense and construction are doubtful.

[2] See Blomfield, who has learnedly illustrated this Græco-Phœnician word.

[3] Cf. Eurip. Hec. 37, ὁ Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φανεὶς Κατέσχ' Ἀχιλλεὺς πᾶν στράτευμ' Ἑλληνικόν. Æsch. Choeph. 4. τύμβου δ' ἐπ' ὄχθῳ—

[4] I follow Blomfield and Paley. Δαρειὰν could never be correct. I cannot clearly understand what Dindorf's opinion is, as he adduces the same authority (viz. Aristoph. Ran. 1028), but says nothing about the reading of this passage.

[5] Dindorf's punctuation requires amendment. Read ἄχη δέσποτα.

[6] See Dindorf.

[7] I have given the best sense I can to the text, but nothing is here certain but the uncertainty of the reading. Διάγοιεν is doubtless corrupt, and Blomfield reads δι' ἄνοιαν, which Linwood, Lex. p. 89, explains thus: "what, O prince, is this double penalty for error arising from folly concerning (or affecting) thy land, even the whole of thy land?" Paley's emendation δυναστᾶν δονάστα seems deserving of consideration but the passage is beyond any satisfactory understanding.

[8] Or: "prostrate on the ground, he sighs," etc.

my consort here near my sepulchre, I am in fear, I have received soothing libations. And ye are wailing, standing near my sepulchre, and shouting shrill in cries that evoke the shades, ye piteously summon me. And exit is no easy matter, both in all other respects, and also inasmuch as the gods beneath the ground are better at receiving than at letting go. Notwithstanding, I having rule among them, am come; and be thou quick, that I may not be censured for the time [of my absence]. What new heavy calamity hath befallen the Persians?

CH. I shrink in awe from looking on thee, and I shrink in awe from speaking in thy presence, by reason of my ancient reverence for thee.

DAR. But since persuaded by thy groanings I have come from below, in no wise utter a tedious tale, but concisely tell me, and complete the whole, laying aside thine awe for me.

CH. I dread[1] to comply, and I dread to speak in thy presence, telling things hateful to tell to friends.

DAR. But since the ancient dread of thy spirit is an obstacle to thee, do thou, aged partner of my bed, high-born dame, cease from these wailings and groans of thine, and give me a clear account. Human calamities will befal mankind. For many ills arise to mortals by sea, and many by land, if their more lengthened life be far protracted.

AT. O thou who in thy prosperous lot didst excel all mortals, inasmuch as thou, so long as thou didst behold the rays of the sun, an object of envy, didst lead a continued life of happiness as a god to the Persians; now too do I envy thee dead, before thou didst witness this depth of ills. For in brief words thou shalt hear, Darius, the whole tale. In a word, the fortunes of the Persians have been utterly o'erthrown.

DAR. In what way? came there any blast of pestilence, or a rebellion on the city?

AT. By no means; but the whole host hath been utterly destroyed about Athens.

DAR. And which of my sons led an armament thither? tell me.

AT. Impetuous Xerxes, after draining the whole surface of the continent.

See Jelf, Gk. Gr. Vol. I. § 278, 5 Obs. 2.

DAR. Was it by land or by sea that he, wretched, made this mad attempt?

AT. Both. There was a twofold face of two armaments.

DAR. And how too did such large land forces accomplish their passage?

AT. With machines he bridged the frith of Helle, so as to have a passage.

DAR. And did he effect this, so as to shut up the mighty Bosporus?

AT. Such is the fact: but some dæmon, I ween, abetted his inclination.

DAR. Alas! some mighty dæmon came, so that he had not his right senses.

AT. Yes—so that we can see how evil an issue he accomplished.

DAR. And how fared they over whom ye are thus pouring your lament?

AT. The naval force being worsted was the destruction of the land armament.

DAR. And hath the whole host thus utterly been destroyed by the spear?

AT. Aye, so that, moreover, the whole city of Susa mourns its desolation[1].

DAR. O ye gods! good[2] was the support and assistance of the army!

AT. And the whole Bactrian population hath perished in utter ruin, and that no aged people[3]?

DAR. O wretched man! how much of the youth of our allies then hath he destroyed.

AT. They say too that Xerxes alone and destitute, with not many ——

DAR. ——ended how and where? is there any escape?

AT. ——arrived gladly at the bridge that links the two continents[4].

DAR. ——and reached in this continent? is this true?

[1] I think στένειν, not στένει, was from the hand of Æschylus.

[2] κεδνῆς is a much more powerful reading than κενῆς. See Paley.

[3] I follow the Scholiast and Paley. Dindorf's conjecture seems scarcely Greek.

[4] Dindorf reads γαῖν for ἀν from Askew's conjecture. But is γῆ ever used in the plural?

At. Yes: a clear account prevails; in this, at all events, there is no dispute.

Dar. Alas! swift indeed came the accomplishment of the oracles; and upon my son Jove hath inflicted the consummation of the divine declarations. I have expected that the gods would bring these things to their complete fulfilment after a long issue[1]. But when a man is himself speeding onward, god also lends a hand. Now a fountain of ills seems to have been discovered for my friends. And my son, not understanding this, hath brought it about by his youthful presumption; who hoped to check in its course the sacred Hellespont, the Bosporus, stream of the god, like a slave, with bonds, and was for reducing the stream to order; and binding it with hammer-wrought fetters, accomplished a great road for his great army, and he unwisely thought, mortal as he was, that he should get the mastery of all the gods, and of Neptune. Did not therefore a distemper of soul possess my son? I fear lest my great store of wealth shall become a prey to the first comer.

At. These things is impetuous Xerxes taught by consorting with evil men; and they tell him, how that thou didst win great wealth for thy children with thy spear, but that he, from want of manhood, wars at home, and nought augments his patrimonial opulence. Hearing such taunts as these oftentimes from evil men, he planned this expedition and armament against Greece.

Dar. Therefore a work has been accomplished by him[2] exceedingly great, ever to be had in remembrance, such as never at any time utterly drained this falling city of Susa, ever since sovereign Jove awarded this honour, that one man should sway the whole of flock-breeding Asia, wielding the sceptre of rule. For a Mede[3] was the first commander of the host; and another[4], his son, completed this work; for prudence managed the helm of his soul. And third from him Cyrus, a prosperous man, when he reigned gave peace to all his friends; and acquired the people of the Lydians and

[1] Such was the reasoning of Apollo, who *deferred* the doom of Crœsus which he could not avert. Herodot. I. 92.

[2] σφιν is the singular number. See Herm. on Soph. Œd. C. 1487. Buttmann, Lexil. quoted by Dindorf.

[3] Astyages. [4] Cyaxares.

Phrygians, and subdued by his prowess the whole of Ionia For god did not abhor him, because he was discreet. And fourth[1] in order a son of Cyrus ruled the host: and Smerdis reigned fifth, a disgrace to his country, and to the ancient throne: but valiant Artaphrenes, along with friends, whose part this was[2], slew him in the palace by stratagem. And I too attained to the lot which I desired, and waged many wars with a large army; but I brought not such great mischief as this upon the city. But Xerxes my son, being young, has youthful thoughts, and bears not in mind my injunctions; for of this be ye well and distinctly assured, ye my compeers in age, all of us who held this sovereignty, could not be shown to have wrought so many evils.

CH. What then, my liege Darius? to what point turnest thou the issue of thy words? In consequence of these events, how shall we thy Persian host hereafter fare as best may be?

DAR. If we make not war upon the country of the Greeks; no, not even if the Median force be the larger: for to them the earth herself is an ally.

CH. How sayest thou this? and in what way acts it as an ally?

DAR. Inasmuch as it slays by famine those that are over numerous.

CH. Well, but we will furnish forth an expedition well equipped and select.

DAR. Aye, but not even shall the army that now remains in the regions of Hellas attain to a safe return.

CH. How sayest thou: What! does not the whole armament of the barbarians cross the frith of Helle from Europe?

DAR. Few, be sure, of many, if it be proper for one that looks upon what hath now taken place at all to put faith in the declarations of the gods: for it is not that one part is accomplished, and another not[3]. And if this be the fact, the multitude selected out of the army fails, having been lured on

[1] Cambyses.

[2] Another verse is added in brackets: "and sixth Maraphis, and seventh Artaphrenes," which seems an evident corruption. Perhaps it was a quotation from some other poet, who had enumerated the conspirators according to his own authorities, and the line was inserted from a scholium.

[3] See Blomfield.

by groundless expectations. [1]And they are remaining where Asopus with his streams waters the plain, a kind enrichment of the Bœotian fields: where the supreme of horrors await them to suffer, in retribution for their presumption and godless devices; who, when they arrived in the land of Hellas, shrunk not from despoiling the statues of the gods, nor from firing their shrines: but the altars are demolished, and the temples of the divinities utterly overthrown from their basements in confused ruin; wherefore, having done evil, they experience not less, and will still further; and not yet is it come to the dregs[2] of their calamities, but still they keep on gushing forth: for so great a clotted gore-dripping mass shall there be amid the land of the Platæans, beneath the Dorian spear; and heaps of corpses, even to the third generation, shall voicelessly announce to the eyes of mortals, how that it becomes not one that is mortal to entertain thoughts too high for him. For presumption, when it has bloomed, is wont to produce for fruit a crop of Atê, whence it reaps an all-mournful harvest. Seeing such are the recompenses of these things, be ye mindful of Athens and of Hellas, and let not any one contemning his present fortune, enamoured of other things, cast away great felicity. Jove is in sooth over us a chastiser of extremely overbearing thoughts, a stern censor. Wherefore do ye instruct him, destitute as he is of prudence[3], with reasonable admonitions, that he should cease to insult the gods with his overweening confidence. And do thou, dear aged mother of Xerxes, go into the palace, and fetch vesture such as is seemly, and meet thy child; for in his sorrow for these misfortunes, tatters of his embroidered robes are rent all about his person. But do thou mildly soothe him with words; for to thee alone, I am assured, will he endure to listen. But I will depart from earth into the gloom that is beneath. And you, my aged friends, give yourselves to joy, though ye be in afflictions, giving your spirits to pleasure day by day; since to the dead wealth is of no avail.

[*The shade of* DARIUS *descends*[4].

[1] There is something inconsistent in the fact that Darius, who required to be told how the Persians *had* fared, should be able to tell how they *would* fare afterwards. Perhaps, however, he merely draws a general inference.

[2] Literally "to the bottom [of the cup]."

[3] I follow Dindorf in his notes.

[4] In the ancient theatres they had "their χαρώνιοι κλίμακες, or

CH. Verily I feel sorrow when I hear of the many woes that both even now press upon, and are hereafter to befal, the barbarians.

AT. O Fortune! how many bitter sorrows are coming upon me, and most of all doth this mischance prey upon my spirit, when I hear also of the dishonour of the robes about the person of my child[1], which envelope him. But I will go, and having fetched vesture from the house, I will endeavour to meet my son. For we will not desert in their misfortunes those that are dearest to us.

[ATOSSA *enters the palace.*

CHORUS. O ye gods! we surely enjoyed a noble and goodly life, under civic rule, when the aged monarch, aider of all, author of no ill, not given to war, godlike Darius ruled the realm. In the first place we were celebrated on account of our well-approved army, and the laws of the state directed all things[2]. And our returns too from our wars brought us without trouble, without suffering, in flourishing condition to our homes. And what a number of cities did he take without having crossed the river Halys, nor having sped forth from his home; such are the Acheloian cities on the Strymonian sea, adjoining the dwellings of the Thracians, and beyond the sea, those along the main land environed with fortresses obeyed this king, and those who boast[3] to dwell on both sides of the broad frith of Helle, and the gulfy Propontis, and the outlet of the Pontus: the sea-girt islands too, near the marine promontory, lying hard by this land, Lesbos, for instance, and olive-planted Samos, Chios, and Paros, Myconus, and Andros touching in close neighbourhood upon Tenos. He was lord too of the sea-girt isles situate midway between the continents, Lemnos, and the dwelling of Icarus, and Rhodes, Cnidus too, and the cities of Venus, Paphos, and Soli, and

Charon's ladder, which led to hell through the trap-doors, and by which the *εἴδωλα*, or ghosts, came up." Blomfield, Mus. Crit. ii. 214. See Siebelis, p. 101.

[1] Paley is disposed to omit this whole speech of Atossa.

[2] This is Linwood's rendering of this unsatisfactory passage, who makes *πύργινα*, like *πύργον* is often used, to allude merely to the city. Dindorf considers the word corrupt.

[3] See Linwood, s. v. *εὔχομαι*. *εἶναι* is understood, Blomfield's emendation, *ἀρχόμεναι* is much more simple; but the alteration is hardly needed.

Salamis, the mother city of which is now the cause of our present sighs. He ruled too, by his prudence, over the opulent populous cities of the Greeks in the Ionian district. And there was at hand an unconquerable power of armed men, and of allies gathered from every nation. But now we, in no dubious way, have to endure the overthrow of these things from the hand of the gods, being terribly beaten down by wars, and by disasters on the deep.

Enter XERXES[1].

Alas! wretched that I am, having met with this hateful doom beyond all conjecture;—how ruthlessly hath the dæmon assailed the race of the Persians! What shall I suffer miserable? for the vigour of my limbs fails as I look upon this [aged] company of citizens here before me. O Jove! that the doom of death could enshroud me also along with the men that are departed.

CH. Well-a-day, my liege! for the goodly armament, and the great honour accruing to the Persians from their vassal states, and the fair array of men, whom now the dæmon hath mowed down. And the land bewails her native youth that have been brought to death by Xerxes; who crams Hades with Persians. For to Hades are gone[2] many, for countless was the mass[3], the flower of the realm vanquished with the bow, of men that have utterly perished.

XER. Alas! alas! alas! alas for the mighty force!

CH. And the land of Asia, O monarch of the country, hath sunk piteously, piteously on her knee.

XER. I here before you, alas! alas! meet subject for wailing, hapless have been born an evil to my family, and my father-land.

CH. I will utter, by way of greeting thy return, the ill-omened exclamation, the voice of a Mariandynian wailer that sings of woe, a very tearful outcry.

XER. Pour ye forth a grievous all-lamentable, sad-resounding voice; for this dæmon hath made a turn back upon me.

[1] See my Introduction.

[2] I have translated Passow's ἀΐδοβαται, which Dindorf seems to approve, and Paley admits.

[3] I translate Blomfield's φύρσις. The student must endeavour to satisfy himself in this passage. I cannot.

CH. I will, in truth, utter even an all-lamentable outcry, honouring[1] [with a wail] the heavy calamities of the race of the mourning city endured by the people, inflicted by the lashing of the sea; and again will I utter the extremely tearful moan.

XER. For our ship-fenced Mars, yielding the victory to others, hath reaped mischief from the Ionians, after laying waste the darkling surface of the main and the ill-fated shore.

CH. Oh! oh! oh! cry, and enquire exactly into all the particulars. And where is the rest of the multitude of thy friends? and where are those who stood by thy side in the battle? such as was Pharandaces, Susas, Pelagon, Dotamas, Agdabatas, and Psammis, and Susiscanes, that left Ecbatana?

XER. I left them fallen in death out of a Tyrian ship on the shores of Salamis, striking on the rugged headland.

CH. Oh! oh! and what has become of thy Pharnuchus, and the brave Ariomardus? and where is prince Seualces, or Lilæus sprung from a high-born sire, Memphis, Tharybis, and Masistras, Artembares too, and Hystæchmas? These things would I again enquire from thee.

XER. Alas for me! after having beheld ancient Athens the hateful, all in one shock of fight, ah! ah! ah! wretched, lie gasping on the ground.

CH. What didst thou also leave, didst thou leave him of thy Persians, thine own eye[2] in all things faithful, that numbered thy tens of thousands, tens of thousands, Alpistus, son of Batanochus, * * * son of Sesamas, son of Megabatas, Parthus too, and mighty Œbares. Alas! for them wretched. Thou tellest evils that bode further ills to the renowned Persians.

XER. Thou dost in sooth call to my mind a lament for my excellent friends, while thou speakest of baleful, hateful, exceeding hateful horrors. My heart within me moans aloud, moans aloud for them unhappy.

CH. And, in truth, we regret another too, Xanthus, leader of ten thousand Mardians, and warlike Anchares, Diæxis too, and Arsames, chiefs of the cavalry, Cigdates and Lythimnes, and Tolmus that was never satisfied with the spear. [3]They

[1] See Dindorf. The metre is at fault.

[2] See the elaborate remarks of Blomfield.

[3] I shall not take notice of the different changes of the dramatis personæ throughout this scene.

were buried, they were buried, not following in our train, in tents mounted on wheels.

XER. For they that were commanders of the host are gone.

CH. They are gone, alas! inglorious. Woe! woe! woe. woe! woe! ye divinities have brought upon us an unlooked-for surpassing evil, as ever Atè hath witnessed.

XER. We have been smitten, alas! what are the fortunes of man's life[1]!

CH. We have been smitten, for 'tis full plain, (there are new calamities, new calamities), having with no good success encountered the Ionian mariners. Ill-fortuned in war is the race of the Persians.

XER. And how not? I wretched have been smitten in the article of so great an army?

CH. And what wonder? have not the mighty of the Persians fallen?

XER. Seest thou this remnant of my vesture?

CH. I see it, I see it.

XER. This quiver too—

CH. What is this that thou sayest hath been saved?

XER. ——a receptacle for shafts?

CH. Little enough assuredly, as from much.

XER. We have been reft of our supporters.

CH. The host of the Ionians shrinks not from the spear.

XER. Valiant are they; and I witnessed an unlooked-for calamity.

CH. 'Tis of the rout of the naval host that thou art speaking.

XER. It is—and I rent my robe at the ill visitation.

CH. Alas! alas!

XER. Aye—and more than alas.

CH. Yes, for double and threefold are our woes.

XER. Grievous; but joys to our foes.

CH. And our prowess too hath been maimed.

XER. I am stripped of my escort.

CH. Through the disasters of thy friends on the deep.

XER. Deplore, deplore the calamity, and move toward the house.

CH. Ah! ah! woe! woe!

XER. Shriek now in response to me.

[1] The metre is inaccurate. See Dindorf and Paley.

CH. A wretched offering from the wretched to the wretched.

XER. Wail forth a strain, making it harmonize.

CH. Woe! woe! woe! heavy indeed is this calamity of ours. Alas! and very much do I sorrow over it.

XER. Ply[1] again and again, and sigh for my sake.

CH. I am drenched with tears, being full of sorrow.

XER. Shriek now in response to me.

CH. 'Tis my present concern, my liege!

XER. Wail aloud now with groans.

CH. Woe! woe! woe! woe! again there shall be mingled a black and bloody blow.

XER. Beat thy breast too, and loudly pour forth too the Mysian lament.

CH. Woe! woe!

XER. And make havoc of the white hair of thy chin.

CH. With vehemence, with vehemence, very sadly.

XER. And utter a shrill cry.

CH. This too will I do.

XER. Rend too with strength of hand thy robe that hangs in folds.

CH. Woe! woe!

XER. Strike thy locks too, and pity the army.

CH. With vehemence, with vehemence, very sadly.

XER. And drench thine eyes.

CH. I am steeped in tears.

XER. Shriek now in response to me.

CH. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

XER. Move on to the house with exclamations of sorrow.

CH. Alas! thou Persian land now sad to tread!

XER. Alas! indeed through the city.

CH. Alas! in sooth, yea, yea.

XER. Pour your sighs as ye gently advance.

CH. Alas! thou Persian land now sad to tread.

XER. Alas! for those who perished, alas! in the three-tiered barks.

CH. I will escort thee with sad-sounding sighs.

[1] See note on Septem. c. Th. 855.

[2] "Terra Persica δύσβατος nunc est mihi, eamque tristis nunc calco pede tristi." Pauw. See Linwood, s. v.

AGAMEMNON.

THE return of Agamemnon from Troy, in company with Cassandra, and the murder of both by Clytæmnestra.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A WATCHMAN.	AGAMEMNON.
CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF ARGOS.	CASSANDRA.
CLYTÆMNESTRA.	ÆGISTHUS.
THE HERALD TALTHYBIUS.	

WATCHMAN. I pray the gods a deliverance from these toils, a remedy[1] for my year-long watch, in which, couching on my elbows[2] on the roofs of the Atreidæ, like a dog, I have contemplated the host[3] of the nightly stars, and the bright potentates that bear winter and summer to mortals, conspicuous in the firmament. And now I am watching for the signal of the beacon, the blaze of fire that brings a voice from Troy, and tidings of its capture; for thus strong in hope is the woman's heart, of manly counsel[4]. And whilst

[1] Although Paley says of this emendation of Valckenaer's, *μῆχος* for *μῆκος*, "pauci hodie probabunt," I prefer following Blomfield and Dindorf. Klausen, with his boasted neglect of verbal, in favour of poetical, interpretation, has not remarked the continuation of the metaphor in v. 17. Sewell elegantly renders, "Salve of a year-long sentry."

[2] See Sewell's note.

[3] *ὁμήγυριν*. A beautiful metaphor, by which the multitude of stars is compared to an assembly or chorus. Cf. Eurip. El. 467, *ἀστρῶν τ' αἰθέριοι χοροί*; Maximus Tyrius xiv., *ἡλίου φῶς, ἄστρων χορόν*; Manetho, V. 7, *ὑπ' οὐράνιον χορόν ἀστρῶν*. It is probable, from the allusion to the changes of the weather, that the Pleiades are particularly meant; of which Hyginus, Poet. Astr. II. 21, observes, "existimantur choream ducere stellis." See Muncker on fab. cxcii., and Burmann on Valer. Flacc. V. 46. Fischer on Æschin. Socrat. III. 19, p. 157.

[4] See Sewell and Klausen.

I have a night-bewildered and dew-drenched couch[1], not visited by dreams, for fear, in place of sleep, stands at my side, so that I cannot firmly close my eyelids in slumber. And when I think to sing or whistle, preparing[2] this the counter-charm of song against sleep, then do I mourn, sighing over the sad condition of this house, that is not, as of yore, most excellently administered. But now, may there be a happy release from my toils, as the fire of joyous tidings appears through the gloom! Oh hail! thou lamp of night, thou that displayest a light like as the day, and the marshalling of many dances in Argos, on account of this event[3]. Ho! ho! I will give a signal distinctly to the wife of Agamemnon, that she, having arisen with all speed from her couch, may raise aloud a joyous shout in welcome to this beacon, if indeed the city of Ilion is taken, as the beacon-light stands forth[4] announcing; and I myself will dance a prelude. For I will count the throws of my lord that have fallen well, mine own[5], since this kindling of the beacon-light has cast me thrice six[6]. May it then befal me to grasp with this hand of mine the friendly hand of the sovereign of this palace on his arrival. But for the rest I am silent; a mighty ox hath come upon my tongue[7]:

[1] Although an apodosis for *εὖτ' ἄν* has been sought for by Klausen in v. 18; yet I am by no means satisfied on the subject. Sewell, who candidly confesses his doubts, renders it, "And well may I retain," etc.; but that would require *εὖ δ'* or *εὖ γ'*. I cannot help thinking Æschylus wrote *εὐνὴν δὲ νυκτίπλαγκτον . . . . . εὐνὴν ὀνείροις*, a repetition that might easily escape the copyists. Such repetitions are familiar to every reader of the poets, especially Homer. See Schrader on Mus. 145, p. 232 sqq.

[2] "drug-like shredding in," Sewell; which is the proper meaning of *ἐντέμνειν*.

[3] Sewell, "for the joy of this fair hap," apparently taking *χάριν* in apposition with the preceding sentence, and not adverbially.

[4] *πρέπει*, stands conspicuous. See Sewell on v. 6.

[5] I follow Blomfield, Sewell, and Paley. Klausen seems utterly wrong.

[6] The lucky throw. See Stanley.

[7] There seems no doubt that this is a proverbial expression. Sewell remarks, "the general meaning of this harsh figure is obvious, whether mere weight of obligation is typified, or weight of money, *pecuniæ*. bribing to silence. There is something of a similar idea in *Timon of Athens*,—

'He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip.'

Perhaps, however, as the Greeks constantly used compounds of *βοῦς* to signify great magnitude, the phrase *μέγας βοῦς* might merely be used to express a great weight.

but the house itself, could it find a voice, would tell most plainly. Thus I readily speak to them that know, and for such as know not I have no memory.

[*Exit* WATCHMAN.

CHORUS. This is now the tenth year since the great adversary of Priam, king Menelaus and Agamemnon the stalwart yoke[1] the Atreidæ, by the gift of Jove [possessed] of a twin-throned and twin-sceptered majesty, led from this land their armament of a thousand ships of the Argives, a warrior aid, screaming through passion a great noise of war, like vultures, which, in their sorrows for their young far from the [paths of men[2],] wheel their flight high above their nests, oaring with the oars of their pinions, having lost the nestling care[3] of their callow young: but some god[4], either Apollo, or Pan, or Jove, hearing aloft the shrill-voiced wail uttered by the birds on account of these outcasts[5], sends Erinnys, the late avenger, upon the transgressors;—even so mighty Jove the Hospitable sends the sons of Atreus against Paris, about to impose on

[1] Themistius, Orat. xxi. p. 116. D., calls the Atridæ *ξυνωρὶς τῶν στρατηγῶν*, by a similar metaphor.

[2] Or "solitary," says Paley. Klausen says, "*ἐκπάτιον*, quod sese continere nequit in itinere suo . . . . itaque quicquid immodicum est et certis rationis finibus destitutum." See also Dindorf. Paley rightly condemns the supposition that *ἐκπατίοις* is an enallage for *ἐκπατίων*. Linwood follows Klausen, and renders it "irregular, uncontrolled."

[3] This sense is now fully established. Sewell elegantly renders, "having lost for aye and e'er their nestlings' eyrie-watching care."

[4] I am unwilling to believe, with Sewell, in Klausen's mystical and far-fetched interpretation of *τις*. I have construed *ὕπατος* with *ἀϊών*, like *ὕπατοι . . . . ἐρεσσόμενοι*, v. 52.

[5] Sewell translates, "her who avengeth late these Metics of our state," observing in his note, "So much political allusion is traceable in the whole of the tetralogy, that perhaps a reference is intended here to some act of injustice meditated against the Metæci at this moment by the democratical party; *τῶνδε* must be rendered "these"—"these present in the theatre." Never was I less inclined to admire the ingenuity of this able scholar than in this instance. To say nothing of the unpoetical change from a pathetic description to a personal allusion—to say nothing of the probable reception of such a remark, if understood—have we any warranty for supposing that it *could* be understood? Of the music of the choruses we know nothing; but, I believe, any one acquainted with chorus-singing in general, will confess that such a sound as "tônde metoikôn" would probably stick in the throat of the singer, if he attempted to lay any peculiar stress upon it.

Greeks and Trojans alike, on account of the wife of many husbands, many limb-wearying struggles, when the knee is strained in the dust, and the spear-staff is shivered in the onset. But things are as they are; and will be brought to the issue doomed. Neither by weeping nor by pouring libations, nor by shedding tears, will he soothe away the intense wrath of fireless rites[1]. But we, with our unhonoured aged frame, remain left behind the armament of that time, propping on staves our childlike strength. For both the marrow of youth shooting up within our breasts is weak as age, and Mars is not in place; and very advanced age likewise, after that its foliage is already withered, totters along its three-footed path, and nought superior to a child, flits like a day-dream. But thou, daughter of Tyndarus, Queen Clytæmnestra, what means this? what new event? what is it that thou hast heard, and on the faith of what tidings art thou burning incense sent around[2]? and the altars of all our city-guarding gods, of those above and those below, gods of heaven and gods of the forum, are blazing with offerings: and in different directions different flames are streaming upward, high as heaven, drugged with the mild unadulterated cordials of pure unguent, with the royal cake, brought from the inmost cells[3]. Concerning these things tell one both what is possible and lawful for thee to say[4], and become thou the healer of this distracting anxiety, which now one while is full of evil

[1] The disputes respecting *ἀπύρων ἱερῶν* seem to be set at rest by Bamberger and Dindorf, who understand the sacrifice of Iphigenia to be meant. And if we consider the connexion of the sense, this is clearly required by the context from v. 40, as follows: The Atridæ hover over the heads of those who stole away Helen, like vultures mourning over their lost young. But as some god sends an Erinnys to aid the birds, so Jove sends the Atridæ against Paris, bringing a doubtful contest upon both Greeks and Trojans. But the end of all will be as fate decrees. Nor by any means will Agamemnon avert the unflinching wrath resulting from Iphigenia's death." The chorus darkly hints at the consequences of Agamemnon's connexion with Menelaus, which are more fully explained hereafter.

[2] Although the epithet *περίπεμπτα* is not destitute of meaning, I have little doubt that Æschylus wrote *περίπεπτα*—"decocta."

[3] The *πέλανος* was a common offering to all the gods, as we learn from Pollux, vi. ii. p. 288, ed. Seber. Sewell observes, "it should be remembered that the oil used in religious rites was of great value."

[4] *αἰνεῖν*—to say. Cf. v. 1481, *ἦ μέγαν οἴκοις τοῖσδε δαίμονα καὶ βαρύμηνιν αἰνεῖς*. Thus *αἶνος*, a narrative, v. 1483, *κακὸν αἶνον ἀτηρᾶς τύχας*.

thought, but at another time, because of the sacrifices, hope blandly fawning[1] upon me repels the insatiate care, the rankling sorrow that is preying upon my heart.

I am[2] able to tell of the prowess of the surpassing[3] heroes, well-omened on the way—for still from the gods doth persuasion inspire me with song, [and] the commensurate crisis with strength[4]—how the impetuous bird sends against the land of Teucer the twin-throned power of the Archæans, the one-minded chief of the youth of Hellas, with spear and avenging hand, the monarch of birds to the monarchs of the ships, one of them black and the other white behind, having appeared near the palace, on the right hand in all-conspicuous position[5], feeding on a hare-brood teeming with embryo-offspring, cut off from their last[6] course. Chaunt Ælinon, Ælinon! but may the good prevail. And the clever seer of the army, having seen the twin-warlike Atreidæ differing[7] in their spirits, knew [them for] the devourers of the hare, and the commanders who led the expedition, and thus he spake expounding the portent: "In time of a truth shall this inroad take the city of Priam; but of all the public wealth in its towers shall Destiny first violently make havoc[8]. Only may no envy from the gods fling gloom over the mighty embattled curb

[1] I follow Butler's, or rather Jacob's, emendation, with Blomfield and Dindorf.

[2] Perhaps the literal meaning of *κύριος* would best be rendered, "'tis mine to tell."

[3] Thus I have rendered *ἐκτελέων*. Klausen's *ἐκ τελέων* is neither Greek nor sense. Dindorf's view, which I have followed, seems the simplest, although I must plead to a bias in favour of reading *ἐντελέων*.

[4] I have closely followed Klausen, and, apparently, Jelf, Gk. Gr. 895, 6 (See Index). But did any one ever hear of *αἰὼν* being used for *καιρὸς*, or can we suppose that *σύμφυτος αἰὼν* can mean "the time of the oracle's fulfilment?" Besides, how awkward is the asyndeton! Dindorf seems but imperfectly satisfied; but uncertainty prevents me from advancing any new readings. None of the present conjectures appear safe.

[5] *ἕδρα* must be an augurial term. See Klausen.

[6] See Dindorf, and Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 531.

[7] I should prefer reading *διισσοῖς* with Blomfield, from Canter's emendation. Had Lobeck's *πιστοὺς* (which is not an emendation, but an alteration, and that for the worse) been proposed by any one else, Dindorf would hardly have honoured it with his approbation. There is some doubt, however, whether *διισσοὶ* can mean "different."

[8] Paley tries to take *κτήνη* in its usual sense, "cattle," and supports his interpretation with some ingenuity.

forged against Troy: for chaste Diana is jealous against the house, on account of the winged hounds[1] of the sire, that made a victim of the wretched hare together with her brood before delivery, and she loathes the banquet of the eagles. Chaunt Ælinon, Ælinon! but may the good prevail. So kindly is the fair[2] goddess to the cubs of fierce lions unable to follow[3] [their dams], and to the suckling whelps of all the wild beasts that roam the field, and she beseeches [her father][4] to bring to a favourable issue these omens; propitious indeed, yet open to complaint are the apparitions[5]. And I invoke Ieïan Pæan, that she may not work any long ship-detaining stress of weather, with winds adverse to the Greeks, urging on another sacrifice, an impious one, banquetless, the framer of strife among kindred, having no awe for a husband: for there abides a fearful, recurring[6], fraudful keeper of the house, a mindful child-avenging wrath."——Such destinies, drawn from birds seen upon the march, did Calchas along with great blessings chant forth to the royal households. And in harmony with these chaunt Ælinon, Ælinon! but may the good prevail. Jove—whosoever[7] he be, if this name be well-pleasing to him

[1] See the commentators, and G. Arnaud, de Diis Παρέδροις, xxviii.

[2] This seems to have been a popular epithet of Diana. Feder refers to Aristoph. Ran. 1358, ἅμα δὲ Δίκτυννα παῖς Ἄρτεμις καλά. Eurip. Hipp. 66, καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων.

[3] Such is the established sense of ἀέπτοις; but I still incline, with Sewell, to Blomfield's reading, ἀλέπτοις.

[4] See Linwood, s. v. τερπνος, whom I have followed.

[5] στρουθῶν is rightly condemned by Porson as an interpolation from Homer, Il. II. 311.

[6] I read παλίνορτος, with Linwood, Paley, and Dindorf. See a clear explanation of the passage in Linwood's Lexicon.

[7] This sceptical formula is very common. See Blomfield (to whom Klausen is, as usual, indebted for his matter), and compare also the prayer of the Pontifices, in Servius on Virg. Æn. IV. 577—"Jupiter, Optime, Maxime, sive quo alio nomine te appellari volueris." Livy, I. 2 of Æneas—"situs est, quemcumque eum dici jus fasque est." This superstition arose partly from the Semitic belief that the true name of the deity was concealed from man; (cf. Gall. on Lactant. I. p. 30) and hence the Athenians, as well as other nations, had altars to *unknown* or *uncertain* deities (See Augustin, de cons. En. I. 30; Tertullian, adv. Marcion, I. 9). Valerius Soranus came to an evil end, in consequence of divulging the name of the genius of the city of Rome (Serv. ad Æn. I. 284). The Platonic superstition on this head is well known. Besides the passages adduced by Blomfield, cf. Phileb. p. 72, E. But the scepticism of Æschylus in v. 165, εἰ τὸ μάταν ἀπὸ φροντίδος ἄχθος χρὴ βαλεῖν seems to amount to absolute ridicule of the popular polytheism.

when invoked, by this do I address him; balancing all reasons. I am not able to make any further guess, except Jove, if in truth it behoves me to cast off the groundless burthen of anxiety. Nor can he who before was great, flourishing in unconquerable boldness say aught, as one that has passed away[1]; and he who existed next has passed away, having found his third thrower[2]. But any one that cheerfully celebrates Jove in songs of triumph shall completely attain to understanding; him that leads mortals the way to wisdom, that places knowledge upon suffering, firmly to remain[3]. But e'en in slumber the pang of the memory of ills keeps dripping before the heart, and Wisdom hath come to the wayward. But 'tis a gift, I ween, of the divinities who sit severely[4] on the awful bench. Then too the senior leader of the ships of the Greeks, blaming no seer, but breathing with the fortunes that befell him——when the Grecian host was afflicted by stress of weather[5], while it was occupying the coast beyond Chalcis, in the refluent coasts of Aulis, and blasts that came from the Strymon, of evil holiday, of direful famine, and ill anchorage, stray guides to mortals, unsparing both of ships and cables, rendering the time [of voyage] twice the length ——were carding down with delay[6] the flower of the Greeks; when moreover the seer loudly announced to the chieftains another more grievous remedy for the fell tempest[7], bringing forward Diana; so that the Atreidæ, smiting the ground with their sceptres, checked not the tear, and the elder monarch spake thus aloud: "Hard is the fate not to obey;

[1] I have done my best with this awkward passage, following Klausen's version, "nihil amplius dicat, quum de eo actum sit." But I am by no means satisfied.

[2] "The victory was adjudged to him that gave his adversary three falls, whence *τριάξαι* and *ἀποτριάξαι* signify to conquer."—Potter, I. 502.

[3] I have followed Sewell, understanding *ὥστε* before *κυρίως ἔχειν*.

[4] *Βαίως* seems awkward. Linwood translates it, "sitting with severity" ("serenity" must be a misprint). Sewell, "there is a gracious gift, compulsory as fate."

[5] Literally, "inability to sail." Cf. Thucyd. iv. 4, *ἠσύχαζεν ὑπ' ἀπλοίας*. Eur. Iph. T. 15, *δεινῆς τ' ἀπλοίας πνευμάτων τ' οὐ τυγχάνων*. Iph. Aul. 88, *ἥμεσθ' ἀπλοίᾳ χρώμενοι κατ' Αὐλίδα*. Cf. Dion. Chrysost. Or. II. p. 80, ed. Reiske.

[6] With the apparent approbation of Dindorf, I have followed Blomfield's punctuation.

[7] I have adopted Klausen's explanation. Sewell's version is quite foreign to the sense.

hard too if I am to sacrifice my daughter, the ornament of my house, polluting a father's hands with the gushings of a virgin's blood near the altar. Which of these alternatives is without its horrors? How can I be a deserter of the fleet, failing the confederacy? for it is meet that they[1] with wrath full wrathfully should desire the sacrifice that shall lull the winds, and the blood of the maiden,—for it would be well." But after that he had put on the yoke of necessity, breathing an impious, impure, unholy change of soul, from that time he changed his mind so as to cherish all-daring thoughts. For wretched frenzy, first source of woe, of foul counsel, hardens mortals. And thus he dared to become the sacrificer of his daughter, to promote a war undertaken for the avenging of a woman, and as a first offering[2] for the fleet: and the chieftains, eager for the fight, set at nought her supplications, and her cries to her father[3], and her maiden age. But after prayer her father bade the ministering priests with all zeal, to lift like a kid high above the altar, her who lay prostrate wrapt in her robes, and to put a check upon her beauteous mouth, a voice of curses[4] upon the house, by force of muzzles and strength which allowed no vent to her cry. And pouring to the ground her vestments of saffron dye, she smote each of her sacrificers with a piteous glance from her eye, and remarkable in her beauty[5] as

[1] The connexion of the sense evidently requires *ἐπιθυμεῖν* to be referred to the Greeks, not to Artemis: *ὀργα* proleptically alludes to the wrath of the Greeks, if the sacrifice of Iphigenia was refused. There is a somewhat similar sense in Virgil, Æn. II. 130—"Assensere omnes, et quæ sibi quisque timebat, Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere." With *εὖ γὰρ εἴη*, understand *ἀυτοῖς*.

[2] On *προτέλεια*, see Blomfield. It was properly a marriage-rite. Pollux, III. 3, p. 137, 20, *ἡ δὲ πρὸ γάμου θυσία, προτέλεια.... προτελεῖσθαι δὲ ἐλέγοντο οὐ μόνον αἱ νύμφαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ οἱ νύμφιοι.*

[3] Sewell would extend the signification of *πατρῴους* to the kin of Agamemnon as well, but I am scarcely disposed to accede to that view. Lucretius preferred the simple notion:

"Nec miseræ tali prodesse in tempore quibat,
Quod patrio princeps donarat nomine regem."

[4] I agree with the same elegant scholar, that the imprecation of curses upon her father's house was ill-suited to the feminine delicacy of Iphigenia; but his translation tells us more than the original contains. In fact, to his credit we may say that he often forgets the translator in the poet. Perhaps we may best take *ἀραῖον proleptically*, as referring to what would befal the house on account of her death.

[5] I have followed Sewell's idea of the verb *πρέπειν*. See his note on v. 6. Here there seems allusion to the custom of painters to place the

in a picture, wishing to speak; since oft times in the hospitable halls of her father she was wont to sing, and undeflowered in maidenhood, to do honour with fond respect by her voice to the life of her father happy to a third libation[1]. What followed thereupon neither did I witness, nor do I tell; but the divinations of Calchas fail not of accomplishment. To those that suffer, indeed Justice brings knowledge. But for futurity[2], since it will come farewell to it—'tis but the same with sorrowing beforehand; for the event will come dawning clearly with the morning rays[3]. Oh! may there be in the sequel a happy issue, as wishes this the sole guardian, closest bulwark of the Apian land[4]. I have come revering thy majesty, Clytæmnestra; for right it is to honour the consort of a chieftain hero, when the monarch's throne has been left empty. And gladly shall I hear whether thou, having learned aught that is good or not, art doing sacrifice with hopes that herald gladness—yet not if thou continuest silent will there be offence.

CLYTÆMNESTRA,

Let morning become, as the adage runs, a herald of gladess from its mother night. And learn thou a joy greater than thy hope to hear; for the Argives have taken the city of Priam.

CH. How sayest thou? thy word escaped me from incredulity.

CLYT. I say that Troy is in the power of the Argives—speak I clearly?

CH. Joy is stealing over me, that calls forth a tear.

CLYT. Ay, for thy countenance proves thy loyalty.

CH. Why, what sure proof hast thou of these things?

CLYT. I have a proof—why not?—unless the deity hath deluded me.

CH. Art thou, then, reverencing the vision of dreams, that win easy credence?

chief object foremost, subduing the rest. For illustrations, see comm. on Xenoph., Ephes. p. 101, Peerlk.

[1] i. e., worthy of the third cup in honour of Jupiter the Saviour.

[2] I read τὸ μέλλονδ' ἑπεί, omitting τὸ δὲ προκλύειν (see Linwood). Of the common reading nothing can be made. The meaning of ἑπεί γ. ἀν ἤλυσις exactly corresponds to the Italian "*che sara, sara.*"

[3] Sewell's ingenuity cannot induce me to depart from Dindorf.

[4] The old men may be speaking of themselves: ἀγχίστος is, at best, but a doubtful epithet. To refer it to Clytæmnestra is perhaps better.

CLYT. I would not take the opinion of my soul when sunk in slumber.

CH. But did some wingless rumour gladden thy mind?

CLYT. Thou sharply mockest my sense as that of a young girl.

CH. And at what time hath the city been sacked?

CLYT. I say in the night that hath now brought forth this day.

CH. And what messenger could come with such speed?

CLYT. Vulcan, sending forth a brilliant gleam from Ida; and beacon dispatched beacon of courier-fire[1] hitherward. Ida, first, to the Hermæan promontory of Lemnos, and third in order Athos, mount of Jove, received the great torch from the isle, and passing o'er so as to ridge the sea, the might of the lamp as it joyously[2] travelled, the pine-torch transmitting its gold-gleaming splendour, like a sun, to the watch-towers of Macistus. And [the watchman] omitted not his share of the messenger's duty, either by any delay, or by being carelessly overcome by sleep: but the light of the beacon coming from afar to the streams of the Euripus gives signal to the watchmen of Messapius; and they lighted a flame in turn, and sent the tidings onwards, having kindled with fire a pile of withered heath. And the lamp, in its strength not yet at all bedimmed, bounding over the plain of the Asopus, like the bright moon to the crag of Cithæron, aroused another relay of the courier fire. And the watch refused not the light that was sent from afar, lighting a larger pile than those above-mentioned; but it darted across the lake Gorgopis, and having reached mount Ægiplanctus, stirred it up, that the rule[3] of fire might not be stint. And lighting it up in unscanting strength, they send on a mighty beard of flame, so that it passed glaring beyond the headland that looks down upon the Saronic frith, then it darted down until it reached the Arachnæan height, the neighbouring post of observation, and thereupon to this

[1] ἄγγαρος, a Persian word, which Symmons translates by *estafette*, a Spanish word for a *military courier*, which has been naturalized in English. The original institution is described by Xenophon, Cyrop. VIII. 6. 9, and by Herodotus, VIII. 98. OLD TRANSLATION.

[2] See the commentators: ὥστε νωτίσαι seems to compel us to take ὑπερτέλης in the sense expressed.

[3] i. e., "the fixed succession" (see Linwood). There is some doubt about χατίζεσθαι being taken passively.

roof of the Atreidæ here darts this light, no new descendant[1] of the fire of Ida. Such, in truth, were my regulations for the bearers of the torch fulfilled by succession from one to another; and the first and the last in the course[2] surpass [the rest]. Such proof and signal do I tell thee of my husband having sent me tidings from Troy.

Ch. To the gods, my queen! I will make prayer hereafter; but I could wish to hear and to admire once more, at length, these tidings as thou tellest them.

Clyt. On this very day the Greeks are in possession of Troy: I think that a discordant clamour is loud in the city. If you pour into the same vessel both vinegar and oil, you will pronounce that they are foemen, and not friends. So you may hear the voices of the captured and the conquerors distinct [because of] a double result; for the one party having fallen about the corpses of men, both those of brothers, and children those of their aged parents, are bewailing, from a throat that is no longer free, the death of those that were dearest to them. But the other party, on the contrary is hungry, fatigue from roaming all the night after the battle arranging at meals of such things as the city furnishes, by no fixed law in the distribution, but as each hath drawn the lot of fortune[3]. Already are they dwelling in the captured houses of the Trojans, freed from the frost beneath the sky, and from the dews, thus will they, poor wretches[4], sleep the whole night through without sentries. And if they reverence well the tutelary gods of the land which they have conquered, and the fanes of the god, assuredly, after having been captors, they shall not in their turn become captives. But let no lust first fall upon the army of making havoc of things forbidden, overcome by lucre. For, in order to a safe return, they must turn back through the other length of the race. But if the host return in guilt[5], the

[1] I have done my best with a very bold expression.

[2] Or, "the one that was both first and last" (see Paley). With the whole description compare Boyes' Illustrations, and Scott's magnificent description of the journey of the fiery cross, Lady of the Lake, canto III. stanza XIX.

[3] A full stop should be put after *πάλον*.

[4] This seems the only satisfactory explanation of the common reading. Conington prefers *ὡς δ' εὐδαίμονες*, the conjecture of Vossius, and with reason.

[5] I have followed Dindorf in reading *ἀμπλώκητος*.

curse of those slain might awake in the [minds of the] gods, even though fresh mischances should not befall them. Such words thou mayest hear from me a woman. But may the good prevail, so that we may see it in no wavering balance; for I have received in this an enjoyment of many blessings.

CH. My queen, thou speakest sensibly like a prudent man; and I, having heard thy sure tokens, prepare myself to make fitting addresses to the gods; since no inglorious reward of our toils hath been achieved.

[*Exit* CLYTÆMNESTRA.

O sovereign Jove, and friendly night, possessor of mighty glories, and that didst fling a close net over the towers of Troy, so that neither old nor young could overleap the vast toil of slavery, all-ensnaring bane[1]. I therefore revere the mighty Xenian Jove, that hath accomplished these things, that bent his bow aforetime against Paris, in such wise that the shaft might not idly descend either before the proper moment, or above the stars[2]. They have to say that they feel the stroke of Jove. This we may trace out exactly. He hath fared according as he hath wrought[3]. Some one denied that the gods deigned to have the care of mortals, by whom the honour of hallowed things might be trampled on[4]. Not holy was he; and it is upon the descendants of those who were breathing forth, more violently than just, a war which they ought not to have dared,

[1] It seems much more spirited to take ἄτης παναλώτου in apposition with δουλείας (although Pollux is against this view): γάγγαμον (which Sewell retains in his version) does not seem to imply more than στεγανὸν δίκτυον in v. 358.

[2] After all the explanations of this difficult passage, I have ventured on a new one. The simple verb σκήπτω is everywhere in Æschylus used intransitively, cf. v. 308—310; Prom. 749; Sept. c. Th. 429; and I do not see why we should not take it in this sense, especially as it is commonly used of the descent of the thunderbolt. We may join ἡλίθιον σκήψειεν, the former word expressing the *consequence* of the stroke descending either *before* or *beyond* its mark (see Linwood, s. ἄστρον). Ὑπὲρ ἄστρων can only be a proverbial phrase, denoting excessive distance, probably derived from the temporary vanishing of objects shot to a great distance. Respecting ὅπως ἂν—*just as that*, see Blomfield, and Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 810.

[3] i. e. Paris. This change from ἔχουσι is a customary enallage, particularly when the speaker proceeds from the general remark to the individual instance (see Blomf. Pers. 606).

[4] Blomfield thinks there is an allusion to Diagoras, the Melian atheist.

while their dwellings were teeming beyond all measure, beyond what is best[1]. But may an untroubled lot be mine, so as for a man well disposed in disposition to have sufficient strength[2]. For there is no bulwark in wealth against destruction to the man who, in the wantonness of his heart, has spurned the great altar of Justice: but wretched Persuasion, intolerable daughter of Atê, joint in her councils[3], forces him on; and remedy is utterly vain. Guilt is not concealed, but is conspicuous, a light of lurid glare; and like adulterate brass is proved black-in-grained by wear, and by attrition, when a boy pursues a bird upon the wing, bringing upon his country a blow beyond all endurance. And not one of the gods lends an ear to his orisons, but sweeps away the unrighteous that hath concerned himself with these doings. Such too was Paris, when he came to the mansion of the Atreidæ, and profaned the hospitable board by the abduction of a wife. And she, leaving citizens shield-bearers, and the discomfiture of spears, and naval armaments, and bearing to Ilion destruction as her dowry, passed swiftly through the gates, having dared undareable deeds: and much did the bards[4] of the house lament as they told this ditty.—"Alas! alas! for the palace and the chiefs; alas! for the couch, and the footsteps of her who once loved her spouse[5]. He stands by silent[6], dishonoured, uttering no

[1] There seems little hope of making anything of this passage, and I should prefer Blomfield's emendation. I have, however, followed Sewell and Klausen in taking *ἐγγόνους* (rather *ἐκγόνους*) to mean "per posteros," which, though intolerably harsh, is better than supposing that *πέφανται* can be the plural: but this is only the lesser of two evils. Dindorf says the passage is interpolated, but he does not tell us how. Perhaps we should connect these words with the preceding, and read *εὐσεβὴς Πέφανται, καὶ γένους κτλ*—"but he is shewn forth no pious man, but of the race," etc. *ὑπέρφευ* also appears corrupt.

[2] i. e., to be able to meet the force of circumstances. See Paley.

[3] See Sewell and Conington.

[4] I have used "bards," as containing the two senses of *προφῆται*. See Blomfield.

[5] Burges would more elegantly render "the footsteps of her who followed a loved one," i. e., Paris.

[6] I read with Hermann, *σιγὰς.... ἄπιστος ἀφεμέναν, ἰδεῖν* with Hermann and Sewell. The defences of the common reading, lately proposed, are beneath notice. Blomfield truly remarks that *ἀφεμέναν* is the *middle* voice, but I do not see how that fact involves any difficulty. May it not purposely be used to signify the *willing* elopement of Helen? I hav

reproach, not believing that he sees her eloped. And in yearning after her beyond the sea, a phantom will seem to rule the house, and the beauty of fair-formed statues is loathed by her husband, and in the unfed glance[1] of his eyes all their loveliness passes away. And melancholy visions, appearing in dreams, present themselves, bringing a vain delight; for vain it is when any one seeming to see blessings, the vision having slipped through his hands, passes away forthwith on the pinions that lackey on the paths of sleep." These, indeed are the sorrows at the hearth[2], within the mansion, but there are sorrows surpassing these. And universally because of the heroes who went together from the land of Hellas, the sorrow of a patient spirit from the families of each is plainly observable. Many things of a truth touch them to the core; for those whom any one sent forth, he knows, but, instead of men, urns and ashes come back to the dwellings of each. And Mars, that barters for gold their bodies, and that holds the balance in the tug of the spears, sends to their friends some fragment of scorched dust from Ilion, a thing of bitter tears, filling the vases with light[3] ashes instead of the man. And they

used a word of the same force in the translation. Thus Euripides, Iph. Aul. 78, says, *ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν ᾧχετ' ἐξανάρπασας*.

[1] There seems something very harsh in Menelaus oeing made the *φάσμα* in this passage, and I regret that Conington should not have preferred following his own taste, instead of the tasteless defence of the common reading, proposed by others. The sight of a beautiful image would recall the memory of Helen to her husband, but his sight was not fed with the real presence of a loved object: *ἀχηνίαις* must refer to the eyes of Menelaus. If we remember the description of Iphigenia's death, we shall not be surprised at finding the sculptor's art made a medium of pathos. Conington's translation of *πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα* is unaccountable. In connexion with his own idea of the passage, he might have derived something more poetical from Eur. Hipp. 525; Achill. Tatius, VI. p. 375. For other illustrations see Boyes, and compare, King John III. 4:—

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form—".

[2] And Ion I. 2.—When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
Haunting like spectres of departed joy
The home where thou wert dearest!

[3] *εὐθέτου*. I prefer, however, the reading proposed by Auratus, *εὐθέτους*, with Sowell, Linwood, and others.

sigh as they praise one as skilled in fight and another as having fallen gloriously amid the carnage, in behalf of another's wife. These things does many a one in silence mutter. And jealous vexation creeps upon the chieftain Atridæ[1]. And others, fair of form, there around the walls, occupy tombs in the land of Ilion; and a foe-land shrouds them as its dwellers. Bitter is the rumour of the citizens accompanied by wrath, and it pays the debt as of a curse[2] ratified by the people. And my anxious care is waiting to hear something wrapt in nightly gloom. For the gods are not regardless of those that occasion great slaughter: and the black Erinnyes in time, reduce to obscurity the man that is fortunate without righteousness, by a reverse of fortune; and the power of him that lives among the obscure is naught. Now for a man to have an exceedingly[3] high reputation is a sad thing; for the thunderbolt from Jove is lanched against his eyes[4]; but I prefer happiness free from envy. May I never be a sacker of cities, nor yet myself a captive may I see my life under the control of others. But by the fire that brings glad tidings a swift rumour is pervading the city—but who knows whether it be true[5]? or some delusion of the gods[6]. Who is so childish, or bereft of judgment, as, after having been warmed in heart by the recent tidings of the beacon-light, to despond at a change of news? It fits a woman's wit[7] to acknowledge a boon before it has appeared. The female sex, over credulous, ranges with rapid step; but glory that depends on a woman's proclamations, perishes in a short-lived fate.

[1] *προδίκοις*. See Peile.

[2] See Paley, and compare the paraphrases of Sewell and Conington. I do not think Agamemnon should be *mentioned*, but merely *hinted at*.

[3] See Linwood. Dindorf rightly prefers Pearson's conjecture, *ὑπερκόπως*, with Blomfield.

[4] Klausen takes *ὄσσοις* as referring to Jove. But what writer would use *ὄσσοις διόθεν* to mean "from the eye of Jove"? I have no doubt that the passage is corrupt. Burges reads *βάλλεται δ' ἄκρ' Ὄσσης*, which has been partly anticipated by Lobeck.

[5] See Dindorf's note.

[6] I have followed Dindorf's emendation (see his notes), although, with himself, I prefer Stanley's *τίς οἶδεν, εἴ τοι θεῖόν ἐστιν ἢ ψύθος*; the common reading seems untenable. Symmons, whose taste is finer than his scholarship, agrees with Stanley.

[7] There seems no parallel in this passage to Choeph. 630; but I have rendered *αἰχμᾷ* (=*edge, point*) as closely to English notions as I could.

Re-enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Quickly shall we know concerning the successions of the light-bearing lamps, of the beacon-lights and the fire, whether they were true, or whether this delightful light hath come, and, after the manner of dreams, mocked our minds. I see this herald here, coming from the shore, o'ershadowed with boughs of olive; and the thirsty dust, kin-sister of mud, of the same yoke, bears witness to me of this, that neither voiceless, nor by the smoke of fire, lighting up for you a flame of mountain-wood, he will make signals. But he will either proclaim our joy to you more fully—for the tidings that are otherwise, I deprecate—for oh! may a good sequel come to the good things that have appeared.

CH. Whosoever, in this matter, prays otherwise for this our city, may he himself reap the fruit of his soul's trespass.

Enter HERALD.

O! father-land of the soil[1] of Argos, in this the light of the tenth year am I arrived, mastering one only hope, with many broken down. For never dared I think that, dying, I should share a burial dearest to me in this Argive land. Now hail to thee, country mine, and hail to thee light of the sun, and to thee O Jove, supreme god of the realm, and to the Pythian king, that no longer with thy bow dost launch thy shafts against us. Enough unfavouring comest[2] thou by Scamander; but now in turn be thou our saviour, and freer from our contests[3] and I address both all the gods of battle and my patron Mercury, beloved herald, herald's glory, and the heroes that sent us forth, that they may kindly welcome back again the residue of the host that has escaped the spear. O halls of our kings, dear roofs! and awful judgment-seat, and ye divinities that face the sun, if ever in the olden times ye did with these your bright eyes receive with honourable greeting our sovereign after his long absence; for king Agamemnon is come, bringing a light in darkness common to you and to all

[1] I have ventured to transpose the sense of οὖδας and χθονός.

[2] But read ἦσθ' ἀνάρσιος. See Paley.

[3] Dindorf, however, prefers taking κἀπαγώνιος for καὶ ἐπαγώνιος, not ἀπαγώνιος. An anonymous critic in Scholfield's notes proposes καὶ παιώνιος, which Paley and Conington have admitted, and supported with good taste. The common reading might easily result from the next line. In confirmation of the conjecture, cf. Soph., Œd. Tyr. 150.

these assembled.—But greet him well, (and sooth 'tis fitting so) him that hath overturned Troy with the spade of avenging Jove with which the plain hath been tilled. Their altars are demolished and the shrines of their gods and the seed of all the land hath utterly perished. Having flung such a yoke over Troy, the elder royal son of Atreus, a happy man, hath arrived and most deserving to be honoured is he of the mortals of this day: for neither Paris nor his accomplice-city boasts that their deed was greater than their suffering[1]. For, cast in the penalty of abduction and theft, he both lost his gage[2] and mowed down to the very earth in utter destruction the house of his father: and the children of Priam have paid a double penalty.

CH. Joy to thee, Herald of the host of the Argives.

HER. I feel joy; and no longer do I refuse the gods to die.

CH. Did love of this thy father-land train thee?

HER. Aye, so that mine eyes swim with tears of joy.

CH. Ye were then smitten with this pleasant malady.

HER. How? learning [from thee] I shall master this speech[3].

CH. As being smitten with love for them who loved thee in turn.

HER. Say'st thou that this country longed for the army which longed for it?

CH. Yes, so that full oft I sighed from my saddened soul.

HER. Whence came this desponding horror on the people[4]?

CH. Long since have I considered silence as an antidote to mischief.

HER. And how didst thou fear any[5] when the chiefs were absent?

[1] Cf. Choeph. 313, *δράσαντι παθεῖν*.

[2] So Sewell. See Conington's note. I have followed Blomfield's reading, *αὐτόχθον' ὄν*, with Dindorf and Conington. Paley scarcely shews his accustomed good taste in this passage.

[3] Read *πῶς δή*; with Schutz and Dindorf.

[4] So Wellauer, which is harsh, and reasonably objected to by Conington. But the long note of the latter elegant scholar has only confirmed my opinion of the utter corruptness of the common reading. Emper proposes *φρενῶν*, which Dindorf approves. I myself fancy that we should simply read, *πόθεν τὸ δύσφρον τοῦτ' ἐπῆν στυγος* (*hateful thing*, or *grief*,) *φράσον*.

[5] I would read *τινά* for *τινάς*. The *ς* arose from the termination of the next line. I see no need for altering the punctuation.

CH. Even as thou saidst just now, and to have died were matter of great thanks[1].

HER. Yea, for we have fared well. But this in a long time one might say that some things fall out well, but others on the contrary are open to complaint; for who, save the gods, is free from suffering throughout all time for evermore? For were I to tell our hardships, and our bad lodgments, our approaches [to the shore] infrequent and ill-bedded,—and in what part of the day were we not sighing, as not having met with our portion[2]?—And then again the ills on shore were added, more loathly still: for our beds were hard by the walls of our foes: and from the sky and from the soil the meadow-dews drizzled on us, a deep rankling destruction to our garments making our hair shaggy. And were any one to describe the winter, death to birds, how intolerable the snow of Ida made it, or the sultriness, when ocean, having sunk upon his noon-tide couch unruffled by a breeze, slumbered[3] without a ripple.—What need is there to grieve over this? the toil is past—past too with the dead is even the thought about ever hereafter rising. Why need one take exact account of those that fell, and why should the survivor feel sorrowed on account of adverse hap? I deem it good to bid a long farewell to misfortunes. With us, the remnant of the host of the Argives, the advantage preponderates, the suffering counterpoises not: wherefore it is fair for us, flying over sea and land, to make our boast to this light of the sun. "The armament of the Greeks, having at length captured Troy, have fixed these spoils as a glory to the ancient shrine[4] of the gods throughout Greece." Those that hear such tidings must glorify our city and our commanders; and the favour of Jove, which hath brought this to pass, shall be honoured. Thou hast my whole tale.

CH. I do not deny that I am overcome by thy tidings; for to the aged there is ever youth enough to learn[5]. 'Tis natural

[1] I am indebted to Sewell's happy version.

[2] Conington's reasoning (Klausen's Latin I cannot construe) fails to convince me that this passage is correct.

[3] For similar metaphors, cf. Wernsdorf on Himerius, Ecl. XIII. § 2, Bergler on Alciphron, I. Epist. 1, Jacobs on Achill. Tat. p. 628.

[4] I follow Porson's reading, with Blomfield and Dindorf. Conington's explanation of ἀρχαῖον is not satisfactory.

[5] Compare the sentiment of Solon in Plato, Amatores, p. 5, B. cum Schol. Ruhnk. p. 59, Valer. Max. VIII. 14, extern.

that these things most of all concern the house and Clytæmnestra, and that they at the same time make me rich.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Long since, in truth, I raised the jocund shout through delight, when the first mighty messenger of fire arrived, telling of the capture and overthrow of Ilion.—And some one chiding me said, "Dost thou, persuaded by beacon-lights, think that Troy has now been sacked? Verily it is like a woman to be much elated in heart." By words like these I was made to seem in error[1]. Nevertheless I went on sacrificing; and, by a woman's edict, one and another, in different places throughout the city, raised aloud a shout of joy, pouring forth a hallowed song in the dwelling of the gods, while they lulled the fragrant incense-fed flame. And now what need is there for thee to say more to me? From the king himself I shall hear the whole tale. And I will haste to welcome back my revered lord on his return as well as I possibly can: for what day is more delightful for a woman to behold than this, to throw open the gates to a husband returning from warfare, when a god hath kept him safe? Bear thou this message to my husband, that he come with all speed, desired by the city. And may he coming find a loyal consort in his house, just as he left her, a watch-dog of his home attached to him, a foe to the ill-disposed, and in all other points alike, not having destroyed one single seal in the course of long time. I know not delight nor slanderous report from another man any more than brass does of dyeing[2].

[*Exit.* CLYTÆMNESTRA.

[1] This is surely more correct than "I was bewildered;" although πλαγτὸς might bear that sense, but for ἐφαινόμην. See Paley.

[2] Conington has carefully digested and considered the explanations usually given to this curious comparison. I think that *chastity* is the virtue that Clytæmnestra would arrogate to herself, and that the allusion is to the metal in its pure "virgin" state, before it was subjected to the process of fusing and tempering. χαλκὸς, like σίδηρος, is often used as a generic term, and may well refer to the metals used in the formation of weapons. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, IV. 1:

> If I know more of any man alive,
> Than that, which maiden modesty doth warrant,
> Let all my sins lack mercy.

HER. Such a boast as this, fraught with truth[1], is not unseemly for a high-born dame to utter.

CH. Thus hath she spoken, as beseems[2] a clear interpreter, to you that learn. But do thou tell me, Herald! I ask about Menelaus, whether he too returning and preserved will come back along with you, a chieftain beloved by this land[3].

HER. I cannot tell pleasant falsehoods, that my friends can enjoy for any length of time.

CH. How then mightest thou, while telling good things, tell true[4]? But 'tis full plain that these two things are severed.

HER. The man is vanished from the Grecian armament, himself and vessel: I tell no falsehood.

CH. Was it when he was putting to sea from Ilion before your eyes, or did a tempest, a common bane, tear him away rom the host?

HER. Thou hast hit the mark like a capital archer, and hast expressed in brief a long sorrow.

CH. Was a rumour bruited by the rest of the mariners that he survived or had perished?

HER. No one knows, so as to report clearly except the sun that nurtures earth's nature.

CH. Why! How dost thou say that the tempest came upon the naval armament, and ended through the wrath of heaven?

And Winter's Tale, III. 2:

——If one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie! upon my grave!

[1] Boyes quotes Plaut. Amphit. II. 2, 203 seq:

ALC.—Mortalis nemo corpus corpore contigit,
Quo me impudicam faceret. SOS.—Næ ista, (edepol)
Si hæc vera loquitur, examussest optuma.

[2] So the common reading, which requires too much sophistry to defend. Read λόγοις, with Blomfield and Dindorf (in Notes).

[3] i. e., ὥστε τοὺς φίλους καρπ.

[4] Can πῶς δῆτ' ἄν admit of our translating, "would that thou mightest," etc.?

[5] πῶς belongs to ἐλθεῖν, to which δαιμόνων κότῳ refers. τελευτῆσαι fills up the description = "tell us from beginning to end."

HER. It is not seemly to sully with a tongue of evil tidings an auspicious day. The honour of the gods is distinct[1]. But when a messenger with doleful countenance brings to a city sufferings of a defeated army to be deprecated,—that one public wound has befallen the state and that many men out of many families have been devoted[2] to the double scourge which Mars loves,—a doubly-speared calamity, a gory yoke,—well in good truth does it befit one that is laden with such sufferings to utter this hymn of the Furies; but a glad messenger of saved fortunes coming to a city that is exulting in prosperity,—how shall I dash good news with ill, while I tell of the tempest that fell upon the Greeks, not free from heaven's wrath? For fire and sea, of old most deadly foes, conspired together, and proved their faithful plight, destroying the hapless armament of the Greeks. And in the night, dire terrors of the waves were aroused. For Thracian blasts dashed the ships one against the other; and they, violently struck by the beaks of other vessels through the whirlwind's rage, along with rain-lashed surge, disappeared under the whirling steerage of an evil shepherd[3]. But when the brilliant light of the sun arose, we behold the Ægæan deep blossoming with the corpses of Grecian men and wrecks of vessels. For us, indeed, and our vessel undamaged in her hull, some god stole us away or begged us off[4] seizing our helm. And Saviour Fortune took her seat, managing our vessel, so that we neither encountered the swell of waves at our anchorage, nor dashed on the rocky strand. And having escaped a watery grave, in a white-dawning day, not crediting our fortune, we beguiled in anxious thoughts the recent mishap of our host worn out, and evilly crushed in ruin. And now, if any of them is still breathing, they talk of us as perished,—why should they not?—we too fancy that they have met the

[1] This best seems to mean that the rejoicings due to the gods for the happy events ought not to be disturbed by mourning. I scarcely understand Conington's version. We must remember that all marks of sorrow were absolutely interdicted at certain festivals, in the true spirit of King Segad, in the Rambler.

[2] See Peile's note, and the discursive, but entertaining treatise of Lomeier, de lustrationibus, § XXII.

[3] Cf. Virg. Æn. I. 115, seq. with De la Cerda's notes.

[4] The common reading is preferable to Hermann's. The readers of Virgil will not be slow at finding instances of such intercession.

same fate[1]. But be it as best it may. For Menelaus, therefore, expect that he will arrive first and above all; for if any ray of the sun knows that he lives and sees, through the plans of Jove that hath not yet willed to utterly destroy the race, there is some hope that he will come again to his home. Having heard thus much, know that thou hast heard the truth[2].

[*Exit* HERALD.

CHORUS. Who then did name thus truthfully in all points —was it one whom we see not, successfully guiding his tongue in foreknowledge of destiny?—Helen[3] the bride of the spear and the object of strife? since, fitly (styled) a hell to ships, a hell to men, a hell to cities; did she sail away from her dainty woven tapestries[4] with the breeze of earth-born Zephyr: and many huntsmen, equipped with bucklers, [sailed] in the direction of the vanished track of oars, and brought their barks to land at the woodland banks of Simoïs, because of the bloody quarrel. 'Twas Wrath who accomplishes her purposes that brought to Ilion a "care[5]" correctly named, avenging at a late season the dishonour of the board, and of Jove, guardian of the hearth, punishing them who loudly honoured the marriage song, which then befell the nuptial party to sing. But the Priam's ancient city, now taught another song, is wailing, I ween, in loud lament calling Paris the ill-wedded, having all the time before led a life of many laments, because, of the hapless blood of her inhabitants. Even thus a man hath reared a lion a pest to his house, unfed

[1] Cf. Æn. I. 219 seq.

[2] The actor who had played Talthybius now retires to dress for the part of Agamemnon. See Muller, Eumenides, p. 102, where the *cast* of characters in the different plays is cleverly given.

[3] On this fatalism in respect to names, see Stanley. I have followed the translators in rendering the present quibble, which (as Boyes, p. 17, shews) has at least the sanction of ages. He quotes G. Peele's Edward I.:

Sweet *Helen*, miracle of nature's hand;
Hell in thy name, but heaven is in thy looks.

Compare Cymbeline, V. 5, sub fin.

[4] Read πλατᾶν with Heath, and κελσάντων, the old reading. So Paley and Conington.

[5] This seems the best word to express the double meaning of κῆδος, meaning either *relationship* or *trouble*.

[6] πάμπροσθ' ἤ, Hermann's conjecture, is received by the later editors; but even then I doubt whether the passage is sound.

by milk, yet loving[1] the teat; at the outset of its life gentle, loved pet of the children, and the delight of the aged; and oftentimes was he dandled in their arms like a baby nursling, with a face that brightened to [the outstretched] hand, and fawning through the cravings of appetite. But advanced in age, he displayed the disposition of his parents; for by way of making a return for his nurture, an unbidden guest he hath prepared a banquet by crunching[2] slaughters of sheep, and the house hath been dabbled in gore; a sorrow not to be resisted by the domestics, a mighty widely slaying pest; and by the will of God some minister of Atè hath been fostered in his house. In like manner I should say that there arrived in the city of Ilion the spirit of a breathless calm, a gentle idol of wealth, darting the tender shaft from her eyes, the soul-piercing flower of love: and couching by his side she accomplished the fell issue of her marriage, sweeping down upon the children of Priam, an evil neighbour, an evil associate, an Erinnys, cause of tears to brides under the behest of Xenian Jove. There is among mankind an old saying, uttered in ancient times, that the great happiness of man at its consummation begets an offspring, nor childless dies; and that from good fortune there sprouts forth for posterity insatiate calamity. But I, apart from others, am single in my opinion; for the impious deed afterwards begets[3] many more like to its own race. But the lot of families that are swayed by unbending justice is ever fair in progeny. But ancient insolence is wont to engender in the wicked among mortals insolence that sprouts afresh one time or another, when the doomed hour arrives: fresh Insolence [is wont to

[1] But see Sewell. Conington really degenerates into æsthetic mystification.

[2] I am indebted to Sewell, who alone has seen the force of *ἄγαισιν* (Hermann's reading); but there are some doubts about the metre. Malden and Conington read *ἀσαισιν*.

[3] Cf. Shelley's Hellas:

> Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
> The foul cubs like their parents are.

See copious illustrations on the notes of Blomfield on Sept. c. Th. 210; Tollius on Longinus, § 43; Lobeck on Soph. Aj. 517; and Ruhnken on the following elegant passage of Rutilius Lupus, II. 2: "crudelitatis mater est avaritia et pater furor. Hæc facinori conjuncta, parit odium: inde etiam nascitur exitium."

engender] darkness from[1] light, the unconquerable fiend unhallowed Daring in the halls of black Atè[2], like to its parents. But Justice beams in smoky cottages and honours the holy life: and leaving, with averted eyes, gilded prosperity with impurity of hands, she is wont to draw nigh to holiness, not honouring the power of wealth when falsely stamped with praise, and she directs every thing towards the issue.

[AGAMEMNON *enters, accompanied by* CASSANDRA, *in a chariot.*]

Come, O king! sacker of Troy, offspring of Atreus, how shall I greet thee, how shall I do thee reverence, so as neither to overstep nor to fall short of the due meed of affection?[3] Many among mortals prefer the semblance of good while they transgress justice. And to sigh over him that is in adversity every one is ready, but the gnawing of sorrow reaches not to their heart. And with a like appearance they unite in the joy of others, forcing their unsmiling countenances. But whoever well knows his flock[4], it is not possible that the eyes of a man who seems from kindly feeling to fawn in watery friendliness should escape him. Thou too, at that time when fitting forth the armament in Helen's cause, (for I will not conceal it from thee,) wast [to my eyes] pourtrayed most gracelessly, and as ill guiding the helm of thy thoughts in forcing on men doomed to die a constrained valour. But now to us who have ended, (their toils) the labour seems to have been in good will, (as we confess) not from light impulse, nor without friendly disposition[5]. And in time, after thorough inquiry,

[1] With Sewell I have followed Casaubon's conjecture, *σκότον*, not because I am persuaded of its correctness, but because it involves less alteration than any other conjectures as yet proposed, none of which seem safe.

[2] Conington was anticipated in this rendering by the Oxford translator, of which he seems unaware.

[3] Perhaps this may somewhat illustrate the difficult passage in v. 365.

[4] i. e., who can discern characters.

[5] I have paraphrased, rather than translated, these lines. Klausen's interpretation is rightly condemned by Peile; but I have some misgivings as to whether the words *οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενὸς, οὐδ' ἀφίλως* really refer to the feelings of the Chorus, and should not rather be said of Agamemnon. The connexion of the sense seems to require this. "Before thou didst bring this expedition to a close, thou seemedst unwise; but now seeing you have succeeded, your labour seems to have been one of no ligh

thou wilt know both him of the citizens that hath justly, and him that hath unduly administered the affairs of the city.

AGAM. First of all it is right to salute Argos and the gods of the land that were joint authors of my return, and of the redress which I exacted from the city of Priam: for the gods, not hearing our plea from the tongue, flung without hesitation into the gory vase their ballots, the destruction of Ilion fatal to men, and o'er the opposite urn that was not filled by the hand Hope hovered. And now, still the city by its smoke shews evidently that it has been captured. The storms of Atè are alive; and the embers, dying along with the city, send forth rich exhalations of wealth. For these things it behoves us to repay ever mindful gratitude to the gods; since we both formed for ourselves[1] a proud gin of conquest, and in a woman's cause the Argive monster hath levelled the city with the dust,—the young of the horse, the host equipped with shield, that leaped a furious bound, about the setting of the Pleiades[2], and the ravening lion springing over the towers hath lapped his fill of princely blood. To the gods have I lengthened out this my prelude; but in regard to thy feeling I remember to have heard it; and I say the same things, and thou hast me for thy fellow pleader. For to few men is this congenial, to honour without jealousy a friend in prosperity; for malignant venom having settled upon his heart doubles the pains of the man diseased: he is both weighed down by his own sufferings, and sighs as he looks upon the happiness of another. I will

impulse, but of genuine kindness." The opposition between *οὐδ' εὖ πραπίδων οἴακα* and *οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενός*, seems to confirm this view of the passage.

[1] Paley elegantly reads *ἐφραξάμεσθα* (the common reading will hardly bear the sense assigned it); but Conington prefers Tyrwhitt's emendation, *χάρπαγάς*. I think the mention of the Trojan horse, which was literally a snare, confirms the common reading, if we admit Paley's correction of the verb. The sense of *ὑπερκόπους* (which I read with Heath and Dindorf,) as applied to the Trojan horse, may be illustrated from Tryphiodorus, 321—

"Ειπετο δ' αἴολος ἵππος ἀρηϊφίλους ἐπὶ βωμοὺς,
Κυδιόων ὑπέροπλα—

And Virgil's

"Illa subit, mediæque minans illabitur urbi."

[2] i. e., about the end of autumn. See Stanley's learned note.

say so from experience—for well do I know—that those who professed to be kindly in the extreme to me were but the mere looking-glass of friendship, shadow of a shade. And Ulysses alone, who sailed against his will, once yoked was to me a ready yoke-fellow[1]. This do I say, whether I am speaking of one that is dead or living:—for the rest, as concerns the city and the gods, we will deliberate having appointed a public debate in full assembly; and measures must be taken that what is well may remain permanently. And also, whatsoever stands in need of healing remedies, either cauterizing it, or cutting with kindly intent, we will endeavour to turn aside the pain of the disorder. But now, having entered my halls, and the mansion of my hearth, I will first of all greet the gods, who as they have sent me forth, have brought me back again. And may Victory, since she hath attended me, remain firmly with me.

Re-enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Men! Citizens! ye elders of Argos present here[2], I am not ashamed to tell you my fond feelings for my spouse—in course of time bashfulness dies away in men: not having learned from others I will describe my own insupportable life, during the whole long time that this [my lord] was beneath the walls of Ilion. First of all, it is dreadful evil for a woman to sit desolate in her dwelling without her mate, hearing many adverse tidings, how that one messenger has come, and another is bringing news in addition of another evil worse than the [former] evil, proclaiming them to the house. And had this my husband met with as many wounds as report conveyed to his home, he would have been pierced more full [of holes] than a net, so to say. And had he died as tales were rife, i'faith he might have boasted that he a second Geryon had received a mighty threefold vest of earth, above ground, for I forsooth speak not of that beneath the earth—dying once in each form[3]. By reason of such cross rumours did others

[1] See Stanley's note. Blomfield quotes, "You and your coach-fellow Nym,"—from the Merry Wives of Windsor, II. 2.

[2] Compare Othello, I. 3:

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signors!"

[3] Paley and Conington (the latter of whom is somewhat ingenious in his note) have followed Blomfield in putting a stop after λέγω, instead of after χθονός. This, on the whole, seems the simplest way of treating the

loosen forcibly many nooses from my neck (fastened) from aloft, having seized upon me[1]. Hence, for this reason, the boy Orestes, the warrant of our mutual troth, stands not here at my side as he should have done; nor marvel thou at this; for our kind spear-guest Strophius the Phocian is rearing him, who forewarned me of twofold mischiefs—both thine own peril beneath the walls of Troy, and lest perchance some public burst of anarchy might overthrow the senate, since it is inborn in mortals to spurn the rather him who falls: such excuse, believe me, brings no wile. In me, indeed, the gushing fountains of my weeping have been exhausted, not even a drop is left. I bear too marrings of mine eyes, late closed in slumber, bewailing the lamp kept burning for thy sake ever unheeded[2]: and in my dreams I was awakened by the light flitting of the buzzing gnat, seeing more sufferings befall thee[3] than could possibly have happened during my time of sleep[4].—Now having endured all these horrors, I will, with a soul not sorrowful, call this my husband, a watch-dog of the folds, a saving mainstay of the ship, a foundation pillar of the lofty roof, an only child to parent, a land that hath appeared to mariners beyond their hopes, a day most fair to look upon after tempest, a gushing rill to a thirsty wayfarer[5]. And delightful 'tis to

passage, although I confess that Symmons' remarks shew considerable taste. See Boyes, p. 24.

[1] I understand ἐμοῦ with λελημμένης. ἄνωθεν may either be taken with ἔλυσαν, or with ἐμῆς δέρης, which I prefer, supplying some word, as in Virgil's "trabe nectit ab alta," which Conington aptly compares. Perhaps κρεμαστῆς may be understood, as in Soph. Antig. 1221. We may compare the "ad exitium *sublimatus*" of Apul. Met. I. p. 109, ed. Elm. Clytæmnestra appears to have contrived her suicide with the same regard to her own safety that distinguished Mr. Mantalini's similar attempts.

[2] There is great beauty in this idea, and I agree with Conington that the "*light in the lonely tower*, in Clytæmnestra's chamber, burning for her while all others are at rest," is far more poetical than any reference to the beacon lights. Some similar, but not parallel ideas, will be found in Pseudo-Musæus, 133 seq. 256 seq.

[3] "Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?"—Ovid, Heroid.

[4] See Peile.

[5] The following beautiful paraphrase is given in the Quarterly Review:

Faithful—as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,

have escaped from all constraint. With such salutations then, as these, do I honour him. But be envy far away; for many are the previous ills we have endured. And now I pray thee beloved one, step forth from out this car, not planting on the bare ground, my liege, thy foot that trod down Ilion. Maidens, why do ye delay, on whom hath been imposed the charge of strewing the surface of the way with tapestry? Let a purple-strawn path be made forthwith, that Justice may usher him into his unlooked-for home[1]. And for the rest my care, not overcome by slumbering, shall by favour of the gods order aright what hath been decreed.

AGAM. Daughter of Leda, guardian of my dwelling, thou hast spoken suitably to my absence; for thou hast eked out thy greeting to a great length: but to praise becomingly, this honour must come from others. And for the rest, pamper me not after the fashions of women, nor as though I were a barbaric monarch, gape-out to me an outcry of earth-prostrate [homage]: nor make my path obnoxious to the evil eye by strewing it with vestments. With these indeed it is fitting to honour the gods: but for one that is a mortal to walk on embroidered purple, is for me by no means free from dread; I bid thee reverence me as a man, not a god. Without carpetings and gay fineries my fame speaks clearly forth; and to be free from evil thoughts is God's best gift. But we should call him happy that has ended his life in beloved prosperity[2]. And if I shall fare[3] thus in all things, I shall be of good confidence.

CLYT. And yet say not thus against my fancy.

AGAM. Rest assured that I will not spoil my resolution

> Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome,
> Sweet—as to shipwreck'd seamen land and home,
> Lovely—as child, a parent's sole delight,
> Radiant—as morn that breaks a stormy night,
> Grateful—as streams, that in some deep recess
> With rills unhop'd the panting traveller bless,
> Is he that links with mine his chain of life,
> Names himself lord, and deigns to call me wife.

[1] I prefer taking ἄελπτον with δῶμα. Clytæmnestra, as in v. 913, seems darkly to hint at her deadly purpose.

[2] For this sentiment see Blomfield, and Soph. Trach. init.

[3] I am ill satisfied with Conington's defence of the optative with εἰ and ἀν, and think that Butler and Dindorf have settled the question of reading πράσσοιμεν. Paley appears to give πράσσοιμι an active sense.

CLYT. Didst thou pray to the gods, fearing that thou would'st act thus in this point[1]?

AGAM. If ever man did, be sure that I have with perfect knowledge uttered this as my final decision.

CLYT. And what thinkest thou Priam would have done, had he achieved this triumph?

AGAM. I think in truth he would have stalked upon embroidery.

CLYT. Do not now stand in awe of the censure of men.

AGAM. Yet sure at all events the voice of popular clamour has mighty power.

CLYT. Aye, but he that is not envied is not worthy of admiration.

AGAM. Truly, 'tis not a woman's duty to be fond of contest.

CLYT Yet surely in the blest even to yield is becoming.

AGAM. And dost thou value the victory in this strife?

CLYT. Yield thee; give me the victory cheerfully.

AGAM. Well, if thou will have it so, let some one loose quickly my sandals, that do service to the treading of my foot, lest some envy from the eyes of the gods afar smite me as I trample in these sea-grained vestments, for 'tis great shame to waste my substance, by spoiling with my feet my wealth, and tissues bought with silver. Thus much for this; but do thou with kindness conduct within this stranger maid: (God from afar graciously regards him that is mild in victory.) For no one willingly submits to the yoke of slavery. But she, choice flower of many possessions, gift of the army, hath accompanied me. Since then I have been reduced to submit to thee in this, I will go into the halls of my palace, treading on purple.

CLYT. There is a sea—and who shall drain it?—that breeds the drops of abundant purple, worth its weight in silver, constantly renewed, the dye of vestments. To thy house, O king, belongs good store of these by the gods' gifts, and thy dwelling knows not a want [of them]. I would have vowed the trampling of many vestments, had it been enjoined me in the prophetic shrines when I was planning ransoms for this life of thine. For while the root exists, foliage springs in the

[1] It is better to remove the note of interrogation See Conington and Peile.

house extending over them a shade against the dog Sirius; and when thou comest to the hearth of thy home, thou showest to us a warmth that comes in winter. But when Jupiter is making wine from the sour grapes, there is coolness even then in the house, when the master of a family revisits his own abode. O Jove, Jove, that crownest all, bring my prayers to pass, and be it thy concern whatsoever thou art about to bring to pass.

Exeunt CLYTÆMNESTRA *and* AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA *being left with the chorus*[1].

CH. Why o'er me doth this terror steadily hover close to my portent-boding heart, and in an unbought unbidden strain plays prophet, nor doth well-assured confidence take seat upon my heart's dear throne, after rejecting this like dreams hard of interpretation? Long is the time since the naval armament with their cables cast firmly into the sandy shore, languished away[2], when it was speeding to Ilion.—And I learn their return from my eyes, being myself my own witness. And yet, notwithstanding this, my soul within me, self-taught, is chanting the lament of an Erinnys unaccompanied by the lyre, in nought possessing the dear confidence of hope. And my bosom tells no idle tale, my heart being whirled in eddies by just thoughts that have fulfilment. But I pray that those, beyond my hope, may turn out to be false, so as to come to no fulfilment. For verily the limit of abundant health is insa-

[1] Probably standing in an attitude of silent grief, as we may suppose the captive Iole, in Soph. Trach. 323. This eloquent silence was a favourite "point" with Æschylus, who is ridiculed for it by Aristophanes, Ran. 911—13. Much might be done by the actor's silent expression, notwithstanding the length of silence imposed by the ensuing dialogue. A somewhat similar difficulty is entailed upon the impersonation of Christopher Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew."

[2] I read *ξυνεμβολαῖς ψαμμίας ἀκτᾶς παρήβησεν*, with Wellauer; but I cannot conceive whence Conington, and some other translators, have got the notion that it was at their departure from Greece, not on their arrival at Troy, that the army suffered thus. The stoppages at Aulis, and under the walls of Troy, are evidently meant. In other respects, Conington's view is confirmed by the tragedians, and by Dion. Chrysost. Or. II. p. 80, and Apuleius de Deo Socr. § 19. I remember a similar passage in Dictys Cretensis, but have not the book at hand.

tiable[1]. For calamity presses upon it a close-adjoining neighbour, and a man's destiny * * * holding on in a straightforward course, is apt to dash upon an unseen reef. And if timidity fling away a part, with a well-measured cast of the sling, in defence of its wealth in possession, the entire fabric sinks not, teeming too full of woe, nor does it make the bark to founder. Often, in sooth, an ample boon from Jove, and from the yearly furrows, quells the pangs of famine. But who can recall by charms a man's black death-shed blood, when once it has fallen on the ground before [his feet]? Otherwise Jove would not have put an end to the leech[2] that knew the right way to bring back the departed into safety. And if Fate ordained by the gods did not prevent my fate[3] availing more, my heart, having outstripped my tongue, would have poured forth the tale; but now it moans beneath the gloom, soul grieving, and entertaining no farther hope of ever unravelling any thing seasonable, while my mind is kindled with inward flame.

CLYTÆMNESTRA (*re-entering*).

Do thou betake thyself within too—I mean thee, Cassandra; since Jove in no wise wrathful hath made thee to be a partaker of the lavers in our house, along with many slaves, placed near the altar of the god of property; step forth from out this car, and be not high-minded. For in truth they say, that even Alcmena's son once upon a time submitted to be sold, and against his will to put his hand to the yoke. If then the destiny of this condition befall any, great is the advantage of having masters of old-established opulence. But they who, without having ever expected it, have reaped a rich harvest, are both stern in all things to their slaves, and go beyond the line: With us you have such things as are regular[4].

[1] Symmons compares Hamlet, IV. 7:

> And nothing is at a like goodness still;
> For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
> Dies in his own too much.

[2] Æsculapius. Cf. Pindar Pyth. III. 98, quoted by Paley.

[3] Symmons, whom I follow, takes μοῖρα to mean "the superior fate in the hands of heaven," μοῖραν for the fateful bodings of the Chorus' own mind (so Conington). I am not quite satisfied, and could better understand these verses in the mouth of Cassandra, than of the Chorus.

[4] Compare the encouraging remarks of Mrs. Bombazine, Rambler, No.

CH. To thee she leaves off speaking clear words, and now that thou art within the toils of destiny, yield thee, if thou canst yield; but perchance thou mayest be unyielding.

CLYT. But if she be not, like a swallow, endowed with an unintelligible barbaric voice, speaking to her mind I am persuading her with my speech.

CH. (*to Cassandra.*) Follow her; she says what is best for thee of the things that are at present in thy power; yield thee, and leave this thy seat in the car.

CLYT. Nay, I have no time to linger here with her outside the door, for the sheep are already standing ready for the sacrifice of the fire of the central hearth, inasmuch as we never hoped to have this joy; and if thou wilt do aught of this my bidding, delay not. But if, not understanding, thou apprehendest not my speech, do thou, instead of voice signify it to me with thy barbaric hand.

[CLYTÆMNESTRA *endeavours, by waving her hand, to make* CASSANDRA *understand that she should go into the palace.*

CH. The stranger seems to stand in need of a clear interpreter: and her behaviour is as of a wild beast newly taken.

CLYT. Aye, surely she is raving, and lends an ear to evil thoughts, she that hath come here after leaving a city newly taken; and she knows not how to bear the bit, before that she foams away her bloody mettle:—in truth I'll not submit to be insulted in wasting more [words].

[CLYTÆMNESTRA *goes in.*

CH. But I, for I pity thee, will not be angry with thee. Come, wretched one, having left this car empty, submitting to this thy doom, hansel the yoke.

CAS. Woe[1]! woe! O gods! O earth! O Apollo! Apollo!

CH. Why sayest thou, Woe! for Loxias?—for he is not such [a god] as to have a mourner.

CAS. Woe! woe! O gods! O earth! O Apollo! Apollo!

CH. She with ill-omened outcry is again invoking the god not suited to stand by in wailings.

12—"They know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock," etc.

[1] For examples how much the rhetorician falls beneath the poet, compare Seneca, Agam. III. 2, v. 1.

Cas. Apollo! Apollo! Aguieus[1]! Apollo mine! for thou hast without difficulty destroyed me the second time.

Ch. She seems to be upon the point of divining, touching her own ills. Divination remains even in the mind of a slave.

Cas. Apollo! Apollo! Aguieus! destroyer mine! ah! whither canst thou have brought me? to what kind of dwelling?

Ch. To that of the Atreidæ: if thou perceivest not this, I tell it thee, and thou shalt not pronounce this to be a falsehood.

Cas. A godless one, then, privy to many murderous horrors of kin on kin, and halters[2], a human shambles, and a dripping floor.

Ch. The stranger maiden seems to be keen-scented, like a hound, and to be seeking whose blood she may discover.

Cas. For I trust to these testimonies here before me; these babes here, bewailing the butchery, and their roasted flesh eaten by their parents.

Ch. Verily we had heard of thy renown as a prophetess; but we seek not for prophets.

Cas. Alas! alas! O gods, what is it that one is designing; what is this new great sorrow, a great horror that one is designing in this dwelling—past the endurance of friends, beyond all remedy; but help stands far aloof.

Ch. I am unskilled in these prophetic bodings—but those I understand, for the whole city bruits them.

Cas. Alas! wretched woman! for thou wilt perpetrate this, having made thy lord, the partner of thy bed, sleek with the bath: how shall I tell the issue? for quickly shall this take place; and hand after hand is she stretching forth and clutching.

Ch. Nor yet do I understand thee; for now I am bewildered by oracles obscure with their riddling strain.

Cas. Ha! faugh! faugh! what appears here? Is it some net of Hades? But its closed snare is the partner of a

[1] i. e., my destroyer. On the epithet ἀγυιάτης see Blomfield, and Mitchell on Aristoph. Vesp. 875.

[2] See Dindorf. The asyndeta, and break in the construction, well express the emotion of the maniac prophetess.

bed, the accomplice in the murder: and let the unglutted quire yell over the race, because of the murder that deserves stoning.

Ch. What kind of Erinnys is this that thou art summoning to sound her trumpet-blast over the house? thy words cheer me not: and to my heart has run the drop of saffron dye, which also, in the last hour of man, keeps pace with the rays of the setting sun of life. But calamity comes on apace.

Cas. Ah! ah! lo there! lo there! keep the bull from the cow; having caught him with his black horns in robes by a stratagem, she is smiting him; and he falls in the brimming laver. I tell thee of the fortune of the stealthy-murdering caldron.

Ch. I cannot boast of being a sharp judge of weird words, but I liken these to some misfortune. And from weird words what good tidings are sent to mortals? by means of weird-song wordy lore brings evil terror [for us] to learn.

Cas. Alas! alas! ill-fated hap of miserable me! for I blend my own woe [with his], and lament. To what purpose was it that thou didst bring me hither? to none whatever, but that I should die with thee; how not?

Ch. Thou art a maniac possessed; and touching thyself dost wail a strain unmusical, like a dun nightingale insatiate of song, alas! in her wretched soul bewailing Itys, Itys, through her life thick-teeming with woes.

Cas. Alas for the fate of the clear-voiced nightingale! for the gods invested her with a winged form, and a delightful life, free from lamentations; but me there awaits a cleaving blow with a two-edged axe.

Ch. Whence hast thou ungovernable woes, bursting impetuously on thee, with wanderings of speech[1], and sent by the gods? and whence is it that thou modellest in song thy horrors with dismal-omened outcry, and at the same time with shrill-sounding lays? whence dost thou ken the ill-boding boundaries of the prophetic path?

Cas. Alas for the nuptials, the nuptials of Paris, destructive to his friends! alas for my native waters of Scamander. Then indeed on thy banks I, wretched, throve in my rearing; but now beside the Cocytus, and on the banks of Acheron, it seems that I must speedily chant my prophecies.

[1] Such seems the full meaning of *ματαίους*.

CH. What is this but too distinct saying thou hast uttered? a child might understand it. And I am stricken beneath with a murderous pang, while thou plaintively wailest in thy sad sorrowing lot, wonders for me to hear.

CAS. Alas for the sufferings, the sufferings of my city that hath utterly perished! Alas for the sacrifices of my sire in behalf of his towers, slaughterers of many pasturing cattle! but no remedy sufficed to prevent its suffering, even as it now lies. I too, with soul on fire, shall speedily fling myself on the ground.

CH. These words hast thou uttered in unison with those before them. And some evil-thinking god falling upon thee heavily, makes thee chaunt sufferings, lamentable, deadly. But for the issue I am at a loss.

CAS. Nay, but the oracle no longer shall be peering forth from a veil[1] after the manner of a new-married bride; but clear it seems it will come, blowing towards the rising of the sun, so that a woe much greater than this will, like a wave, dash up against the light. And no longer will I instruct thee by means of enigmas. And do you, coursing with me, bear witness how I scent the track of evils wrought of old. For a quire that sings in concert, not sweetly, (for 'tis not of good they sing,) never at any time leaves this palace here before us. And truly, having quaffed human blood, so as to riot more, a revel of sister Furies abides in the house, hard to be sent forth: and as they sit on the house-top they hymn a hymn[2], the

[1] See Blomfield. Conington's version is rather inconsistent:

"Aye, but the oracle no more shall peer
Out from *his* veil, as 'twere a *new wed bride*:
No; clear I see *him* rushing"——

[2] With these splendid personifications of domestic superstition, compare Scott's description of Brian, Lady of the Lake, III. 7.

"Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal ben-shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
* * * *
All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe."

ancestral curse; and they in turn loathe the brother's couch, deadly to him that trampled on it. Did I miss, or hunt I like some archer? or am I a lying, street-door, babbling witch? Testify to me, after first making oath that I accurately know the ancient iniquities of the palace.

CH. And how can oath, a pledge honourably pledged[1], heal the mischief? But I marvel at thee, that, bred beyond the sea, thou shouldst succeed in speaking to a city of strange tongue, just as if thou hadst been present.

CAS. The prophet Apollo appointed me to this office.

CH. What! was he, a god, smitten with a passion for you?

CAS. Heretofore I was ashamed to tell this tale[2].

CH. Aye, for every one that is very prosperous grows delicate.

CAS. But he was an eager suitor, breathing strong love for me.

CH. Did you even meet in wedlock?

CAS. Having consented, I deceived him.

CH. Wast thou already possessed of inspired lore?

CAS. I was even then predicting all their sufferings to my countrymen.

CH. How then wast thou unscathed by the wrath of Loxias?

CAS. I used to win no one's credence in any thing, after I had committed this trespass.

CH. Yet to us at all events thou seemest to utter things worthy of belief.

CAS. Ho! ho! alas! alas! oh miseries! again the dread task of true prophecy is racking me, troubling me with the preludings of predictions. See ye these infants sitting here on the palace, like to the phantoms of dreams?—children just as if they had perished by the hands of their friends,—their hands crammed with the meat of their own flesh; and they stand forth holding their bowels along with their entrails, a piteous mess, of which their father tasted[3]. For this, I tell

[1] I prefer following Porson and Dindorf, in reading πῆγμα, παιώνιος, to giving, with Conington, a sense to γενναίως, that it cannot bear.

[2] I transpose these lines with all the modern editors. Klausen does not merit consideration.

[3] Compare Titus Andronicus, V. 3.

"Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;

you, that a craven lion, wallowing in his lair, haunting his home, ah me! is plotting retribution for him that is returned, —my master; for I must needs bear the yoke of slavery. And the commander of the ships, and the overturner of Ilion, knows not what things the tongue of the hateful bitch having uttered, and prolonged with fair-seeming purpose, like Atê lurking in secret, will obtain with evil success. Such horrors doth she dare; a woman is the murderer of a man[1]. What hateful monster may I rightly call her? an amphisbæna, or a Scylla that dwells among the rocks, the pest of mariners' vessels, a raving dam of Hades, and breathing to her friends a truceless curse[2]? And how she, full of all daring, shouted over him, like as in the turn of the fight! Yet she feigns that she rejoices in the safety of his return. And 'tis all one if I convince you nought of these things; for what matters it? That which will be will come. Thou too, present there, shalt pitying pronounce me but too true a prophetess[3].

CH. The banquet of Thyestes on his children's flesh I understand, and I shudder at it; and terror possesses me while I hear it truly told, in nothing feigned: but when I hear the rest I lose the track.

CAS. I say that thou shalt witness the death of Agamemnon.

CH. Wretch! lull thy ill-omened tongue in silence[4].

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred."

And the ditty of the Scotch Itys:

"Pippety pew, my mammie me slew,
And daddy me ate, my sister Kate
Gathered a' my baines"——

Seneca, Agam. I. 1, 27:

"A fratre vincar liberibus plenus tribus
In me sepultis: viscera exedi mea."

[1] Correct Dindorf's punctuation.

[2] I think the common reading far more *recherché* than the correction ἄρη.

[3] Compare Richard the Third, I. 3.

"Oh! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess."

[4] This is perhaps the easiest way of translating the full force of εἴφημον κοίμησον.

Cas. But the god of healing presides not over this declaration.

Ch. No, if indeed it is to be; but never may it be!

Cas. Thou prayest indeed,—but murder is their care.

Ch. By what man is this sad deed[1] prepared?

Cas. Verily, thou must have very much overlooked my oracles.

Ch. Like enough, for I understand not the device of the accomplisher.

Cas. And yet verily I know the Grecian language too well[2].

Ch. Yes, and the Pythian oracles, and yet they are hard to understand.

Cas. Ah me! what a fire is that! and it comes upon me! Woe! woe! Lycæan Apollo, ah me! ah me! this biped lioness, that lay down with a wolf in the absence of the generous lion, will slay me, wretched woman; and as though she were compounding poison she will add my price to her wrath[3]. She boasts, while she whets the blade for her husband, that she will exact his murder as a punishment for having brought me hither. Why then do I retain these mockeries of myself, my wands and my prophetic wreaths about my neck? [*She tears away her chaplets, and casts them on the ground.*]—I will destroy you before my own doom. Go fall into destruction—thus will I rid myself of you; enrich some other maiden with calamities in my room. Lo, too, Apollo himself stripping me of my oracular vesture! and having beheld me even in this array, idly laughed to scorn among my friends, by my foes with no changing of the scale! I poor, wretched, dying of starvation, bore to be called vagrant, like a begging gipsy. And now the prophet, having avenged himself on his prophetess, hath brought me to these deadly woes. And, in place of my sire's altar, a butcher's block awaits me, cut down, a hot reeking victim. Yet, verily, we shall not at all events die unhonoured of the gods. For there shall come hereafter another avenger

[1] I still prefer *ἄγος*.

[2] I follow Paley, and Conington. Sewell and others read *ἐπίστασαι*.

[3] *i.e.* mingle my death among the ingredients of her fury.

[4] I read *ἄτης* with Peile and Conington.

[5] *μετὰ* is obviously corrupt. Herm. reads *μέγα*, which Conington approves.

of our cause, a matricidal scion, avenger of his sire. And he, a wandering exile, estranged from this land, shall return to place the coping-stone upon this curse for his friends; for a mighty oath has been sworn by the gods[1], that the prostrate corpse of his dead father shall bring him back. Why truly do I wail here by the house, since I first saw the city of Ilion faring as it has fared, and they who captured the city come off thus according to the judgment of the gods; I will go and do [my part,] I will dare to die; and I accost these gates of Hades, and I make my prayer that I may receive a mortal blow, that without a struggle, while my blood in easy death flows away, I may close mine eyes[2].

CH. O woman most wretched and most wise, to a great length hast thou spoken. But if thou truly knowest thine own doom, how is it that thou steppest with good courage to the altar, like a heifer led by heaven?

CAS. There is no escape, strangers, nothing is to be gained by time[3].

CH. Yet the last has the advantage in time.

CAS. This day has arrived; 'tis little I shall gain by flight.

CH. Be sure, thou hast stout resolution in thy undaunted spirit.

CAS. Yet to die gloriously is surely a gratification to a mortal.

CH. No one hears these sentiments from the happy[4].

CAS. Alas, my sire, for thee and for thy noble children!

[*She starts back, as she approaches the door.*]

CH. What is the matter? what terror turns thee away?

CAS. Faugh! faugh!

CH. Why criest thou, faugh! unless there be something which thy heart loaths?

CAS. The palace reeks with blood-dripping murder.

[1] This line has been rightly transposed by Hermann, who is followed by all modern editors, and by Dindorf in his notes. We must of course read ἄξειν with the vulgate.

[2] Cf. Soph., Aj., 833, sqq., for a similar prayer.

[3] We had best read χρόνῳ πλέον with Pauw. I cannot agree with Conington, in considering the common reading equivalent to the same sense.

[4] All the editors, except Conington, have rightly followed Heath in transposing these lines.

CH. How sayest thou? this is the smell of victims at the hearth.

CAS. 'Tis plainly like a fume from the grave.

CH. No Syrian luxury art thou describing in the house.

CAS. But I will go to shriek over my own destiny and that of Agamemnon also within the palace. Enough of life. Alas, strangers! Yet do I not vainly quail in terror, like a bird at a bush[1]. Do ye bear this testimony to me dying, when a woman shall perish for me a woman, and a man shall fall for one that was ill-mated. These boons I claim from you as on the point of death.

CH. Wretched one, I pity thee for thy predicted doom.

CAS. Yet once more do I wish to utter a speech, or mine own dirge[2]. And (looking upon) his light for the last time, I pray the sun, upon my hated murderers, that they may at the same time pay the penalty for a slave, that dies an easy victim, to my avengers their murderers[3]. Alas for the condition of mortals! them when prosperous a shadow may overturn; but

[1] Medwin refers to Henry the Sixth, 3rd part, V. 6.

"The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every twig."

[2] Sewell's version is truly elegant:

"Once, once again;
One word, one dirge, fain would I speak, my own."

But I wish "above myself" did not follow. The redundancy in ἐμὸν τὸν αὐτῆς here seems disagreeable, and I would read ἐγὼ τὸν αὐτῆς. The stress is upon the fact that Cassandra, like the fabled swan, sings her own dirge.

[3] Such is, in substance, Paley's interpretation. Conington (although Dindorf has condemned the passage as corrupt) finds no difficulty, but follows Peile. Both of them have slurred over the absurd ὁμοῦ. Klausen's Latin, which people carefully avoid translating, is as follows: "Precibus, quibus solem in ultima luce (?) invoco, imprecor (ἐπεύχομαι standing for two verbs with their datives of a different signification!) ultoribus meis ut occisoribus invisis meis idem *solvant*." (*i.e.*, I invoke upon my avengers that they suffer the same at the hands of my slayers!) I can only express my conviction that *these interpretations* may fairly be set aside in favour of the following readings:

τοῖσδ' ἐμοῖς τιμαόροις,
πρὸς ὕστατον φῶς ἡλίου κατεύχομαι
ἐχθροὺς φονεῦσι τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίνειν ἐμοῦ
δούλης θανούσης, κτλ.

And, for my avengers,
I pray this sun's light, hence no more beheld—

if they be in adversity, a moistened sponge blots out the picture: and for this I have far greater pity than for that.

[CASSANDRA *enters the palace.*]

CHORUS. To be thriving indeed, is by nature a glutless thing to all mortals; and none will banish and keep it from their dwelling that all point out[1], saying these words, "Enter here no more." And to this our sovereign the blessed gods have granted to capture the city of Priam; and he returns to his home honoured by heaven. Yet if now he is to pay the price of the bloodshed of his predecessors, and dying for the dead accomplish to the full the vengeance[2] due for the deaths of others, who among mortals that hears this tale would not pray to be born with an innocuous genius[3]?

AGAMEMNON (*within.*) Woe's me! I'm stricken a mortal blow within!

CH. 1. Hush! who is it that cries out "a blow," mortally wounded?

My foes may to their slayers pay the price
Of me, the dying slave, poor, easy victim.

ἠλίου is due to Jacobs, and is approved by Dindorf, *ἐχθροὺς....τοὺς ἐμοὺς* is Wellaner's conjecture, as also *ἐμοῦ* for *ὁμοῦ*. For the transposition of the half lines, I am myself answerable, as well as for *κατεύχομαι* in lieu of *ἐπεύχομαι*. Compare Choeph. 88, *πῶς κατεύξωμαι πατρί*; 139, *κατεύχομαί σοι*. Eum. 922, *ᾇτ' ἐγὼ κατεύχομαι....ἐξαμβρόσαι φαιδρὸν ἁλίου σέλας*, which last passage is almost conclusive; the same verb occurs, but in a somewhat different sense, also in Sept. c. Th. 633, and above, vs. 1250. In further support of the genitive in this simple form cf. Soph., Aj. 856, *σὲ δ', ᾧ φαεννῆς ἡμέρας....σέλας*. Æsch., Prom. 91, *καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κυκλον ἡλίου καλῶ*. Orph., Hymn. VII. 1. *ἀστρων οὐρανίων ἱερὸν σέλας ἐκπροκαλοῦμαι*.

[1] Although Conington defends *δακτυλοδεικτῶν*, I should prefer following all the other editors in reading *δακτυλοδεικτὸν* with Casaubon. Dindorf's note is brief, but important. For the syntax in vs. 1334, cf. Sept. c. Th. 434, *χρυσοῖς δὲ φωνεῖ γράμμασιν, πρήσω πόλιν*.

[2] Omit *ἄγαν*, or read *ἀντεπικραίνει* with Bamberger. So Dindorf and Conington.

[3] On the presiding power allotted to each man at birth, cf. Plato, Phædon, § 130; Wytt. p. 398; A. Læm. Rep. X. p. 521. D., and the Platonics, Plotinus III. 4; Proclus on Alcib. Pr. p. 71, sqq., ed; Creuzer, Olympiodor. in eund. p. 20, sqq.; also Cebes, Tab. p. 11, ed. Salmos. Compare, for further illustrations, Lindenbroge's learned notes on Censorinus, § 3. But fortune may be meant. I can never sufficiently recommend the comparison of Plato with the tragedians.

AGAM. Woe's me, again! struck with a second blow.

CH. 2. To me it seems, from the cry of the king, that the deed hath been done[1].

CH. 3. But let us in some way or other concert unfailing measures.

CH. 4. I tell you what is my resolve, to summon the townsmen hither to the palace for a rescue.

CH. 5. But to me it seems best that we should, as quick as possible, burst in and detect the deed by the fresh-dripping sword.

CH. 6. And I agreeing in such an opinion, vote that we do something—and high time it is that we dally not.

CH. 7. We may see that plainly; for they are preluding, as though displaying signs of a tyranny over the city.

CH. 8. Aye, for we are tardy[2]: but they, trampling to the ground the reputation of delay, are not slumbering in hand.

CH. 9. I know not what plan I have to tell you—'tis the doer's part also to take counsel.

CH. 10. I too am in the same state, since I am unable to raise the dead again by my words.

CH. 11. What! shall we prolong our lives thus submitting to these rulers that disgrace the house?

CH. 12. Nay, 'tis beyond endurance; to die is better; for 'tis a milder doom than tyranny.

CH. 13. Shall we augur as though the king has perished, on proofs drawn from outcries?

CH. 14. We ought to speak of these things, having clear knowledge; for to guess is distinct from clearly knowing.

CH. 15. I am inclined on all accounts to recommend that we clearly learn how Atrides fares[3].

[1] On the disposition of the chorus, and the allotting of all these stupid verses, see Muller, Eumenides, p. 55, sqq., and the notes of the commentators.

[2] If we render *χρονίζομεν*, "we are *slow*," it will convey a pleasing criticism as well as an undoubted truth! at least, no reader of poetry will challenge the assertion.

[3] How Æschylus came to perpetrate this absurd scene, cannot easily be conceived. I think the fact that such stuff was written to employ the chorus during an interval of such excitement, is almost sufficient to prove that the histrionic abilities of these supernumeraries were as little to be taxed, as those of modern chorus singers. Muller, however, Eumenides, l. 2, p 48. sq., is eloquent on their behalf.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Though many things have been before spoken as suited the occasion, I shall not blush to speak the contrary. For how else could one, while providing enmity for enemies, construct for those that seem friends dense snares of mischief, a height too great to overleap? and this struggle of an ancient feud came not on me without having been long since meditated, though certainly late. And I stand where I struck him,—now the deed is done and over[1]: I did it too in such a way—and this I will not deny—that he could neither escape nor ward off his doom. I stake around an endless net, as if for fishes, the deathly treasure of a vesture. And I smite him twice, and with two groans he dropped his limbs, and on him fallen I add a third blow, a votive offering to him beneath the earth, Hades, the guardian of the dead. Thus he gulps away[2] his own soul as he falls; and gurgling forth the sharp gush of the shedded blood, he smites with black drops of gory dew me that rejoiced no less than the sown [land] does in Jove's rich gift[3] during the travails of the ear. Since then 'tis thus, oh elders of Argos present here, rejoice ye, if ye can rejoice, for I glory in the deed. And were it possible becomingly[4] to make libation over the corpse, this would be justly done—full justly, sure, he who hath filled up a cup of so many accursed ills in his home, should drain it on his return.

CH. We marvel at thy tongue, how bold thy language is, thou that dost boast in such words over thy husband.

CLYT. Ye are trying me like a senseless woman; but I say with heart undaunted to you that know,—and 'tis all one

[1] "Clytæmnestra," observes Symmons, "advances on the stage firm in resolution, yet full of horror at the deed she had been committing, partly soliloquizing, partly addressing the chorus. This line is a soliloquy, broken, interrupted, with long intervening pauses, and should not be printed as if it were in the plain continuity of narrative."

[2] ὁρμαίνει, I take with Conington to signify "the physical tumult attending a violent death, the catching of breath, and the gurgling of blood." The notion is well expressed by Apuleius, Met. I. p. 108, "cum ille impetu teli præsecata gula, vocem, immo stridorem incertum, per vulnus effunderet, et spiritum rebulliret."

[3] Conington and Paley, rightly avoiding the bad taste of Klausen, have admitted Porson's splendid emendation διοσδό-ῳ; so also Dindorf in his notes.

[4] I read πρεπόντως, with Blomfield.

whether thou wilt praise or censure,—this is Agamemnon, my husband, and a corpse—the deed of this right hand of mine, a righteous agent. Thus this thing stands.

Ch. What horrid poison nourished by the earth, woman! or drink coming from the flowing[1] sea, hast thou tasted, that thou laid on thyself this sacrifice and public curse[2]? Thou hast cast him off, thou hast cut him off; and an outlaw shalt thou be, a fearful abhorrence to thy countrymen.

Clyt. Now indeed thou adjudgest me to endure banishment from the city, and the abhorrence of the citizens, and public execrations,—thou that didst formerly bring nothing against this man, who, making no account of her fate,—as it were of a brute, while sheep abounded in fleecy folds, immolated his own daughter, the dearest to me of my child-birth pangs, as a charm for the Thracian blasts. Shouldst thou not have banished that person out of this land, in retribution for his foul deeds? but now that thou hearest of my deeds, thou art a stern judge. But this I tell thee—Menace me as knowing that I am prepared on equal terms,—that when thou hast got the victory with thy hand, thou mayest rule me[3];—but if God bring the contrary to pass, thou shalt, though late, be taught to know discretion.

Ch. Thou art lofty in spirit, and proud things hast thou uttered: thy soul is raving as under a blood-dripping fate[4], an unavenged blood-clot is conspicuous on thy brow. Yet must thou hereafter, bereft of thy friends, atone for stroke by stroke[5].

Clyt. And thou shalt hear this plea of mine oath: By the perfect vengeance of my daughter, by Atè, and Erinnys, to whom I sacrificed this man, I expect not to tread the hall of Terror, so long as Ægisthus burns fire on my hearth, well-disposed to me as heretofore: for he is to me no small shield of confidence. He lies, the marrer of this woman, the minion

[1] Eumen, 452, *ῥυτοῖς πόροις*.

[2] *i.e.*, hast made thyself a victim to public abhorrence. See Conington.

[3] I put a comma after *ὁμοίων*, following Paley and Conington in their interpretation.

[4] So Sewell: "As 'neath a deadly star, dripping with blood." This seems far more spirited than taking *τύχα* for the death of Agamemnon.

[5] Compare Measure for Measure, V. 1.

An Angelo for a Claudio——death for death.

of the Chryseïds under Ilion: and she here, his captive and soothsayer, and partner of his bed, his faithful love, the weird prophetess and sharer with him of the benches of the ships. But these twain have not done deeds without a reward. For he indeed [lies] thus; and she too, his love, having like a swan warbled her last dying wail, to me she hath brought a nuptial dainty dish[1] for my enjoyment.

Sem. Alas! what doom, not of sharp extreme anguish, nor keeping to the couch, may come with speed, bringing upon us the endless sleep that is for ever, now that my most gracious guardian has been smitten down, and after having suffered much in a woman's cause? by a woman's hand too he lost his life.

Ch[2]. Woe! O frenzied Helen, who alone didst work the destruction of the many, the very many lives beneath Troy.

Sem. Now too, thou hast perfectly accomplished by an inexpiable murder the memorable strife-begotten strife which formerly existed in the house, a bane to its master[3].

Clyt. Do not, afflicted for these things, pray for the doom of death, nor divert thine indignation upon Helen, as though she, the man-destroyer, as though she singly, having brought to an end the lives of many men, had wrought a most incurable sorrow.

Sem. O dæmon, that fallest on this dwelling, and the double line of Tantalus, and through women exertest a prowess matching mine[4], that gnaws my heart. And stand-

[1] See Conington, who has settled this explanation in a satisfactory manner.

[2] In the division of the following verses among the chorus, I have followed the popular system, sanctioned by Dindorf in his notes, who however supposes the existence of some *lacunæ*.

[3] This translation is strictly according to the common reading (retaining *δι' αἶμ'*), as explained by Linwood, s.v. *ἐπανθίζειν*. He understands *ἔριν* with *τελείαν* and *πολύμναστον*, and takes *τελείαν ἐπηνθίσω* as equivalent to *ἐπηνθίσω ὥστε τελείαν εἶναι*. I however prefer reading *ἀπηνθίσω* with Casaubon. If we do not retain *διά*, we must consider *αἶμ' ἄνιπτον* as an epexegesis to *τελ. πολ. ἀπηνθίσω*, an explanation that, as far as I remember, has not occurred to any of the commentators. Symmons is probably right in considering *ἐρίδματος* as formed with the Homeric *ἐρι*, not from *ἔρις*.

[4] *ἰσόψυχον* appears to me to signify "too strong for my spirit to sustain." Conington's version is brilliant, but, as far as the text goes, no translation.

ing over the corpse in defiance of what is right, like an odious raven in my eyes, she exults to hymn her hymn. * *

CLYT. Now hast thou corrected the judgment of thy mouth in naming the thrice-great dæmon of this race: for through him is the lust for lapping blood fostered in its vitals: before that the old sorrow comes to an end there is fresh blood-shed.

SEM. Verily thou praisest the mighty dæmon of this household, dreadful in his wrath. Alas! alas for the horrible praise of calamity ever greedy! Woe! woe! 'tis by the will of Jove, cause of all, doer of all: for what is accomplished among mortals without Jove? what of these things is not decreed by heaven?

CH. Woe! woe! My king! my king! How shall I mourn thee? what shall I utter from my affectionate soul? But thou liest in this web of the spider, breathing forth thy life by an impious death.

SEM. Ah me! for this slave-like couch; smitten down by a death from a treacherous hand, with a two-edged weapon.

CLYT. Thou vauntest that the deed was mine. But reckon not that I am the spouse of Agamemnon. No! but the ancient ruthless evil genius of Atreus, cruel banqueter, likened to the wife of this dead man, hath visited him with his vengeance, having paid a full-grown victim for infants.

SEM. That thou art guiltless of this murder, who will testify? How? how? yet the evil genius of his fathers might abet thee. And the wretched battle-god is hurried violently onward in torrents of kindred blood; making his way where he must give course to the clotted gore of children slain for food[1].

CH. Woe! woe! My king! my king! how shall I mourn thee? What shall I utter from my affectionate soul? But thou liest in this web of the spider breathing forth thy life by an impious death.

SEM. Ah me! for this slave-like couch! thou wast smitten down by death from a treacherous hand, with a two-edged weapon.

CLYT. I do not think that a slave-like death has befallen

[1] I have closely followed Conington, who, however, gives up the passage. So do I.

him[1]; for did not he bring insidous Atê to his dwelling? But as he wrought upon my scion that was raised from him, Iphigenia, child much lamented, things worthy such deserts[2] he hath suffered; let him not proudly vaunt himself in Hades, having atoned by the death of the sword for deeds he first wrought.

SEM. Bereft of counsel I am bewildered in well-concerted anxious thought as to which way I may betake myself, now the house is sinking; and I dread the dashing of the gory shower that saps the dwelling, and it no longer falls in drops. And destiny for another deed of ill is whetting vengeance on other whetstones.

CH. Woe! Oh earth, earth! would that thou hadst received me before I had beheld this [my king] stretched on lowly floor of the silver-sided bath. Who shall bury him? who shall lament him? Wilt thou dare to do this, after having murdered thine own husband—to pour the loud wail over his life, wrongfully to perform a graceless grace in atonement for thy bold deeds[3]?

SEM. And who, pronouncing with tears the funeral panegyric[4] over the godlike man, shall wail in sincerity of soul?

CLYT. It concerns not thee to speak of this care: by our hands he fell, he met his fate, and we will inter him, not with wailings from his dwelling, * * * but his daughter Iphigenia, as is proper, having met her father lovingly at the swift-flowing stream of woes, shall fling her arms around and kiss him.

SEM. This reproach comes in return for reproach; and difficult it is to decide—one spoils the spoiler, and the slayer makes full atonement. And there abides, so long as Jove abideth, [the rule] that the doer in time shall suffer. For 'tis the statute[5], Who can expel from the house the brood of curses? the race is wedded to calamity.

CLYT. He lighted[6] on this oracle agreeably to truth. And I,

[1] Seidler and Dindorf would omit these two lines.
[2] See Dindorf.
[3] Cf. Choeph. 42.
[4] Read with Is. Vossius and Dindorf, *ἐπιτύμβιον ἄνον.*
[5] Simmons rightly places a full stop after *θέσμιον γάρ.* But Canter, Peile, and Conington read *ἐνέβης*, rightly

therefore, am willing to plight oaths with the dæmon of the Pleisthenidæ, to acquiesce in these things, all hard to endure though they be; and for him, henceforth, quitting this dwelling, to wear out another race by kindred murders. And a small portion of wealth is amply sufficient for me to possess, if I have put away the phrenzy of mutual murder from the halls.

Enter ÆGISTHUS.

O kindly light of the day that brings retribution. Now I would pronounce that gods, the punishers of mortals from on high, look down upon the abominations of earth, beholding this man here lying, as is delightful to me, in the woven robes of the Furies, paying the penalty of the devices of his father's hand. For Atreus, the ruler of this land, his father, being a rival about the power, that I may speak clearly, banished from his city and his house Thyestes my father, his own brother. And wretched Thyestes, having come again a suppliant at the hearth, found a secure lot, so that he should not dying stain his paternal soil with his blood. But Atreus, the godless father of this man, with more zeal than love, pretending cheerfully to hold a day of banqueting by way of welcome to my father, served him a banquet of his children's flesh. The parts about the feet indeed, and the comb-like tips of the fingers, seated apart, he broke from those above[1]. And, having immediately in ignorance taken that part of the flesh which could not be distinguished, he eats a food, as thou seest, destructive to the race. And then, having discovered the unholy deed, he screamed, and falls back from the butchery vomiting: and on the descendants of Pelops he imprecates an intolerable doom, rightfully devoted to a curse the insult of the board[2],

[1] So Peile, with Conington's approbation. I have no doubt that the whole passage is corrupt.

[2] Conington, after Peile, (and apparently, Sewell,) has laboured to shew that λάκτισμα δείπνου means that Thyestes spurned the banquet with his feet. Although I grant that this clever scholar has shown much taste in his note, still I cannot suppose that τιθεὶς ἀρᾷ would have then been used. The words can only mean "putting under a curse the trampling of the board." Linwood prefers joining τιθεὶς λάκτισμα = λακτίζων. In support of the proverbial sense I have preferred, compare v. 384, λακτίσαντι μέγαν δίκας βωμόν. Choeph. 641, τὸ μὴ θέμις γὰρ οὐ λὰξ πέδον πατούμενον. Eum. 540, μηδέ νιν κέρδος ἰδὼν ἀθέῳ ποδὶ λὰξ ἀτίσῃς. Lycophron (quoted by Schutz), 137, λάξας τρα

so perish the whole race of Pleisthenes! In consequence of these things you may see this man fallen: and I am the righteous contriver of his slaughter, for he drives into exile me, the thirteenth child, along with my wretched sire, being a little one in swaddling-clothes. But Justice brought me back again when I had grown up. And I have reached this man though I was at a distance, having put together every contrivance for the sad conspiracy. Thus it is indeed glorious for me even to fall after I have seen him within the toils of Justice.

CH. Ægisthus! I honour not insolence amidst guilt. And dost thou say, that thou didst wilfully slay this man, and that thou alone didst plot this piteous murder? I declare that thy head shall not escape, be sure of it, curses of stoning, hurled by the populace.

ÆGIS. Dost thou say these things sitting at the lower oar, while those upon the middle bench[1] of the vessel bear sway? Thou shalt know, old as thou art, how bitter it is for a man of thy years to be schooled, when discretion is prescribed him. But bondage and the pangs of starvation are the best physicians of the mind to school even old age. Having eyes seest thou not this? Kick not against the pricks, lest thou, stumbling, suffer.

CH. Woman! didst thou, guardian of the house of this man just arrived from battle[2], having at the same time defiled his bed, resolve on the destruction of this warrior-chief here?

ÆGIS. These words too are the first parents of mourning. Thou hast a tongue quite opposite to that of Orpheus; for he, indeed, led all things along for joy of his voice, whereas thou having angered us by thy silly yelpings[3], shalt be dragged away: but when overpowered thou wilt show thyself more tame.

CH. As if thou forsooth shouldst be sovereign of the Argives, thou, that when thou hadst resolved on his destruction, daredst not to do this deed by a stroke of thine own hand[4]!

[1] See Blomfield.

[2] So Dindorf, with Stanley. Conington defends the common reading, *τούσδ' ἥκοντας*.

[3] Dindorf approves of Jacobs' conjecture *νηπίοις* for *ἠπίοις*. Cf. v. 1672, *ματαίων τῶνδ' ὑλαγμάτων*.

[4] Compare the taunts of Lady Macbeth, ii. 2, to her husband, and of Beatrice to the murderers, Cenci, iv. 3.

ÆGIS. Aye! for to plot was plainly a woman's part; and I, an ancient foe, was a suspicious object. However, by means of this man's wealth, I will try to rule the citizens: and the over-fed colt that is unruly, and draws not as I direct, I will yoke in heavy harness[1]; but famine, that dwells with hated darkness, shall see him softened.

CH. O why didst not thou thyself with thy dastard heart slay this man here? but his wife, a pollution of her country and her country's gods, killed him. Does then Orestes anywhere behold the light, so that, returning hither under the guidance of gracious Fortune, he may become the mastering slayer of these twain?

ÆGIS. Well, since thou art determined to act thus and use this language, thou shalt know quickly——

CH. Come on, comrades dear, this business is not far off.

ÆGIS. * * * * * * *

CH. Come on, let each man have his drawn sword in readiness.

ÆGIS. I'faith I refuse not to die with hand on hilt.

CH. Thou talkest of dying to those who welcome the omen, and let us take our fortune.

CLYT. By no means, dearest of men, let us perpetrate any further ills. But to reap even these is in many respects a wretched harvest. And enough of misery assuredly is ours; let us not at all stain ourselves with blood. Repair, old men, forthwith to your appointed[2] homes, before you suffer by your deeds: we must take these things and be contented with them since we did them; and if any one has a share of troubles, we at all events shall have enough of these, miserably smitten by the dæmon in his fell wrath. Such is a woman's advice, if any one condescends to heed it.

ÆGIS. But that these men should thus blossom forth a foolish tongue in my presence, and blurt forth such expressions, tempting their fate, and miss sobriety of judgment, and [insult] the ruler * * * * *

[1] Blomfield supplies ζεύγλαις from ζεύξω.

[2] I have borrowed the old translation of this passage, having little desire to re-translate the corruptions of the original. I have, however, used Hermann's emendation, πρὶν παθεῖν ἐρξαντας᾽ αἴρειν χρῆν, and μαθεῖν for παθεῖν. Conington's πένοιτο for γένοιτο is ingenious, but the whole passage seems desperate.

CH. This never can be the conduct of Argives, to fawn on the base.

ÆGIS. Yet on some future day I will pursue thee yet.

CH. Not so, if a divine power shall guide Orestes to come hither.

ÆGIS. I know that exiles feed themselves on hopes.

CH. Do thy pleasure! batten! while thou pollutest justice; since it is permitted thee.

ÆGIS. Rest assured that thou shalt make me a requital for this folly

CH. Brag boldly like the cock beside his partlet.

CLYT. Make not thou any account of these vain yelpings; I and thou mastering this house, will order things aright.

THE CHOEPHORI.

ARGUMENT.

Orestes, returning from Phocis, recognizes his sister offering libations at the tomb of Agamemnon, and with her concerts a plan for revenging their father's death. Encouraged by the ill-omened dream of Clytæmnestra he resolves to enter the palace with his companion Pylades, and having deceived Clytemnæstra with a pretended account of his death, he wreaks vengeance upon her and Ægisthus. The play concludes with his horror at the deed, and determination to go to Delphi to receive purification.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Orestes.	A Nurse.
Electra.	A Domestic.
Clytæmnestra.	Chorus of Captive Trojan Women.
Ægisthus.	

Orestes. Mercury of the shades! presiding over the power delegated from the sire[1], be thou a saviour and ally to me beseeching it; for I am come into this land, and I return from exile[2]. And over this mound of his sepulchre too I call upon my father to listen, to give ear[3]. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * a ringlet cherished in honour of

[1] Aristophanes, Ran. 1141, makes Euripides quibble at the meaning of πατρῶα κράτη, which might mean Agamemnon's realm.

πότερ' οὖν τὸν Ἑρμῆν, ὡς ὁ πατὴρ ἀπώλετο
αὐτοῦ βιαίως ἐκ γυναικείας χερὸς
δόλοις λαθραίοις, ταῦτ' ἐποπτεύειν ἔφη;

[2] On this Euripides observes,

δὶς ταυτὸν ἡμῖν εἶπεν ὁ σοφος Αἰσχύλος.

But Æschylus defends this on the grounds—

φεί γων ἀνὴρ ἥκει τε κοὐ κατέρχεται.

[3] Bacchus, ibid., gives this facetious reason:

τεθνηκόσιν γὰρ ἔλεγεν, ὦ μοχθηρὲ σὺ,
οἷς οὐδὲ τρὶς λέγοντες ἐξικνούμεθα.

Inachus[1] and this, the second, expressive of my sorrow.
* * * * * * * * * * * * What is it that I see? what is this concourse of women [coming] hither conspicuous in sable weeds? To what calamity shall I refer it? Is it that a new death[2] hath happened in the palace? or am I right in guessing that these maidens are conveying libations to my father—a propitiation for the departed[3]? It is nothing else; for I think I see my sister Electra advancing, distinguished by grievous sorrow. O Jupiter! grant me to avenge the fate of my father, and be thou a willing ally to me! Pylades, stand we apart, that I may clearly learn what means this suppliant procession of women.

CH. I am come forth from the palace, sent as an escort to the drink-offering with the noise of sharp clapping of hands. Marked is my cheek with bloody gashes, the furrow newly cut by my nail: for ever is my heart fed on wailings; and the rendings of tissues ruining the vesture, make a noise through my sorrows, the breast-protecting robes being torn through smileless woes. For a thrilling, hair-stiffening panic, the dream-prophet of the house, breathing wrath in the midst of slumbers, echoed an outcry full fearfully at dead of night from the inmost apartments, falling heavy on the chambers of the women. Interpreters too of these dreams, bound to veracity, declared on the part of the gods, that those beneath the earth are complaining full angerly and are wroth against their murderers. Such an unkind kindness devising as an averter of ills, O Earth, mother! does the godless woman send me. But I dread to utter this word: for what atonement is there for blood that has fallen on the ground? Alas for the all unhappy hearth! Alas for the ruin of the dwelling! A gloom uncheered by the sun, abhorred of

[1] Perhaps we may supply *φέρω δὲ*, with Erfurdt. The custom of consecrating the hair to a deity, or to the river gods (for rivers are spoken of as personified), is learnedly illustrated by Stanley and Blomfield. Cf. Censorinus de die nat. § I. "Quidam etiam pro cætera bona corporis valetudine crinem deo sacrum pascebant," where Lindenbroge's note deserves consulting. Pausan. VIII. 41, *οἱ Φιγαλέων παῖδες ἀποκείρονται τῷ ποταμῷ τὰς κόμας*. For a probable supplement of this passage see Dind.

[2] Dindorf, in his notes, however, reads *πῆμα*, calamity.

[3] The dative *μειλίγμασιν* is vainly defended. See Blomfield.

mortals, hides the house through the death of the master. And majesty, which was in the olden time unconquered, invincible, unassailed, making its way through the ears and the mind of the people, is now banished. And somebody[1] is terrified. But to be prosperous—this is both a god and more than a god among mortals. And the swift turn of Justice visits some in daylight, and some lingering burst forth with violence in the interval of darkness, and some impracticable night possesses[2]. Because of the blood that hath been drunk by the fostering earth, gore that cries for vengeance, is fast clotted so as never to be washed away. A piercing bitter curse destroys[3] the author of the all-sufficing malady. But [as] there is no remedy for maidenhood[4] to its violater, [so] all the streams, moving in one course, flow in vain[5] to purify murder of the foul hand. But 'tis my lot, for the gods have visited me with the hardship of a captured city; for they brought me to a slave's estate afar from the house of my fathers, to acquiesce in the things that seem fit to the lords over my life, just or unjust, [the deeds] of mastering the loathing of my soul, those who are violently borne along[6].

[1] *i. e.* "sunt qui metuant." Paley.

[2] I have followed Dindorf's text literally. Peile's explanation hovers strangely between allegory and grammar. Dindorf himself would read, partly from the conjecture of Sophianus, *τοὺς .... βρύει χρονίζοντ' ἄχη*, throwing out *μένει* and *ἄκρατος* with Schutz. Paley, with much elegance, *τοὺς .... μένει χρονίζονθ' ἁσυχᾶ*. I myself am all uncertainty, and have made the version purposely literal, in preference to filling up the meaning with bracketed glosses.

[3] See Stanley. *βρύειν* after *νόσον* has been thrown out by Hermann and Dindorf, I think, wrongly. See Peile and Paley.

[4] Cf. Sept. c. Th. 454, *πωλικῶν ἐδωλίων*. There is something similar in Suppl. 227, *πῶς δ' ἂν γαμῶν ἄκουσαν ἄκοντος πάρα (?) ἁγνὸς γένοιτ' ἄν*;

[5] In the absence of better suggestions, I follow Heath's emendation. The sentiment has been so copiously illustrated, especially from Shakespere, that I will only quote Tasso, Gerus. Lib. XVIII. 8,—

Che sei de la caligine del mondo,
E de la carne tu di modo asperso;
Che 'l Nilo, o 'l Gange, ò l' Ocean profondo
Non ti potrebbe far candido, e terso.

This passage is very unsatisfactory, on account of the double hyperbaton (*ἀνάγκαν γὰρ* and *ἐκ γὰρ οἴκων*), and the words *πρέποντ' ἀρχαῖς βίου*. I have followed Peile in rendering the passage, but, with Paley, I must confess my doubts as to the possibility of giving a reasonable translation of the words as they now stand.

But I weep beneath my robes at the hapless fortunes of my masters, chilled with secret sorrows.

ELECTRA. Ye captive maids, ye garnishers of the palace, since ye are present as my associates in this suppliant procession, be my counsellors in this matter: when I pour these funereal drink-offerings on the tomb, how shall I say what is well-pleasing? how am I to make my prayer to my father? Shall I say that I bring them from a dear wife to a dear husband? from my mother, forsooth[1]! I dare not say it; and I know not what to say, as I pour this thick libation on the tomb of my father. Or shall I say this saying, as is the custom of mortals, that he would recompense those who send these chaplets and this gift with a [gift] worthy their misdeeds[2] or, in silence, ingloriously, even as my father perished, am I, pouring this out, a draught drunk by the earth, to move backwards[3], like one who casts forth offscourings, as I fling from me the vessel, with eyes never looking back? In this deliberation of mine, my friends, do ye be sharers, for we hold a common object of abhorrence in the house. Hide not your feelings within your heart, through fear of any one. For Destiny awaits alike the free man, and him that is mastered by the hand of another. Tell me if thou knowest aught better than this?

CH. Reverencing the tomb of thy sire as though an altar, I will speak, for thou biddest me, the sentiment of my soul.

EL. Speak, even as thou sayest thou reverencest[4] the tomb of my father.

CH. Invoke, as thou pourest the offering, holy things upon the wellwishers.

EL. And who are these friends whom I am to speak of?

CH. First thyself, and whosoever abhors Ægisthus.

EL. Shall I then offer this prayer both for myself and for thee?

CH. Do thou thyself, already informed on these points, take counsel.

[1] These words are spoken indignantly, after a slight pause, as Butler observes.

[2] I follow Paley, supplying *δόσιν* with *ἐπαξίαν*, from *ἀντιδοῦναι*.

[3] See Dindorf.

[4] Such is the force of *γοὐσω*. See Paley

El. Whom else then shall I further add to this present company?

Ch. Be mindful of Orestes, albeit he is abroad.

El. Well, and in no slight degree hast thou instructed me in this.

Ch. Now to the guilty, mindful of the murder—

El. What am I to say? teach me unskilful, pointing out the way.

Ch. That there might come to them some divinity, or some one of mortals.——

El. Meanest thou a judge, or an avenger?

Ch. Say thou simply, one that shall slay in turn.

El. And are these things such as may religiously befall me from the gods?

Ch. How not, to requite an enemy with evils?

El. Mercury of the realms below * * * * after summoning the divinities beneath the earth to give ear to my prayers, those that watch over the house of my fathers, and Earth herself, that brings forth all things, and, after rearing them, again receives their produce; and I pouring forth these lustral waters do say, calling on my sire: mortals[1], have pity on me, and on the dear Orestes, so that we may restore[2] him to the palace. For now, sold as it were by[3] her that bare us, we are outcasts, and for a husband she hath taken in exchange Ægisthus, who was accomplice in thy murder. And I, indeed, am as a slave, and from thy substance Orestes is an outcast, while they in mighty haughtiness are wantoning in the fruits of thy labours. But I make my prayer to thee that Orestes may come hither with some success, and do thou, O my sire, give ear to me, and to myself vouchsafe that I may be by far more chaste than my mother, and more pious in hand. For us [I offer] these prayers; but to the adversaries I pray that thou wouldst appear, O my sire, as an avenger, and that those who killed may through justice die in turn. These things I

[1] *i. e.* to Agamemnon. See Paley.

[2] I have followed Peile, (and except that they take *ἀνάξομεν* closely with *Ὀρέστην*) Dindorf and Paley. Klausen rightly exploded the notion of *ἀνάξομεν* being from *ἀνάσσω*. It is from *ἀνάγω*.

[3] I strongly suspect that *πως* is a repetition from the preceding line, and that we ought to read *πεπραμένοι γὰρ νῦν κακῶς ἀλώμεθα*.

interpose in my good prayer, uttering for them this evil imprecation. And be thou a sender of the blessings we implore to us in this upper world, with the favour of the gods, and of earth, and of triumphant justice. And after such prayers as these I pour forth these drink-offerings; and 'tis meet that you peal forth the dirge of the dead, should make it teem with shrieks. [ELECTRA *goes to the tomb.*

CHORUS. Shed ye the pattering death tear[1] for the dead sovereign, now that drink-offerings have been poured out upon this defence against both evil and good by way of averting[2] unprayed-for pollution. And do thou, O give ear, give ear, O master, from thy darkling spirit. Woe! woe! woe! woe! alas! what stout Scythian spearman is deliverer of the house, and Mars that in the conflict brandishes with his hands the curved darts, and wields hilted weapons in close combat?

EL. [*returning to the Chorus.*] My father now has the earth-drunk libations[3]; and do ye share with me in a new discourse.

CH. Tell it: but my heart is throbbing with terror.

EL. I see here a shorn ringlet[4] of hair on the sepulchre.

CH. From what man or deep-bosomed maid?

EL. This is an obvious matter for any one to form an opinion upon.

CH. How then may I, aged, learn from thee, my junior?

EL. There is no one who could have cut it off except myself.

CH. No—for they are enemies to whom it naturally belongs to mourn by offerings of hair.

[1] I follow Paley's version. If the metre will permit it, (and it will, if we follow Blomfield's arrangement,) I should prefer reading ὀλομένῳ twice, a repetition elegant in such a passage.

[2] This whole interpretation is, in substance, Peile's. Perhaps ἔρυμα κακῶν κεδνῶν τ' may be said of the tomb of Agamemnon, inasmuch as it was fraught with blessings for Orestes and Electra, but with curses for Clytæmnestra. Cf. vss. 111, 12, 115, 117, 119—21, which seem to confirm the supposition. I do not, however, advance this as a certainty.

[3] The line which follows, κήρυξ μέγιστε τῶν ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω, should probably be placed before v. 124, as Hermann has shown. So also Blomfield and Dindorf.

[4] On this ἀναγνώρισις, see Aristot. Poet. § xvi. Compare Blomfield's note, and Schlegel, Lect. xi.

EL. And certainly this is of a very similar hue to behold.

CH. To what tresses? for this I fain would know.

EL. It is exceedingly like in appearance to my own.

CH. Is this then a clandestine offering from Orestes?

EL. It does very much resemble his ringlets.

CH. And how did he venture to come hither?

EL. He sent this shorn ringlet as a pleasing offering to his father.

CH. No less is this which thou tellest me a subject for tears, if he is never to touch this land with his foot.

EL. O'er me too there hath come a heart's surge of bitterness; and I was smitten as with a piercing shaft. And from my eyes there are falling the unrestrained thirsting drops of a sad winter's flood, as I behold this lock: for how can I suppose that any other of the citizens owns this hair? And of a surety she that murdered him did not cut it off—my mother I mean, who has a godless spirit towards her children by no means in accordance with her name. Yet how can I openly yield assent to this conclusion, that this is an offering of honour from Orestes, of all mortals to me most dear? But I am fawned upon by hope. Alas! would to heaven that it had an intelligent voice, like a messenger, that I might not be agitated by distracted thoughts[1]; but it were clear for me either to spurn this lock of hair when clearly recognized, if indeed it had been severed from the head of a foe, or that, if it claim kin to me, it might be able to bewail with me an ornament to this tomb and an honour to my father[2]. But we invoke the gods, who know in what tempests, like vessels, we are tossed to and fro; and if it is our destiny to attain safety, a great stock might be produced from a tiny seed. And in very truth here are tracks too, a second sign, like to feet, and bearing a resemblance to my own. For there are also here two prints of footsteps, both of himself and of some fellow-traveller. The heels and the impress of the tendons being measured, coincide exactly with my footsteps. But pains (as of a woman in travail) and prostration of mind is upon me.

[1] *δίφροντις*. Cf. Apul. Met. ix, p. 189, "miroque mentis salo et cogitationum dissensione, misellus in diversas sententias carpebatur, ac distrahebatur." Q. Curtius III., 6, "diu animo in diversa versato."

[2] On the accusative see Blomfield.

ORESTES, *coming forward*[1].

Pray thou, uttering to the gods prayers that shall bring their accomplishment, that what remains may turn out well.

EL. But what have I now attained as respects the favour of the gods?

OR. You have come to the sight of those whom for a long time you used to pray to see.

EL. And on whom of mortals is it that thou knowest me to have called?

OR. I know that thou hast full oft had sad longings for Orestes.

EL. And what, then, do I attain the object of my prayers?

OR. I am he: search not for any one more dear to thee than I am.

EL. But, stranger, art thou not weaving some trick around me?

OR. Truly then I am framing schemes against myself.

EL. But thou fain wouldst scoff at my calamities?

OR. Ay, and at my own also, if indeed at thine.

EL. As being Orestes, am I then addressing thee with these words?

OR. Nay, now, when thou seest me in person, thou hardly knowest me, but when thou didst see your brother's shorn ringlet of mourning hair which corresponded with thine own head, and wast tracing thy footsteps in the track of my feet, thou wast all of a flutter, and didst fancy thou sawest me. Consider the ringlet of my hair, after placing it on the part whence I clipped it; and behold this web, the work of thy hand, and the strokes of the shuttle, and on it the delineation of wild beasts[2]. Be yourself[3], and be not over-amazed in soul through joy, for I know that the dearest relatives are bitter foes to us twain.

[1] *i. e.* to the *θυμέλη*, which represented the tomb of Agamemnon (Genelli apud Muller, Eumenides, p. 256), and also the platform on which it was raised, and on which the chorus were standing. Muller, *ibid.* p. 249, sqq.

[2] See Peile. I do not, however, agree with him in supposing that *εἰς δὲ* can be used adverbially, like *ἐν δέ*. I should prefer reading *ἐν δὲ* with Pauw and Blomfield, or perhaps *ἔτι δέ*.

[3] See Peile and Blomfield.

El. O best-beloved care of thy father's house, thou deplored hope of a preserving seed, trusting in thy prowess, thou shalt recover the house of thy father. O delightful eye that enjoyest four shares [in my affections][1]: and needful it is that I should both address thee as a father, and the endearment of a mother devolves on thee,—(but she is most justly detested)—and of a sister that was barbarously sacrificed: but thou art my faithful brother, bringing dignity to me. Only may both Strength and Justice, with the third, the greatest of all, Jupiter, favour me!

Or. O Jupiter, Jupiter! be thou a spectator of these things; and look upon the orphan brood of an eagle sire, that perished in the folds and coils of a dread serpent. On them bereft is hungry famine pressing, for [the brood] is not of full age to bring their father's prey to the nest. And so thou mayest behold both me and this maiden—I mean Electra—a progeny bereft of their father, both enduring the same banishment from their home. And, wert thou to abandon to destruction these, the offspring of a father that did thee sacrifice and honoured thee greatly, whence wouldst thou have the honour of the solemn festival from a like hand? Neither, wert thou to abandon to destruction the eagle's young, wouldst thou hereafter be able to send tokens well believed by mortals. Nor will this royal stock, if entirely withered, do thine altars service on days when oxen are sacrificed. Take care [of it], and raise from its low estate a mighty house, that now seems to have fallen very low.

Ch. O children, saviours of your paternal hearth, keep silence, that none may hear you, my children, and, in pleasure for the tongue, report all to the rulers:—whom may I, some time or other, see dead amid the pitchy smoke of the flame!

Or. The oracle of Loxias, great in its might, will not fail me, bidding me pass through this peril, and loudly cheering me on, and muttering out tempestuous curses beneath my fevered breast, should I not pursue the murderers of my father, directing me, maddened like a bull, to slay them in their turn

[1] "Affectionem ait suam naturalem in quatuor partes divisam, nempe erga patrem, matrem, sororem Iphigeniam, et fratrem Orestem, in unum jam collatam fuisse Orestem, quippe cum pater et soror mortui essent, mater exosa." Stanley.

with a penalty not paid in money[1]; and he declared that [if I failed to do so] I should make this atonement in my soul, enduring many comfortless ills. For the soothing remedies for malignant evils [which arise] to mortals from the earth, these he declared should to us be maladies[2]—leprosies that assail the flesh with fierce fangs, and entirely eat away its original nature; and that white hairs should sprout forth in this malady. And he spoke of my seeing clearly, as I guide my brow in the dark, other assaults of the Furies, produced by the blood of my father. For the darkling shaft of those beneath the earth, that comes from suppliants who have fallen by a kindred hand and phrenzy, and groundless terror by night, torments, harasses, and chases from the city the body that has been mangled by the brazen-forged scourge. And of such [he declares] that it is the doom neither to have any share of the festal bowl, nor of the liquor used in libations, and that a father's unseen wrath excludes him from altars, and that no one will receive nor dwell with him[3]; but that unhonoured and abhorred of all, he should at length die, horribly wasted away[4], by a doom of utter destruction. To oracles such as these must I not give credence? Nay, if I did not give credence to them, the deed must be done; for many cravings coincide in one—both the commands of the god, and my great sorrow for my father, and the lack of substance moreover presses me—that my fellow-citizens, most highly

[1] *i. e.* by their own death, *ἀποχρ. ζημ.* has been taken to mean the loss of property sustained by Orestes (see Linwood), whence Peile conjectured *γαυρουμένους*. Paley properly denies the correctness of this signification, but refers the words to Orestes' suffering death, if he failed to avenge his father. I have ventured to remove the comma after *λέγων*, connecting *ἀποχ. ζημ.* with the notion of punishment that was to befall Clytæmnestra and Ægisthus. *Ταυρούμενον* I would take by itself, = *efferatum*.

[2] We are, for once, indebted to Scholefield, who is however wrong in limiting the meaning of *δυσφρονων*, *to diseases*, as the anger of the Erinnys and of the dead is clearly meant. I nevertheless incline to Paley's view. See his note.

[3] I follow Porson's interpretation. See Dindorf.

[4] Literally, "pickled." The word is properly used of embalming. Had the commentators considered the shrivelled state produced by the action of salt upon the embalmed body, we might have been spared some absurd explanations of this passage.

renowned of men, they that overthrew Troy with gallant spirit, may not thus live in subjection to two women:—for womanish is his mind; or if not, it shall full soon be known[1].

Ch. But, O ye mighty destinies, vouchsafe ye, by the will of Jove, that it may end in the way which Justice takes. "In return for a hostile speech be a hostile speech paid back"—cries Justice aloud as she exacts the debt,—"and in return for a murderous blow let him suffer a murderous blow." Doer must suffer; thus saith a thrice-antique saw.

Or. Father, unhappy father, by saying or by doing what, could I, with a favouring breeze, waft from afar to thee, where thy couch [of death] holds thee, a light equal to darkness[2]? But nevertheless[3], a glorious dirge for the patriarchs of Atreus' line, at all events, is deemed a grateful offering.

Ch. My child, the consuming jaws of fire quell not the spirit of the dead, but afterwards he shows his wrath. But the dead is bewailed with a funeral moan, and he that wronged him is discovered. A righteous grief for fathers and for parents, stirred up on all sides, investigates the whole.

El. Give ear now, O my father, in turn, to my griefs of many tears. The lament of thy two children over thy tomb bewails thee. And thy sepulchre hath received us who are alike suppliants and outcasts. What of these things is well? and what is without ills? Is not ours an invincible calamity?

Ch. Yet, hereafter, out of this, God, if he be willing, may grant us sounds more jocund; and, instead of wailings o'er the tomb, a hymn of triumph in the royal halls may usher our newly-arrived[4] friend.

Or. Oh! would that beneath the walls of Ilion, smitten with

[1] The passive use of *εἴσεται* is sanctioned by Erfurdt and Dindorf.

[2] So Paley, *i. e.* "Although I cannot raise up the light of day in thy gloomy tomb, yet will I honour thee with duteous sorrows." *Φάος ἰσόμοιρον σκότῳ* may be compared with Soph. Electr. 87, *γῆς ἰσόμοιρ' ἀὴρ*, and more appositely with Diog. Laert. xix, 26, quoted by Paley, *ἰσόμοιρα εἶναι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ φῶς καὶ σκότος*. See also Peile, who however reads *ἀντίμοιρον* with Erfurdt.

[3] See Boyes, and compare Hamlet, i. 2,—

——— foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[4] Literally "newly mixed," *i. e.* "newly joined to us." Porson on Med. 138, compares Herodot. IV. 152, *φιλίαι συνεκρήθησαν*, and VII. 151.

the spear by some of the Lycians, thou hadst been slain, my father! Having bequeathed renown to thy house, after establishing for the ways of thy children [through life] a condition worthy of notice, thou wouldst have occupied a sepulchre with a lofty mound in a land beyond the sea—in a manner that thy family might endure.

Ch. Dear to those dear to thee who there gloriously fell, a prince of august majesty, distinguished beneath the earth, and a minister to the mightiest rulers in the shades below: for thou wast a king so long as thou wast alive, among[1] those that fill their destined lot with [deeds of] hands, and the sceptre that wins the obedience of mortals[2].

El. Nor [would I that you], having fallen beneath the walls of Troy, my father, along with the other[3] host, victims of the war, should have been buried beside Scamander's stream[4]: but would that his slayers had thus been beaten down previously, so that one, unscathed by these horrors, might have learned their fatal catastrophe.

Ch. These things of which thou speakest, my child, are more precious than gold, and surpassing e'en Hyperborean happiness, for thou art in anguish[5]. But [enough], for the clang of this double scourge comes upon me: the protectors of these [children] are already beneath the earth: but the hands of the odious pair that rule are polluted; on their children too it hath fallen heavier[6].

El. This pierced right through my ears, like a dart[7]. O

[1] As "king of kings." See Paley.

[2] This is rather a bold zeugma. Jelf, Gk. Gr. § 895, Obs. I. remarks, "in *μόριμον λάχος χεροῖν πιμπλάντων* is implied the general notion of *governing*—this implies the notion of wielding the sceptre, in which sense it is carried on and applied to *βάκτρον*."

[3] Correct *ἄλλων* to *ἄλλῳ*, with Stanley.

[4] The prayer should evidently be continued. After reading Peile's long digression, I am only the more satisfied that Abresch, Dindorf, and Paley rightly read *τεθάφθαι*. With the following words I have done my best, but they are both corrupt and mutilated.

[5] Muller would read *οὐ δύνασαι γάρ*. Dindorf, *δύνασαι γάρ*. I prefer *δδύνᾳ σᾷ*, with Lachmann, Peile, Paley, = "*pro dolore*."

[6] viz. *τὸ κακόν*, says Paley. I should prefer understanding *ὄνειδος*, partly implied in *χέρες οὐχ ὅσιαι*. The *ὄνειδος* would arise from Agamemnon being as yet unrevenged.

[7] Compare Hamlet, iii. 3,—

Jupiter, Jupiter, thou that sendest up Ἀτὲ, the late avenger on the hardy hand of mortals that dares all deeds[1]; nevertheless, retribution shall come upon parents.

Ch. Would that it were mine to chant a welcome to the bitter[2] outcry of a man when he is smitten, and of a dying woman! for why am I to conceal how unceasingly there hovers [before] my mind, and before my face there sits[3] violent passion of heart, wrathful loathing?

Or. And would that at length, some day or other, Jupiter, who makes us both to flourish[4], would put to his hand, alas, alas! cleaving their heads. May security befall this realm! I ask for justice from the unrighteous. And do ye give ear that are had in honour by those beneath the earth[5].

Ch. But it is a law, that drops of gore shed upon the ground call for other bloodshed in addition, for murder cries aloud to Erinnys[6], who brings on from those that perished before, another woe upon woe.

El. Whither, whither have the princedoms of the dead [fled]? Behold, ye potent curses of the departed, behold the relics of the Atreidæ in straits, and dishonoured in their dwellings. Whither should one betake one's self, O Jupiter!

Ch. Again hath my heart throbbed while I listened to this lament of thine; and sometimes I am in despondency, and my vitals are overcast with gloom at thy speech, as I listen to it;

Queen.— O speak to me no more:
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

See Boyes, p. 19.

[1] Paley rightly marks an aposiopesis.

[2] See Paley's ingenious note. What "a torch-lit shout" is (see Peile) I cannot tell.

[3] Porson's emendation ἤται is disputed by Paley, who retains ἄηται.

[4] More elegantly, "all-flourishing."

[5] The common reading will not bear this, nor any other construction. Hermann reads τὰ χθονίων τιτηνά ("ye queens of the shades!"), quoting Hesychius, τιτῆναι : βασιλίδες. τιτήνη : ἡ βασίλισσα. τίταξ, ἔντιμος, ἢ δυνάστης· οἱ δὲ βασιλεύς. I have little doubt that this emendation is right, and that Demeter and Cora are meant. On the association of these goddesses with the Erinnys, see the interesting remarks of Muller, Eumen. § 81 and 86, especially p. 202.

[6] Read λοιγὸς Ἐρινύν. Paley's explanation of the common reading seems rather forced.

and again in turn; having confidence in support, sorrow departs, so that things seem well to me[1].

Or. And what should we all chance to be[2]? Is it possible to wheedle the wrongs which we endure from those that gave us birth[3]? But some things cannot be soothed; for, like a ravening wolf, my mind is from my mother implacable[4].

El. She struck a martial strain; then, after the manner of a Cissian heroine[5], with a shower of blows wandering many ways might you see the outstretchings of her hand, dealt without intermission, from above, from afar; and with the stroke my buffeted, and all-wretched head resounds. Woe's me! woe's me! wretched all-daring mother, with wretched obsequies thou hadst the heart to inter a monarch without the attendance of his subjects, a hero unbewailed, without mournings[6].

Or. Every word that thou speakest is to our shame. Ah me! surely then she shall expiate her degradation of my father, as far as the divinities are concerned, and as far as depends upon my hands; then may I perish, after having bereaved her [of life!]

El. Furthermore too—that thou mayest know this—he was mangled[7], and as she dealt with him, thus she buries him,

[1] As to *translating* this passage, it is out of the question. Dindorf has adopted the reading of Turnebus, condemned it in his note, but given us no further information. Peile and Klausen have hazarded conjectures, but that is all. I shall follow Paley, and say nothing.

[2] This is, of course, nonsense; but I cannot admire Dindorf's taste in admitting Bothe's *φάντες* for *πάντες*. Read with Paley, *τί δ' ἂν εἰπόντες τύχοιμεν*, "*what should we rightly say?*"

[3] Alter Dindorf's careless punctuation.

[4] I have followed the suggestion of Linwood, s. v. *ἄσαντος*. He renders it, "'tis of no use to soothe me, for, like a ferocious wolf (inheriting the fury of its race), I derive from my mother an implacable spirit."

[5] But Hermann's splendid emendation *ἰηλεμιστρίας* (Hesych. *θρηνητρίας*) must be followed. See Paley's clever note.

[6] Compare Hamlet, iv. 3,—

——— his obscure funeral,———
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation.

See the exquisite description of the funeral of Pompey in Lucan, VIII. 729.

[7] See Blomfield, Muller, Eumen. p. 155, note 8, and p. 231, where he

eager to consummate for him a doom that should be an intolerable burthen to thy life. Thou hearest thy father's shameful sufferings.

Or. Thou speakest of my father's doom.

El. Ay, and I was thrust forth, dishonoured, nothing worth; and barred out from the innermost apartment, like a too mischievous cur. I gave vent to tear-drops more readily than laughter, blithe if I might conceal my tearful woe. Listening to such things grave them within thy bosom, and make my tale pass through thine ears with the leisure step of thine understanding. For of these matters some are thus, and others seek thou thyself eagerly to learn. But it becomes thee to enter the lists with unflinching spirit.

Or. To thee do I make my appeal, lend thine aid, O father, to thy friends.

El. And I lamented with tears well shed join in the cry.

Ch. This[1] entire company too echoes the prayer: Oh come into the light and give ear: and be thou present against thy foes.

Or. Let Mars encounter Mars, Dicè Dicè[2].

El. O gods, give a righteous decision.

Ch. A shuddering creeps over me as I listen to your prayers. That which is foredoomed abides from the olden time, and to those that pray for it, it may come. Alas! struggle of kindred, and bloody discordant stroke of Atè! Alas for the sad intolerable woes! Alas for the sore hard to stanch! There is in the house a styptic remedy[3] for these things, and that not from others from abroad, but from themselves, in that I pursue

remarks: "at Agamemnon's burial no Argive citizen, but only the train of Trojan female slaves was allowed to follow: .... the funeral mourning was conducted by them in the Asiatic style, and in their presence the expiatory right of cutting off the extremities from the corpse was performed by Clytæmnestra, whilst Electra, the rightful conductress of the funeral procession, was scandalously debarred and excluded from the privilege." The last translator utterly mistook the sense, supposing the common mutilation to be meant, as in the case of Deiphobus and Priam. Cf. Ausonius Epitaph. Her. 13 and 23.

[1] Dindorf reads ἄδ'.

[2] Peile well compares the words of Meg Merrilies,

Whence Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellengowan's height.

[3] Read ἄκος for ἐκὰς with Schutz and Dindorf.

the quarrel of blood shedding[1]; this is the song of the powers beneath the earth.

But oh, ye immortal powers below, give ear to these orisons of ours, and graciously send to the children aid unto victory.

Or. Father, thou that didst die in no king-like manner, vouchsafe to me entreating[2], the mastery over thy house.

El. I too, father, stand in the like need of thine aid, that I may escape after having brought a signal [doom] upon Ægisthus.

Or. For thus should the banquets that are established among mortals be dedicated to thee: but if not, at the funeral feasts[3] thou wilt be unhonoured by savoury burnt-offerings from the earth.

El. I too, from my entire substance, will bring to thee my nuptial offerings from the paternal dwelling; for beyond all things I will reverence this thy tomb.

Or. O earth, send up my father to overlook the conflict.

El. O Proserpine, vouchsafe to us also victory of beauteous aspect.

Or. Remember the bath in which thou wast bereaved of life, my father.

El. Remember too how strangely they enclosed thee in the net[4].

Or. Thou wast ensnared in fetters not wrought of brass, my father.

El. Ay, and in folds of vestments foully planned.

Or. Art thou not roused by these reproaches, father?

El. Dost thou not then rear erect thy dearest head?

Or. Either despatch justice, an ally to thy friends, or grant [foes] to receive in recompense like injuries, if indeed after having been mastered thou wishest to triumph in thy turn.

El. And give ear, my father, to this final cry of mine to thee. Beholding thy young ones here sitting on thy sepul-

[1] This appears to be the sense, taking the words according to their forensic usage. See Muller, Eum. § 43, p. 124, sqq.

[2] But *αἰτούμενος* is probably correct. See Peile and Paley.

[3] Dindorf rightly prefers *ἐμπύροισι*, with Canter, and so Dobree and Paley. On these feasts of the dead, See the learned notes of Stanley and Blomfield. They formed a part of the lustral rites. See Lomeier de Vet. Lustr. § xxxvii.

[4] But *ὡς ἐκαίνισαν* is the preferable reading = *how they hanseiled.*

chre, take pity upon thy female, and likewise on thy male offspring; and do not utterly blot out this seed of the Pelopidæ. For thus thou art not dead; not even though thou didst die, for children are to the deceased reputation preserving; and like corks they buoy up the net, upholding the twist of the flaxen cord from the deep. Give ear! 'tis on thy behalf that laments such as these are poured forth, and thou thyself art saved by honouring this our petition.

Ch[1]. And in truth ye have lengthened out this your petition blamelessly, an honour to the tomb and to his unwept fate: for the rest, since thou hast been aroused in spirit to achieve it, do it forthwith, trying thy chance.

Or. It shall be so; but it is not out of my way to inquire how it comes that she sent drink-offerings, in consequence of what it is that she pays too late attention to an irreparable wrong? To the dead too, unconscious of it, a sorry offering was sent. I cannot guess the import of these gifts, but they are too small for the trespass. For though one were to make every libation in atonement for a single murder, the labour would be in vain: so runs the saying. But if thou knowest this, tell it to me wishing [to hear it].

Ch. I know it, my child, for I was by; for having been agitated by dreams and restless terrors of the night, the god less woman sent these drink-offerings.

Or. Did ye also hear the dream, so as to tell it correctly?

Ch. She fancied, as she herself says, that she gave birth to a serpent.

Or. And what is the end and issue of the tale[2]?

Ch. ——that the new-born monster was lying[3] in swaddling-clothes like an infant, in want of food[4], and she in her dream gave it her breast.

Or. And how was the dug wounded not by the abomination?

[1] Dindorf's text and notes are, as usual, at variance. I follow the latter, reading *ἐτεινάτην*, and assigning these words to the Chorus.

[2] For *καρανοῦται* compare Othello, I. 3.

> The very head and front of my offending
> Hath this extent, no more.

[3] *ὀρμῆσαι* is Porson's emendation. Peile and Paley defend *ὀρμίσαι*.

[4] Read *τίνος*, and give this verse to Orestes. Dindorf.

CH. [It did not wound her,] so as to draw clotted blood along with the milk.

OR. This vision of a man come not in vain[1].

CH. And she, fluttering with fear, screamed in her sleep; and many lamps that had been extinguished in darkness sprang into light through the palace on account of our mistress. And then she sends these funereal drink-offerings, hoping for a fitly-shred[2] remedy for her sufferings.

OR. But I make my prayer to this earth, and to the tomb of my father, that this dream may bring accomplishment to me. And i'faith I interpret it so that it exactly tallies; for if, after quitting the same place with me, the serpent was decked in my swaddling-clothes, and mouthed the breast that gave me nutriment, and mingled with clotted blood the loved milk, and she shrieked in dread at this mischance—it needs must be that she, as she reared a terrific portent, should die a violent death; and I, changed into a serpent, will slay her, as this dream of her's declares. And I choose thee for my expounder of portents as touching this matter.

CH. So be it: but explain the rest of thy plan to thy friends, bidding some to do something, and others not to act.

OR. The tale is simple: I recommend my sister here to go within and to conceal these plans agreed upon [with her]; that after slaying an august monarch, they too may be entrapped by guile, dying in the very same toils, even as Loxias too predicted, king Apollo, a prophet of unfailing truth heretofore. For like to a stranger, having complete equipment, I will come with my friend Pylades here to the gates of the court-yard, as a guest and friend of the family. And we both will utter the Parnassian dialect, imitating the sound of a Phocian tongue. And suppose that no one of the porters will admit us with gladsome mind, (since the house is possessed with ills,) we will remain thus, so that any one walking past the house may make a guess, and say this: "Why thus with [closed] gates exclude ye the suppliant? if Ægisthus is at home and aware of his presence?" If then I pass the threshold of the gates of the court-yard, and shall

[1] *i. e.* this is not the vision of a mere beast, but of a man under that image. So Scholefield.

[2] See on Agam. 16. *ἐντέμνων ἄκος*.

discover him upon my father's throne, or if he come then and speak to me to my face and cast his eyes upon me, know certainly that before he says, "What countrymen is the stranger?" I will stretch him a corpse, coming round him[1] with nimble swordsmanship. And Erinnys, that hath not been stinted of slaughter, shall quaff blood undiluted, a third draught. Now then, do thou watch well what is within the house, that these things may fall out well-combined. But to you I recommend to keep a silent tongue, both to keep silence where it is needful, and to speak what is suited to the moment. For the rest I appeal to this my [friend] to come hither and overlook these matters; to him that has helped[2] me to success in this conflict of the wielded sword.

[ELECTRA *enters the palace:* ORESTES *and* PYLADES *retire to disguise themselves.*

CH. Full many[3] a dread and grievous horror does the earth nurture, and the arms of the deep teem with monsters hostile to mortals! and there spring forth in mid-air lights[4] hung aloft. Both the creatures that fly and those that crawl, and the gusty rage of hurricanes, one might be able to describe. But who can tell the mighty daring spirit of man, and of women hardened in their souls, and their loves that venture all, comates with the woes of mortals? Un-lovely love, lording it in woman's heart, overcomes the conjugal societies of brutes and of men. Let whosoever is not flighty in his thoughts know this, when he hath learned what a kindling device the wretched daughter of Thestius, who worked the destruction of her son, sought out, when she committed to the flames the glowing brand that was his coeval, from the time when he uttered his first cry on coming from the womb, and commensurate through his life unto the day foredoomed by

[1] See Paley.

[2] See Paley. Pylades must be meant, not Apollo.

[3] Compare Soph. Antig. 332. sqq.

[4] λαμπάδες seems to be a general expression, including meteors, comets, falling stars, and all unusual phænomena of the sky, such as are described by Pseud-Aristotle, de Mundo, § II. 16. ed. Pacii. ἐν δὲ τῇ πυρώδει καὶ ἀτάκτῳ λεγομένῃ, τὰ τε σέλα διάττει καὶ φλόγες ἀκοντίζονται καὶ δοκίδες, καὶ βόθυνοι, καὶ κομῆται λεγόμενοι, στηρίζονται, καὶ σβέννυνται πολλάκις, translated by Apuleius, p. 58. ed. Elm.

Fate. Another is there in legends whom we are bound to abhor, the murderess Scylla, who at the foeman's instigation destroyed a man [she should have] loved, having been seduced by Cretan necklaces of wrought gold, the gifts of Minos, what time she, shameless, robbed Nisus of his undying ringlet as he was breathing unsuspectingly in sleep; but Mercury[1] overtakes her. And since I have made mention of savage horrors, though unseasonably[2], [one may also mention] the odious match, execrated by the house, and plots laid by a woman's mind against an armed warrior, against a warrior for his majesty bitter to his enemies; and I honour the hearth of a household that knows not audacity, and in women an undaring spirit. Of horrors, indeed, that of Lemnos holds the first place in story; and it is deplored in every clime as an abomination, and a man is wont to compare what is dreadful to Lemnian sufferings[3]. And by reason of heaven-detested guilt the race of mortals perishes in infamy; for no one reveres that which is offensive to the gods. Which of these hideous facts do I unreasonably reckon up? But the sword, sharp and bitter, inflicts a wound right through the lungs, driven by the hand of Justice. For the lawless conduct of him[4] that hath lawlessly trespassed against every awful attribute of Jupiter, is not trampled under foot on the ground. But the base of Justice is planted firm; and Fate, that forges the sword, prepares it for the deed, and brings into the house a new offering of ancient murders, and time-honoured[5] Erinnys avenges the stain.

[1] There seems an allusion to Mercury both in his character of the conductor of the dead, and the presider over ill-gotten games. There is a similar conceit in the Anthologia, Epigr. Incert, ccxxxvii.

Ἑρμῆν τὸν κλέπτην τίς ὑφείλατο; θερμὸς ὁ κλέπτης,
ὃς τῶν φιλητέων ᾤχετ' ἄνακτα φέρων.

[2] See Paley. Of ἐπικότῳ σίβας, I can make nothing satisfactory.

[3] Hesychius, t. II. p. 465. Λήμνιον κακόν. παροιμία, ἣν διαδοθῆναί φασιν ἀπὸ τῶν παρανομηθέντων εἰς τοὺς ἄνδρας ἐν Λήμνῳ ὑπὸ τῶν γυναικῶν, where see comment. On this murder of the Lemnians by the women, from which Thoas alone escaped, being spared by his daughter Hypsipyle, see Antig. Caryst. Hist. Mirab. 130. Valer. Flacc. II. 113. and the Scholiast on Statius Theb. V. s. 29.

[4] I have, with the approbation of Dindorf, adopted παρεκβάντος, Stanley's emendation, although I am not satisfied even then.

[5] So Donaldson, New Cratylus, p. 390 Paley retains τείνει.

[ORESTES *re-enters, and goes up to the gates of the palace.*

ORESTES. Boy, boy[1]! hear the knocking at the gates of the court-yard. Who is within there in the house? boy, boy, I say again, a third time I call for some one to come out of the house, if Ægisthus forsooth be given to hospitality[2].

DOMESTIC. Well, well—I hear you. What countryman is the stranger? whence comes he[3]?

OR. Bear word to the masters of the mansion, unto whom I am come and am bringing news; and be quick, since also night's dusky car is speeding on, and 'tis time for wayfarers to let go their anchor in houses that welcome all strangers. Let there come forth some lady-mistress of the house, that hath power: but it were more decorous that a man should [come to us], for that bashfulness does not in the course of conversation make words obscure: man is wont to speak with confidence to man, and expresses his thoughts with certainty.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Guests, say whatsoever is necessary; for there are at hand things such as beseem this dwelling of ours, both warm baths[4], and the couch that soothes fatigues, and the presence of benignant eyes. But if ye are bound to transact any other business that requires somewhat of consultation, this is the concern of men, to whom we will communicate it.

OR. I am a stranger of Daulis, come from the Phocians; and as I was journeying to Argos, self freighted with my own baggage, just as I set forth hither on foot, a stranger who met me said to me a stranger, after having particularly inquired and clearly explained to me my road, Strophius the Phocian, —for I ascertain his name in course of conversation:—"Since on other business, stranger, thou art going to Argos, tell his parents that Orestes is dead, strictly remembering it, let it by no means be forgotten; whether the determination of his friends shall prevail to convey him away, or whether to bury him in the land of his sojourn, altogether estranged for ever, bring back with thee their commands on this subject; for now

[1] See Blomfield.

[2] Read with Elmsley: *εἰ φιλόξενός τις Αἰγίσθου βία.*

[3] Eurip. El. 779. *χαίρετ' ὦ ξένοι, τίνες, Πόθεν πορεύεσθ',* quoted by Blomfield.

[4] See Blomfield, and for a similar picture of ancient manners, Apuleius Met. I. p. 113. ed. Elm.

the sides of a brazen urn conceal the ashes of the man who hath been duly bewailed." Thus much I tell thee as I heard it. And whether I am speaking to the heads of the family and to his relations I know not, but it is proper that his parents know it.

El. Woe's me! how[1] are we utterly ruined. O insuperable curse of this family, how dost thou level at many things that are well placed out of thy way, overcoming them with thy bow, that carries true to the mark even from afar. Thou strippest me thoroughly wretched of my friends. And now Orestes,—for he used to be lucky in his throws, removing his foot from out the slough of destruction,—but now—the hope which was to be medicinal against the goodly revelry in this house, he writes down as present[2].

Or. I could indeed have wished to have become known, and to have been welcomed as a guest by hosts thus opulent through the means of gladsome tidings; for what more kindly feeling is there than that which is entertained by a guest towards hosts? But to my mind it was an act of impiety not to fulfil such an obligation as this to friends, having pledged my word, and been hospitably welcomed.

Clyt. Be sure thou shalt not meet with unworthy treatment, and not the less shouldest thou be friendly to the household; For some one else would have come all the same to bring us these tidings. But it is the fit time for strangers that spend the whole day in long travel, to obtain the things that are suitable under their circumstances. Conduct him into the hospitable male apartments of the palace, and these his attendants and fellow-travellers, and there let them enjoy treatment such as beseems the house. And I bid thee do this as liable to be called to account. And we will both communicate these things to the heads of the family, and not lacking friends, will deliberate concerning this misfortune.

[Clytæmnestra *enters the palace.*

[1] ἐνθάδ' is corrupt. Muller reads ἔμπας, Peile ἐμπέδως.

[2] If these words be correct (of which I have great doubts), we can only explain them by supposing that Electra says καλῆς ironically, and that παροῦσαν ἐγγράφει contains an equivoque, meaning either, "he writes down as present, being himself present," or, as Clytæmnestra would understand it: "he reckons as all I see," *i. e.* as a dead man.

CHORUS. Well, dear handmaidens of the house, when indeed shall we put forth the strength of our mouths on account of Orestes? O revered earth, and revered pile of the mound, which now dost press upon the remains of the monarch that led the fleet, now give ear, now lend thine aid; for now is it high time for wily plausibility and the nether Mercury to come together, and to guide the mysterious man on his way in conflicts of the destructive sword.

The stranger seems to be working mischief. But I see the nurse of Orestes coming hither, in tears. On what errand Cilissa, art thou treading the outlet[1] of the palace? and no hireling sorrow is it that accompanies thee on thy way.

Enter NURSE.

My mistress bade me call Ægisthus with all speed for the strangers[2], that having come, man may learn more clearly from man the tidings just reported. Before the domestics, indeed, she suppressed her laughter within her scowling eyes, concealing it over deeds that have been done well for her, but for this house all unhappily, in consequence of the tale which the strangers clearly reported. Verily he, when he hears it, will rejoice in his mind, when he shall have learned the news. Alas, wretch that I am! how did the ancient blended sorrows, hard to be endured, that happened to this mansion of Atreus, afflict with anguish my heart within my bosom! But never yet did I undergo any suffering such as this. For the rest of my calamities I bore through with patience; but my dear Orestes, the care of my soul, whom I reared up, having received him from the moment of his birth——[3] and from his arousing cries, disturbing me by night many fruitless toils have been endured by me in vain. For [the infant] that has no sense one must needs rear just as if it were an animal, for how can it be otherwise? according to his humour; for a child while yet in swaddling-clothes speaks not, whether hunger, or thirst, or a call of nature beset him; and the belly of an infant works its own relief. I, fore-warned of these things, but in many cases deceived, I ween, was a washer of the baby's

[1] Paley's emendation, *πέλας*, seems correct.

[2] Paley rightly condemns the attempts to explain *τοὺς ξένους*. I have followed Pauw, with the apparent approbation of Porson and Dindorf.

[3] I think the only way of understanding this passage is to mark an *abrupta ratio*, and read *ἐκ νυκτιπλάγτων*.

wrappings; the fuller and the nurse had one and the same office[1]. And I having this twofold manual occupation, I received Orestes from his father[2]. But now I wretched hear of his having died. And I am going to a man that hath done foul wrong to this house; and willingly will he hear these tidings.

CH. With what equipment does she then bid him come?

NUR. With what equipment? repeat your question, that I may understand it more clearly.

CH. [I mean] whether with guards, or even unattended?

NUR. She bids him bring his spear-bearing followers.

CH. Prithee do not thou bear this message to our detested master[3]; but bid him come alone with rejoicing mind, with the best speed he may, that he may hear without apprehension; for crooked[4] tidings are set straight by the bearer.

NUR. What! art thou gladdened by the news that has now been brought?

CH. No; but [I shall be glad] if Jupiter at some future time shall work a change in our ills.

NUR. And how? Orestes, the hope of the house, hath perished.

CH. Not yet; even a dull diviner might understand this.

NUR. What sayest thou? knowest thou aught different from what hath been told us?

CH. Go, tell thy message, execute thine orders. The gods take care of those things about which they interest themselves.

NUR. Well, I will go, and in this matter will yield me to thy bidding. And may the issue be the best it can by the gift of heaven. [*Exit the* NURSE.

[1] This discourse of the nurse has been plentifully abused by many commentators. Without, however, following Schutz, who admires and praises it most indiscreetly, we shall do well to remember the extraordinary detail of Clytæmnestra, Agam. 865. and of Phœnix in Homer, Il. X. 486, etc., both of which are equally characteristic of the simplicity of the early ages. Shakspeare has allowed the nurse of Juliet to offend much more grievously. Old Translation.

[2] See Abresch's learned note.

[3] Ambiguously spoken, as it may mean "with hatred of our master" or "our hated master." See Paley.

[4] Read κυπτός.

CH[1]. O Jupiter! sire of the Olympian gods, grant to me now beseeching thee that my fortunes may turn out successfully, in a manner that may be beheld by the wise well seeking[2]. In integrity[3] have I uttered every word. O Jupiter! do protect them. Ah! ah! and set thou [him] before his foes within the house, since, if thou exaltest him to glory, thou shalt, if thou pleasest, receive in return a double and threefold recompense. Bethink thee too of a beloved hero's orphan youngling yoked in harness of sufferings, and prescribe thou a limit to his race. Who[4] might see this striding of completed paces across the plain keeping due time? Ye too, that haunt the alcove that exults in opulence, give ear, propitious gods. Come, make atonement for the bloodshed of those that were done to death in the olden time by fresh vengeance. No more let ancient murder spawn in the halls. O thou that tenantest the vast chasm, graciously grant that the hero's home may at the same time witness this righteous execution[5], and that he may look forth fearlessly and brightly with friendly eyes from out the veil of gloom. May Maia's most propitious[6] son also, willing him an auspicious issue, rightfully take up the cause. Many other mysterious things too will he develope if he be willing; and uttering obscure language, both by night he brings darkness before the eyes, and in the daytime he is nought clearer.

[1] This Chorus is so corrupt, that no satisfactory conclusions can be formed respecting either the metre or sense. Klausen and Peile have done little that can be considered even as approximating to the truth, and Paley alone has displayed any taste in examining the text.

[2] I have imitated the perfect unintelligibility of the original. Paley reads δὸς τύχας μου τυχεῖν κυρίως, Εὐφροσύναν μαιομένας ἰδεῖν. I cannot give an opinion. Linwood. s. v. τύχη, considers the passage hopeless.

[3] διὰ δίκας, Pauw, Dindorf, and Paley.

[4] See Paley. I must confess my unmitigated ignorance of what a single sentence of this passage means.

[5] We must remove the stop after κτάμενον, which Paley would treat an accusative absolute. But Dindorf seems to approve the conjecture Bamberger τὸ δὲ καλῶς κτίμενον . . . . στόμιον. This is certainly ingenious, but I have my doubts about applying the epithet κτίμενον to a *natural* cave. But as Heath and Blomfield seem right in referring this to the abode of Delphic Apollo, this difficulty is easily surmounted. Blomfield appositely quotes Strabo, IX. p. 641. ὑπερκεῖσθαι δὲ τοῦ στομίου τρίποδα ὑψηλόν. See also an important passage of Diodorus, XVI. p. 523, 524.

[6] See Paley.

And then at length will we pour forth[1] a loud song to celebrate the deliverance of the palace; such as may suit a woman's tongue, auspiciously raised, and withal the lyre-struck strain of mourners: for the city this is well; my gain too, mine is enchanced, and evil withdraws from my friends. But do thou boldly, when thy share of the deed shall have come, after shouting thy father's name over a deed done for thy father's sake, in answer to her shrieking, "My son!" consummate a vengeance not wholly blameless[2]. Maintaining too within thy bosom the spirit of Perseus, in the cause of those dear to thee both above and below the earth, working out bitter wrath rather than to affection[3], accomplishing a murderous destruction on those within, cutting off utterly the author of murder.

Enter ÆGISTHUS.

I have come not unbidden, but summoned by a messenger; and I understand that some strangers who have arrived tell us news by no means welcome, to wit, the death of Orestes. And the imputation of this upon the house would be a blood-dripping burthen upon one still ulcerated and irritated by the former murder[4]. How am I to deem these tidings true and clear? or can it be that alarming rumours in the minds of women are flitting in mid-air, such as die away without effect? What of these things shouldst thou say, so as to prove it to my mind?

CH. We heard it indeed, but go thou within and question the strangers; the authority of messengers is no way so good as for a man himself to make enquiry about the tidings which they bring[5].

ÆGIS. I wish to see and question farther the messenger, whether he himself was present close at hand where he died, or whether he is telling what he has learned from obscure report. He certainly will not be able to delude a discerning mind. [*Exit* ÆGISTHUS.

[1] All the merit of illustrating this passage is due to Blomfield, whom Dindorf closely follows (see notes). He rightly reads πολὺν for πλοῦτον, and puts the full stop after μεθήσόμεν, instead of after πόλει. So also Paley. Peile's notes are an instance of the utter uselessness of lengthy commentaries upon a corrupted text.

[2] Thus Paley. The readings are, however, not quite satisfactory.

[3] But see Linwood's Lex.

[4] I have adopted Klausen's construction, with Linwood and Paley.

[5] Cf. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 6.

Ch. Jupiter! Jupiter! what am I to say? whence shall I commence thus praying and importunating[1]? How, speaking from good feeling, shall I obtain an equivalent boon?

For now either the gore-stained attempts of the man-slaying axes are on the point of working the destruction of the family of Agamemnon throughout all time, or he, kindling fire and light for liberty, and the authorities that give laws to the state, shall enjoy the great weal of his fathers. Upon such a conflict as this is god-like Orestes, a solitary single-handed champion, on the point of entering against two. And may it be for victory!

Ægis. (*from within the palace*).—Ah! what, ho!

Ch. Ah! ah! again! How stands the matter? how are things accomplished in the house? Stand we aloof from the comsummation of the business, that we may seem to be no way implicated in these horrors; for the issue of the conflict hath assuredly been settled.

Enter a Domestic.

Woe's me! ay every woe's me, for my slain lord! yet once more woe's me! in a third exclamation. Ægisthus is no more: but open as quickly as ye may, and unclose, by [removing] the bars, the doors of the women's apartments; and need there surely is of a vigorous arm; but not to succour the slain; what need of that? What, hoa! I am shouting to the deaf, and calling in vain to those that are madly sleeping. Where is Clytæmnestra? what is she doing? It seems now that her neck is soon to fall on the edge of the steel, she being justly smitten[2].

Clyt. (*coming forward*).—What is the matter? what meant the outcry thou art raising in the house?

Dom. I tell thee that the dead are slaying the living.

Clyt. Ah me! I apprehend thy meaning from thy dark expressions. By treachery shall we perish exactly as we slew. Some one hand me a deathly axe with all speed. Let us see

[1] This is the sense given to ἐπιθοάζουσα by Buttmann Lexil. p. 349. but Blomfield reads ἐπιθεάζουσα, with the approbation of Paley, and apparently of Dindorf.

[2] The structure seems to hang between the proverbial form ἔοικε νῦν αὐτὴ ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἱστάναι, and ἔοικε αὐτῆς αὐχὴν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ εἶναι. The first verse denotes that Clytæmnestra is in extreme danger, and the second shows *how*

whether we are to be victors or vanquished; for unto that crisis of this evil am I come.

ORES. (*bursting in.*)—Thee too am I seeking—this wretch here has enough.

CLYT. Ah me! thou art dead, dearest Ægisthus.

ORES. Lovest thou the man? then shalt thou lie in the same tomb, and thou shalt never desert him in death.

CLYT. Hold thee, my son! and revere this breast on which thou full often slumbering wast wont at the same time to suck with thy gums the well-nourishing milk.

ORES. Pylades, how am I to act? is reverence to restrain me from slaying my mother?

PYL. Where, then, are the oracles of Apollo uttered at Pytho, and the faithful oaths well plighted? Deem all thine enemies rather than the gods[1].

ORES. I decide that thou prevailest, and admonishest me well: (*turning to his mother,*) follow me. I wish to slay thee close beside his corpse here; for when he was alive too, thou didst use to deem him better than my father. Go sleep with him in death, since thou dost love this man, and him whom thou wast bound to love thou loathest.

CLYT. I reared thee, and with thee I would spend my age.

ORES. What! having murdered my sire, shalt thou dwell with me?

CLYT. Destiny, my child, was an accessory to these things.

ORES. Ay, and so Destiny provides the doom that is now before thee.

CLYT. Hast thou no awe of a parent's curses, my child?

ORES. No; for after giving me birth thou didst cast me out into misery.

CLYT. Surely I did not cast thee out [when I sent thee] to the house of a friend.

OR. In two ways was I sold, son though I was of a free father.

CLYT. Where then is the price which I received for bartering thee away?

OR. I am ashamed to reproach thee in plain terms with this deed of thine.

CLYT. Nay, only tell equally the follies of thy father.

[1] *i. e.* prefer the enmity of Clytæmnestra to that of Apollo.

Or. Reproach not him that bore the toil, thou that didst sit within the house.

Clyt. 'Tis a sorrow to women to be debarred from a husband, my child.

Or. Yet sure it is the husband's toiling that supports them as they sit within.

Clyt. It seems, then, that thou wilt slay thy mother, my child.

Or. 'Tis thou wilt work thine own destruction, not I.

Clyt. Look to it, beware of the wrathful furies of a mother.

Or. But how am I to escape those of my father if I neglect this?

Clyt. I, a living woman, seem to be vainly making my moan to a sepulchre.

Or. Ay, for the fate of my father wafts[1] down upon thee the doom that now awaits thee.

Clyt. Ah me! this is the serpent that I bore and nurtured. In truth the panic occasioned by my dreams has been indeed prophetic.

Or. Thou didst in truth slay one whom it became thee not, so suffer what becomes thee not.

[Orestes *forces his mother into the palace.*

Ch. Let us then bewail the twofold calamity even of this wretched pair. And since the hapless Orestes hath attained the consummation of many slaughters, this notwithstanding we prefer, that the eye of the house has not fallen in utter destruction.

There hath come after a time vengeance for the children of Priam, heavy-avenging retribution; and there hath come into the dwelling of Agamemnon, a twofold lion, a twofold Mars. The exile of whom Apollo spake hath been successful[2] in every respect, having been rightly excited by the counsels of heaven. Celebrate ye with a loud shout the

[1] Compare Henry VI, part 2. IV. 1.—

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

[2] Read ἔλαχε with Schutz, or ἔλαβε with the Medicean MS. The passage is not however satisfactory, even then. I shall not offend against common sense by quoting Klausen's attempted explanation of the common reading. Paley with much ingenuity proposes ἔμολε.

escape[1] of our master's house from evils, and from the dilapidation of its treasures by the defiling pair, a mournful fate. There hath come to one whose care is lurking warfare, Retribution of wily soul. The daughter of Jove too hath in very truth lent a hand to the battle,—and correctly do we mortals style her Justice,—breathing deadly wrath against her foes: whom Apollo, the god of Parnassus, that haunts the mighty cavern of the earth,.....upon the summit, hath led, without guile he comes upon one guileful, halting in delay. The divinity is in a manner prevented from aiding the wicked. Meet it is that we revere the power of the celestials. We are permitted to behold the light, and the great fetter[2] of the mansion hath been taken off. Arise ye now, however, ye palaces! for too long a period did ye lie ever grovelling on the earth. Soon too will all-completing Time pass the vestibule of the palace, when he shall have driven from the hearth every abomination by lustral observances that expel calamities[3], and it shall be permitted us mourners to see and hear every thing in a lucky posture[4]. The outcasts from the house shall be restored. We are permitted to behold the light.

Or. Behold ye the two sovereigns of the realm and the pillagers of this mansion that murdered my father. Proud were they, when sitting on their thrones, and now too [are they] loving, as we may guess from what has befallen them, and the oath remains to their pledges [unbroken]. They conspired indeed [to work] the death of my unhappy father, and to die together; and this result is according to the oath. Fur-

[1] As not even Peile has attempted to explain this passage, I have made my version as literal and unintelligible as the original. Klausen is painfully wrong, and Paley alone shows any sagacity. He would read *ἐπορθιάζων* in lieu of *ἐπ' ὄχθει ἄξεν*. Dindorf marks a lacuna of several lines, without reason, as far as I can see. I will merely remark that *ἐποίχεσθαι* is properly used of the attacks of Apollo, as Il. A.

[2] The reading *μέγαν* points to some other noun than *ψάλιον*, and the commentators have accordingly altered it to *μέγα*. Paley suspects that the reading has been interpolated, and that we should read *χαλινὸν δόμων*.

[3] I have followed Dindorf's text, which is a great improvement upon the old readings. So also Paley.

[4] Hermann's emendation *εὐπροσωποκοίτᾳ* has been unanimously received by the later editors. The metaphor is taken from the dice, as is also the following *πεσοῦνται*.

thermore behold ye[1],—ye that are hearers of these ills, the contrivance, the shackles of my unhappy father, both the fetters for his hands and the yoke for his feet! Stretch it out, and standing round in a circle display the robe that enshrouded the hero, in order that the father may see—not mine, but he that beholdeth all these things, the Sun—the unhallowed doings of my mother; that so he may be present to me in my trial some future time, as an evidence, that with justice I prosecuted this doom; of my mother I mean, for I am not speaking of that of Ægisthus, for he has undergone the sentence of an adulterer, as the law prescribes. But she who plotted this detestable deed against a husband, from whom she had been wont to bear the burthen of children beneath her zone—a burthen once dear, but now, as is plain, an hostile ill—what thinkest thou? assuredly she was a conger, or a viper[2], that could canker by a touch one who had not suffered from her bite, by reason of her daring and her unrighteous spirit; what shall I call it, and succeed in giving it a correct name? a snare for a wild beast, or a canopy of a bath that enshrouded the feet of the dead? nay rather, thou mightest call it a net or toils, and a robe for snaring the feet. A thing like this a robber might have in his possession; one that deceives strangers, that leads a life of plunder, and cutting off many by this device, he might nurse many a hot deed in his mind. Be never woman like this an inmate in my house: sooner may I be doomed by the gods to die childless.

CH. Alas! alas for the sad deeds! by a hateful death wast thou despatched, and for the survivor also suffering blame.

OR. Did he or did he not do it? but this vest bears witness to me that the sword of Ægisthus stained it. The stain of the gore too coincides with the time [of the deed,] damaging the various hues of the embroidery. Now I praise him[3], now

[1] Compare Shakespere, Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

[2] See Paley. Blomfield elegantly and truly reads *μύραινά γ' εἴτ' ἔχιδν' ἔφυ .... μᾶλλον*. Peile's note will tell the student a great deal more about Greek syntax, than he will probably wish to remember.

[3] I think with Scholefield that *αἰνῶ αὐτὸν does* refer to Ægisthus, and is introduced as a touch of nature by the poet. Having slain his enemy the wrath of Orestes is at an end. If am wrong, I can only allege the following lines of Young in my excuse:

upon the spot I bemoan him; and addressing his vestment, that wrought my father's fall, I grieve for the offences and the suffering, and the entire family, having the unenviable pollutions of this victory which I have achieved.

Ch. No one of human kind shall spend unscathed a life free from ill throughout its whole length. Alas! alas! of troubles one is this very instant upon us, and another will come.

Or. But, that you may learn, I of a truth know to what issue it will come[1]: as though with horses of a charioteer I am wandering wide of the course; for thoughts hard to be controlled are hurrying me away overcome by them. And at my heart fear is ready to sing or dance in phrensy.

But while I am still in my senses, I make declaration to my friends, and assert that with justice I slew my mother, an abomination, murdering my father, and detested of the gods. And as for my provocatives to this daring, I prize most highly Loxias, the prophet of Pytho, who announced to me by oracle, that if I did this I should be beyond the reach of evil censure; but if I had neglected it, I will not tell the penalty; for no one will arrive at the agonies by conjecture. And now behold me, how arrayed with this branch and chaplet I will draw nigh unto the central shrine, the spot trodden by[2] Loxias, and the blaze of fire that hath been called imperishable, fleeing from this kindred blood: nay Loxias charged me not to betake myself to any other shrine. And I bid all the

> Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mein?
> Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how pale!
> And art thou dead? *So is my enmity.*
> *I war not with the dust.*
> * * * * *
> Terror and doubt fall on me: *all thy good*
> *Now blazes,* all thy guilt is in the grave.
> Never had man *such funeral applause.*—The Revenge, V. ult.

And King Henry IV. First Part, IV. 4,—

> Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven?
> Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
> But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[1] So Blomfield and Dindorf. I prefer Emper's reading,—ἀλλ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆτ', (οὐ γὰρ οἶδ. κ. τ. λ.) Peile's criticism is in his best style.

[2] Literally, "by the bow." Peile renders πέδον "the footstool!" See Blomfield.

Argives bear witness to me, how that after a lapse of time these evils were dealt out by me: but I a vagabond, estranged from this land, living and dying having left this fame.——

CH. But since thou hast done well, neither yoke thy mouth to evil omened words, nor with thy tongue bode horrors, after having given liberty to the whole state of the Argives, successfully lopping the heads of two serpents.

OR. Ah! ah! ye handmaids, here they are in the guise of Gorgons, in sable vestments, and entwined with densely woven snakes. I can stay no longer.

CH. What fancies disturb thee, thou dearest of men to thy father? command thyself, be not scared after achieving a signal victory.

OR. They are not fancies of these agonies that are upon me; for here are plainly the angry hell-hounds of my mother.

CH. Aye, for the fresh blood is still upon thine hands, hence is it that perturbation falls upon thy mind.

OR. Sovereign Apollo! now they are swarming; and from their eyes they still loathly gore.

CH. Within there is purification for thee; but if thou touchest Loxias he will set thee free from these sufferings.

OR. Ye indeed see not these, but I do see them[1]; and I am driven away, and can stay no longer.

[*Exit* ORESTES.

CH. But mayest thou be happy, and may the deity, graciously regarding thee, protect thee for a better hap. This third tempest arising out of the family, after having blown in its turn in the royal halls, like as a family wind[2] hath come to an end. First of all there were the child-devouring wretched troubles of Thyestes. Next came a hero's kingly sufferings, and stabbed in a bath the warrior chieftain of the Greeks perished. Now too once more, third in order, there hath come, we know not whence, a saviour, or should I call it doom. Where then is the violence of calamity, when lulled, to find an end; or where is it to reach a termination?

[1] So in Tickell's Colin and Lucy,—

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away. OLD TRANSLATION.

[2] See Blomfield.

THE FURIES.

ORESTES comes to Delphi, pursued by the Erinnys of his mother Clytæmnestra. He is assured of Apollo's protection, and the scene changes to Athens, where he undergoes his trial before the Areopagus, now instituted by Minerva. On his acquittal, the Erinnys at first threaten Athens with their wrath; but, on Minerva assuring them that they shall ever be held in honour, they promise to confer all possible blessings upon the Athenians.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.	GHOST OF CLYTÆMNESTRA.
APOLLO.	ORESTES.
MINERVA.	CHORUS OF FURIES.

PRIESTESS. First indeed with these prayers I honour Earth the first-prophetess of the Deities: and after her[1] Themis, who then next sat on this, her mother's, oracular seat, as a certain legend runs. But in the third turn, [*Themis*] being willing, and not in despite of any one, Titanian Phœbe, another child of Earth took the seat, and she gives it to Phœbus as a birth gift. And he has his name derived from Phœbe. But having left the lake and the Delian rock, having landed on the ship-receiving shores of Pallas, he came into this land and to the seats of Parnassus. And the road-making sons of Vulcan[2] attend on[3], and greatly worship him, rendering the

[1] There seems something very strange and abrupt in the article τῆς. Burges would read γῆς. On the mythology of this passage see the notes of Stanley and Blomfield (in Linwood's edition), and Muller, Eumenides, § 91, p. 213, who remarks that δὴ in v. 3, must be taken in close connection with τὸ μητρός, "the primeval Prophetess Earth being succeeded in the possession of the sacred seat by her daughter Themis, by a kind of *hereditary* right; the latter transferred it with *good will* to her sister Phœbe," etc.

[2] "This denotes the Athenians as descended from Erichthonius. Cf. Hesych. s. v. Ἡφαιστιάδαι." Muller, note, p. 214. Cf. Orac. Sibyll. Vet. p. 56. ὦ ζαθέης γεγαῶτες Ἐριχθονίοιο γενέθλης.

[3] Or "escort in pomp." See my note on Soph. Ant. 1133. On the early formed road here mentioned, cf. Muller, Dorians, II. § 14.

rough earth smooth. But the people honour exceedingly him having come, and Delphus who sways the helm[1] of this land. And Jove having made him inspired in mind with the art, seats him here the fourth seer on the throne; and Loxias[2] is the prophet of his father Jove. To these deities I prelude my address with prayers. And Pronæan Pallas is celebrated in story. And I venerate the nymphs, where is the Corician hollow grot, bird-loved, the haunt of Deities. Bromius too possesses the realm, nor am I forgetful of it, from the time that the god led on his Bacchants, having plotted death for Pentheus like a hare; and invoking the fountains of Plistus, and the might of Neptune, and perfect highest Jove. I then sit down a prophetess on the throne; and now may the gods grant that I obtain by far the best of former entrances, and if any from the Greeks are present, let them advance having obtained their turn by lot, as is the custom: for I prophesy as the god may direct. (*She enters the temple, and suddenly returns.*) Certainly things dreadful to tell, and dreadful to behold with eyes have sent me back from the abodes of Loxias, so that I neither have strength, nor can uplift my steps: but I run with my hands, not by swiftness of legs; for an affrighted old woman is nothing, like a child [in strength]. I creep, indeed, towards the shrine of many garlands[3], and I behold at the marble navel stone[4] a man under the curse[5] of god, sitting

[1] Cf. Sept. c. Th. 2, 3. with the commentators.

[2] Compare Rabelais, Bk. III. ch. 19. "For many times, in the interpretation of oracles, right witty, learned and ingenious men have been deceived through amphibologies, equivoques, and obscurity of words, no less than by the brevity of their sentences. For which cause Apollo, the god of vaticination, was surnamed Λοξίας."

[3] Cf. intpp. on Aristoph. Plut. 39; Callim. Hymn. Apoll. 1; Orac. Sybill. l. c. Κλῦτε δαφνηρεφέων χυμάτων ἀποθέσκελον ὀμφήν.

[4] "In the time of Æschylus this Omphalus was situated in the Adytum of the Temple . . . . in vase-paintings Orestes is exhibited as a suppliant for protection and expiation, sitting on the Omphalus in the temple, exactly as described by Æschylus." Muller, Eum. p. 89, 90. See the whole passage. It must be observed that Orestes could not have flown to the temple of Apollo for refuge, unless he had previously undergone purification. See below, 280, sqq. Thus the Sybarites were driven from the temple by Pythia on account of the murder of a cithera-player, as yet unexpiated; see Ælian, Var. Hist. V. 45, and compare Simplicius on Epict. § 39, p. 259, ed. Salmas. Aristot. Pol. II, 2.

[5] See Linwood's Lexicon.

as a suppliant, with his hands dripping with blood, and holding a newly-drawn[1] sword, and a high-grown branch of olive, wreathed decorously with much[2] wool, with a white fleece; for so I will clearly declare. But before this man a wondrous troop of women sleeps seated in the seats; by no means women, but Gorgons I call them; nor again will I liken them to Gorgon forms[3], [for] I have seen once on a time [the Harpies] painted, carrying off the food of Phineus; but these are wingless to behold, and black, abominable in kind. And they snore with breathings not to be approached, and from their eyes they distil hateful violence[4]. And their dress is fit to wear neither at the images of gods, nor within the dwellings of men. I have not beheld the tribe of this sisterhood; nor [do I know] what land can boast of having nourished this race with impunity, so as not to groan on account of its troubles. Let what ensues now be a care to the ruler of these abodes mighty Loxias himself: but he is healing-seer and diviner and purifier of abodes[5] to others. [*The interior of the temple, with the tripod and omphalus, is disclosed, and* ORESTES *is discovered sitting on the omphalus, the chorus of* FURIES *sleeping*

[1] Burges reads *νεοσταγές*. The common reading is certainly awkward.

[2] The wool used for this purpose, was of a great length. See Dindorf. Still, *μεγίστῳ* is but a graceless epithet, and the repetition *ἀργῆτι μᾶλλῶ*, far from pleasing. I cannot help thinking that the passage is interpolated, and that we should simply read,

ἀργῆτι μαλλῷ σωφρόνως ἐστεμμένον.

[3] See by all means Muller, § 93, p. 215. sqq.

[4] But Burges' emendation, *λίβα*, is unanimously adopted by Dindorf Linwood, and Paley. Render it "rheum," "venom."

[5] *τοῖσιν ἄλλοις* has always displeased me. In the first place the termination of the article seems to make an unnecessary emphasis, and there is no subject mentioned, to which *ἄλλοις* can be opposed. The Scholiast says: *πόσῳ μᾶλλον τῶν ἰδίων*; which is followed by Schutz, Paley, and Linwood. I have little doubt that Æschylus wrote:

καὶ τοῖς ἀλήταις δωμάτων καθάρσιος.

The very word, and with the same construction, is used of Orestes in Agam. 1282. *Φυγὰς δ' ἀλήτης τῆσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος Κάτεισιν*; and in Choeph. 1042. *Ἐγὼ δ' ἀλήτης τῆσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος*; Cf. Soph. Œd. Col. 746. 948. *ὃς οὐκ ἐᾷ Τοιοῦσδ' ἀλήτας τῇδ' ὁμοῦ ναίειν πόλει*; Eur. Heracl. 51. *Πάσης ἀλῆται γῆς ἀπεστερημένοι*; 224. *ἱκέτας ἀλήτας συγγενεῖς*. Such an *ἀλήτης* was Adrastus, in Herodot. I. 35.

on seats around him. APOLLO *standing by his side, and* HERMES *in the background*[1].]

APOLLO. By no means will I forsake you: but till the end standing near you as a guardian, even though far off, to your enemies I will not be gentle. And now you behold these mad ones caught; but the abhorred virgins, aged children have fallen in sleep[2], whom neither one of the gods, nor man, nor beast, at any time embraces; but for the sake of evils they were born; since they inhabit evil darkness, and Tartarus beneath the earth, things hated by men and Olympian gods. But nevertheless fly, nor be softened in spirit; for they will pursue with impunity you even through the long continent as you proceed[3] along the land trod in your wanderings; and over the deep, and the sea-girt cities. And be not wearied, driven herd-like[4] through this toil: but coming to the city of Pallas sit down having taken in your arms[5] the ancient image; and there, having judges of these things and soothing words, we will find means, so as completely to deliver you from these toils: for truly I persuaded you to slay your mother.

ORESTES. King Apollo thou knowest indeed to be just, and since thou knowest this, learn also not to be unmindful, but your power is an assurance that you will do things well.

AP. Remember, let not fear overcome you in mind. And do you, my brother, of a common father's blood, Mercury, guard him; and, being very rightly named, be a conductor, taking care of this my suppliant. Jove reveres excessively[6] this [thine] office, coming to mortals with well-conducting

[1] In the stage directions in this play, I have followed Muller. Compare Eumenides, p. 91—4.

[2] There is much awkwardness in the change of construction. *καὶ νῦν* points to the fact of the Furies being overcome, as an instance of Apollo's previous assertion. *πεσοῦσαι* must, I think, be taken as a nominative absolute. Verses 71, 2, seem to me out of place.

[3] See Paley.

[4] This is Wakefield's interpretation, approved by Wieseler, and Linwood. Paley prefers, "brooding over."

[5] Cf. Jelf. Gk. Gr. § 646, obs.

[6] *ἐκνόμως*, Hermann's emendation, is approved by Dindorf. Perhaps *ἔννομον σέβας* would be better. So *δαῖτες ἔννομοι*, Choeph. 483. *δίκας ἐννόμου*, Suppl. 384.

fortune. [*Exit* ORESTES, *conducted by* HERMES. *The Ghost of* CLYTÆMNESTRA *ascends*[1].]

GHOST OF CLYTÆMNESTRA. Sleep on, will ye[2]? and what need is there of sleepers? But I thus dishonoured by you among the other dead, because I was a slayer, reproach among the dead ceases not: and in disgrace I wander, and I declare to you that I have the greatest reproach from those. But having suffered thus dreadful things from those most dear, none of the deities is enraged on account of me, slaughtered by matricidal hands. Behold these blows on thee, my heart[3]; for the slumbering mind is keen in its eyes[4], but during day the fate of mortals cannot foresee[5] futurity. Full oftentimes have ye tasted of my offerings[6], both wineless libations, temperate soothing gifts, and I have offered at the hearth of fire nightly solemn feasts at an hour common to none of the gods. And all these things I behold trampled under the heel. But he is gone having escaped like a fawn, and moreover lightly has he rushed from the midst of the toils, having greatly laughed at you. Hear what I have said in behalf of this my soul, O goddesses beneath the earth: for I Clytæmnestra, a dream[7] now call upon you. Snore on, but the man is gone flying afar: for the gods of supplication are friendly to my relatives, not to me[8]. Soundly you slumber, and pity not my suffering; but Orestes murderer of me his mother is gone. Do you cry oh? do you slumber? will you not quickly arise?

[1] Burges remarks that Æschylus was the first who introduced apparitions upon the stage, quoting the Greek life of Æschylus, *πρῶτος. . . τὴν σκηνὴν ἐκόσμησε καὶ τὴν ὄψιν τῶν θεαμάτων κατέψυξε τῇ λαμπρότητι, γραφαῖς καὶ μηχαναῖς βωμοῖς τε καὶ τάφοις σάλπιγξιν εἰδώλοις ἐριννυσι.* For the spectre costume of Clytæmnestra see Muller, p. 103.

[2] See Paley.

This is Porson's emendation. The common reading is *καρδίας*. Hermann, *ὕρα δὲ πληγὰς τάσδε καρδίας ὄθεν*, which Dindorf prefers.

[4] Stanley appositely quotes Cicero de Dio. I. 30. "cum et somno revocatus a societate et contagione corporis, tum meminit præteritorum, præsentia cernit, futura providet."

[5] *μοῖρ' ἀπρόσκοπος*, Turnebus and Dindorf. Hermann reads *φρενῶν* for *βροτῶν*.

[6] Burges's note contains some learned illustrations of persons reproaching the gods for the sacrifices they had received.

[7] So Schutz. Cf. Ag. 82.

[8] *ἐμοί*. But see Dindorf.

What thing has been done by you except to work evils? Sleep and toil powerful conspirers have wasted the strength of the fell dragon.

CHORUS. Seize, seize, seize, seize, take heed[1].

CLYT. In dreams you pursue the beast, and moan like a dog that never leaves off the care of toil. What are you doing? arise, let not toil overcome you, nor be ignorant of your loss, enfeebled by sleep. Grieve your heart by my just reproaches; for to the wise [such reproaches] are like stings. But wafting on him your bloody breath, wasting him with a fire of the entrails, follow, consume him by a second pursuit.

CH. Do you rouse, and rouse her, but I [rouse] you. Dost sleep? arise, and having spurned off sleep, let us see if any of this prelude is vain. Ah! ah!——We have suffered friends, (certainly now I have suffered much and in vain) we have suffered affliction dire, O gods, intolerable ill. The beast has fallen from out the toils, and is gone. Overcome by sleep I have lost my prey. O son of Jove, thou art thievish, and thou a young god hast ridden down aged deities, reverencing [this] suppliant, an impious man and bitter to his parents, and, god though you be, you have stolen away the matricide. Which of these things will one say is just? But to me reproach coming from dreams has struck me, like a charioteer, with a middle-seizing goad. At my heart, at my liver there is present a grievous pain from a scourger, an hostile executioner, so that I have a very grievous chill. Such things do the younger gods, exercising might in all things beyond right. One may behold[2] earth's navel stone having taken on itself a blood-dropping clot about foot and head, so as to have a terrible defilement of bloodshed. But being a prophet, thou hast defiled with domestic pollution thy shrine, self-invited, self-called, contrary to the law of gods honouring mortal things[3], and having destroyed the ancient fates; and severe to me[4], he shall yet not deliver him (Orestes,)

[1] See Muller, p. 6, and on the metrical arrangements, p. 60, sqq.

[2] I have followed Wakefield in reading θρόμβον for θρόνον, with Dindorf, Linwood, and Paley, to whom I am indebted for the explanation of the passage.

[3] Cf. Prom. 30. Βροτοῖσι τιμὰς ὤπασας πέρα δίκης.

[4] Pearson reads κἀμοί γε. There is much awkwardness in δὲ . . . . καὶ . . . . καὶ . . . . τε in these lines. Dindorf says, "notandus transitus ab

and having fled beneath the earth, never shall he be set free. But being guilty, he shall find another avenging deity on his[1] head.

Ap. Out, I bid you depart with speed from these abodes; begone from the prophetic shrines, lest even having received the winged swift snake[2], hurled from the golden string, you send forth through pain the black foam [sucked] from men, vomiting the clots of gore which you have drawn. By no means is it fitting to approach these abodes, but where there are head-cutting, eye-digging[3] revenges and slaughters, and the vigour of boys is injured, and destruction of the seed, and maiming, and stoning, [and where] those impaled by the spine groan with much wailing. Hear, you, abhorred by the gods, of what a feast you have the delight[4]? but the whole fashion of your form leads to this. It is fit that such should inhabit the cave of the blood-sucking lion, not to tarry[4] in these oracular seats, an abomination to the neighbours. Begone, you who feed without a keeper; but none of the gods has regard for such an herd.

Ch. Royal Apollo, hear our reply in turn. You yourself are not a sharer in these things, but have done them altogether, being the entire cause.

Ap. How now? thus far extend your speech[5].

Ch. You enjoined by oracles, so that the stranger should slay his mother.

Ap. I enjoined by oracles that he should inflict vengeance on account of his father: what then?

Ch. And next you promised [to be] an advocate[6] of new bloodshed.

secunda ad tertiam personam." (Compare my note on Apul. de Deo Socr. § 22. p. 75, note 6.) But such a change could not be made with such a clumsiness in the connecting particles. I think we should read:

κἀμοί τε λυπρὸς τοῦτον οὐκ ἐκλύσεται.

[1] ἐκείνου must be incorrect. Dindorf reads ἐκ κείνου, "*post illud*, quod ante passus est."

[2] *i. e.* arrow.

[3] This agreeable catalogue of human tortures so learnedly illustrated by Stanley. vs. 188 is thoroughly corrupt. Burges' emendation, παίδων τε χλοῦνις καὶ κακῶν ἀκρωνία, seems the best yet proposed.

[4] Perhaps it is better to take these words to signify ἐντρίβεσθαι χρ. μύσος, with Schutz.

[5] *i. e.* so as to tell me your meaning.

[6] δέκτωρ is a forensic word.

Ap. And I bade him betake himself to these abodes.

Ch. And you revile forsooth these [his] attendants.

Ap. For it is not proper that they should come to these abodes.

Ch. But this is commanded to us.

Ap. What honour is this? boast of a glorious office.

Ch. We drive the murderers of their mother from their homes.

Ap. But what [of the slayer] of a woman who has deprived her husband of life?

Ch. The blood of kindred should not be shed by kindred.

Ap. Certainly, the nuptial troth, pledged under connubial Juno and Jove, would be altogether without honour, and would avail nothing. But Venus is cast away, dishonoured, by these words, whence arise to mortals the dearest joys. For the bed is appointed by fate to man and woman, and is greater[1] than an oath, when guarded with justice. If, therefore, you are gentle to those who slay each other, so that it comes to pass[2] that you do not even regard them with anger; I say that you unjustly drive Orestes into exile: for I know that you are exceedingly wroth at the one party, but manifestly treating the other more quietly. But the goddess Pallas shall regard the justice of these things.

Ch. That man never, in any respect, will I abandon.

Ap. Do you then pursue, and take to yourself more toil.

Ch. Do not you detract from my honours by your words.

Ap. I would not receive your honours, so as to possess them.

Ch. For, altogether you are called great at the throne of Jove. But I (for a mother's blood brings on punishment) will pursue this man, a huntress Fury.

Ap. But I will aid, and deliver the suppliant: for dreadful among mortals and among gods, is the wrath of a suppliant, if willingly I should forsake him.

Or.[3] Queen Minerva, by the commands of Apollo I am

[1] See Paley.

[2] Paley thus explains *μὴ γενέσθαι μηδ' ἐποπτεύειν*. Jelf. § 670, classes the passage among the instances of the infinitive with the article being put for the infinitive without it. Dindorf prefers Meineke's emendation, *τίνεσθαι*.

[3] "The scene is shifted to Athens, and the temple of Apollo trans

come, but do thou receive propitiously accused of crime, not one now stained with guilt nor impure in hand, but now blunted[1], worn away before this time, in others' abodes and paths of mortals. Passing over sea and land alike, observing the oracular injunctions of Loxias, I approach thine abode and image, goddess. Here, keeping my station, will I await the event of justice (or, judgment).

CH. Ho! this is the clear sign of the man, but follow the counsels of the voiceless informer. For as a dog chases the wounded hind, we trace out him by bloody drops[2]. But with many deadly toils my bowels pant; for every place of earth has been traversed, and over the sea by wingless flight have I come, pursuing, no way inferior to a ship. And now he is crouching somewhere here: the smell of human blood delights me. Look, look again by all means; observe all things; lest the matricide unpunished escape your notice, having gone in flight. He here again, having protection, twined around the image of the immortal goddess, wishes to undergo trial for his deed[3]. But this may not be; his mother's blood on the

formed into the temple of Minerva Polias. A considerable interval of time must be supposed to have elapsed between the foregoing and following portion of the drama." Muller, p. 9, "a disregard of the extrinsic unities quite in character with the Æschylean poetry," *id.* p. 96. Compare Schlegel, XVII. p. 247, sqq. where the subject of the unity of time is admirably discussed; also Twining, Poetics, vol. I. p. 337, note 43.

[1] On the previous purifications of Orestes see my note on v. 40. The principal one took place at Troezene. See Pausan. II. 31, who relates that he was compelled to dwell in a small hut, until his purification in the waters of Hippocrene. Varro apud Probum in Virg. Ecl. I. p. 4, ed. Keil. mentions another purgation which he underwent in seven streams near Rhegium, where he is said to have built a temple. Libanius, t. II. p. 366. D. mentions another purification which he received from the inhabitants of Antioch. Lampridius, in his life of Heliogabalus, § 7, p. 809, says that he also underwent lustration at three streams near the Hebrus.

[2] Compare the speech of the First Fury, in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, act i.—

> We are the ministers of pains and fear,
> And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
> And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue,
> Through wood and lake, some struck and sobbing fawn,
> We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live.

[3] I cannot see any occasion for altering χερῶν to χρεῶν with Scaliger, Wakefield, and Linwood. The best interpretation is perhaps that of Paley, who translates, "by clasping the statue of the goddess divine, it

ground, cannot be recalled, alas! the life's blood, poured on the plain, is gone. But you needs must suffer punishment in your turn, so that I suck from you alive the red gore from your limbs; and may I bear from you the taste of a draught dire to quaff; and having wasted you away I will lead you alive below, that[1] you may suffer a return for the matricidal woe. But you shall behold[2], if any other too of mortals has sinned, acting impiously either towards a god, or any guest, or dear parents, each having things worthy of justice. For mighty Pluto is the judge of mortals below the earth, and he looks upon all things with recording mind.

Or. I, taught in evils, know many ablutions; and to speak, when it is proper, and to be silent in like manner: but in this thing I was enjoined to speak by a wise teacher: for the blood sleeps and fades from my hand, and the matricidal pollution is washed out. For being fresh, at the hearth of the god Phœbus it was banished by ablutions from the sacrifice of swine[3]. But it would be a long tale to me from the beginning [to tell] how many I approached with harmless intercourse. Time removes[4] all things growing old at the same time. And

willing to piace himself in our power." But I cannot help thinking that Stanley's interpretation, "vult esse reus manuum, *i. e.* cædis peractæ," is right, and that the expression is a forensic one. Hesychius interprets *ὑπόδικος, ὑπεύθυνος, χρεώστης, ἔνοχος δίκης*. Pollux, VIII. 5, p. 382, ed. Seber. makes it equivalent to *κατάδικος*. It probably is best understood as I have translated it.

[1] Dindorf reads *ἀντίποιν' ὡς*, with Schutz.

[2] Cf. Aristoph. Ran. 146, sqq.; Virg. Æn. VI. 548; Tibull. I. 3, 67. For the general sense compare Æschin. Socrat. Axioch. § 21, *ὅσοις δὲ τὸ ζῆν διὰ κακουργημάτων ἠλάθη, ἄγονται πρὸς Ἐρινύων ἐπ' Ἔρεβος καὶ Χάος, διὰ Ταρτάρου· ἔνθα χῶρος ἀσεβῶν*. For the Platonic descriptions see Wyttenb. on Plut. fragm. p. 137, sq. at the end of his edition of the De Sera Num. Vindicta.

[3] See the notes of Stanley.

[4] But *καθαίρει* should be read, with Stanley. Hermann would erase the line. Burges transposes it ingeniously, but with too much alteration of the text. I think its proper place is before v. 276, at the beginning of Orestes' speech, which I would read thus:

Χρόνος καθαίρει πάντα γηράσκων ὁμοῦ.
κἀγὼ διδαχθεὶς ἐν κακοῖς ἐπίσταμαι
πολλοὺς καθαρμοὺς, κ. τ λ.

The enunciation of a proverb could find no fitter place, and the *πολλοὶ καθαρμοὶ* would be the natural result of Orestes' experience in the purifying effects of time.

now from pure mouth piously I call on Minerva, queen of this region, to come to me an assistant; and she shall possess without the spear both me myself, and my land, and the Argive people, justly faithful, and an ally for ever. But whether in the places of the Lybian region around the wave of Triton, her native stream, she sets her foot upright or covered[1], aiding her friends, or surveys the Phlegræan plain, like a bold leader, let her come, (and she hears even afar, being a goddess,) that she may be a deliverer to me from these things.

CH. By no means shall Apollo, or the might of Minerva set you free, so as not to perish neglected, not having learnt where in your mind to rejoice, the bloodless food of demons, a shadow. Dost thou not reply, but dost thou disdain my words, thou who art both nourished for, and devoted to me[2]. And alive you shall feed me, not slain at the altar, and you shall hear this hymn that charms you. Come then, let us also join the dance, since it has seemed good to us to pour forth the hated song, and to declare how our band distributes its lots among men; and we delight in being upright [ministers] of justice. On him indeed who possesses pure hands no wrath from us steals, but free from harm he passes his life: but whoever, committing crime, like this man, conceals his bloody hands, close at hand as true witnesses to the dead, we appear effectually as avengers of blood to him. Mother, O mother Night! thou who brought me forth a punishment[3] to the dead and the living, hear! for the son of Latona makes me dishonoured, taking away this timid animal, our own victim to expiate a mother's murder[4]. But over the victim [be this the] strain, one fraught with distracting, mind-destroying, the hymn of the Furies, that charms the mind, without the lyre, that causes shrivelling to mortals. For prevailing fate has destined to us firmly to hold this office, to pursue those of mortals by whom wicked murders are committed, until [the murderer] hath gone below the earth; and when dead he is not quite

[1] *i. e.* whether she stands or sits. Burges reads *κατωφερῆ*. But see Muller, p. 103, note 7.

[2] I have added a note of interrogation with Schutz and Paley.

[3] Read *ποινὰν* with Aldus.

[4] Compare the incantations in Macbeth, iv. 1, and Kirke White's Gondoline.

free. But over the victim [be this the] song, fraught with madness, distracting, mind-destroying, the hymn of the Furies, that charms minds, without the lyre, that causes shrivelling to mortals. This lot was assigned to us at our birth: to keep our hands from the immortals, nor is there any common feeder with us; and of white garments am I ever destitute and devoid. For I take upon myself the overthrow of houses, when Mars, being kindred, has slain a friend. Him intently pursuing, oh! strong though he be, we destroy, because of newly-shed blood. And earnestly striving to take away from another this care, and to effect an exemption for the gods in regard to prayers offered to me, and not to come into question of arbitration[1]: for Jove deems unworthy of his converse this blood-dripping justly-hated band. For suddenly leaping from above, I bring down the strength of my foot with heavy fall, limbs that cause the swift[2] to trip, an intolerable calamity. And the thoughts of men even when very lofty beneath the sky, waste away, and decrease down to earth unhonoured, at our approach clad in our black garments, and at the hated dances of our feet. But falling he knows not this, through his foolish distraction: such darkness hovers upon the man on account of his crime, and rumour with many groans proclaims[3] the murky cloud against regard to the house. For 'tis fixed[4]. But we are[5] both quick of contrivance and persevering in accomplishing it, and awfully mindful of evil deeds, and implacable to mortals, executing an office ignoble aud unhonoured, apart from gods with a sunless torch, in a way alike difficult to be trodden by those who see and by the blind[6]. Who then of mortals dreads not and fears these, hearing my office confirmed by fate, given perfect from the gods: but my ancient

[1] See Paley. We must read ὄντα περ, with Hermann, and σπευδομένα with Burges. See Dindorf.

[2] Linwood prefers σφαλερά περ ταννδρόμοις, referring to Musgr. on Soph. Ant. 779; Blomf. on Prom. 939. The common reading he would translate, "exerting in running their stumbling limbs."

[3] Paley prefers taking αὐδᾶται passively, and ἀχλὺν as an accusative of consequence, "quæ et ipsa sit caligo tenebrosa." Jelf, § 556 (as would appear from the Index), follows the usual interpretation.

[4] Hermann compares Agam. 1563.

[5] The scholiast rightly supplies ἐσμὲν. Cf. Jelf, § 376, *a*.

[6] *i. e.* the living or the dead.

honour remains to me, nor do I meet with ignominy, though possessing a station beneath the earth and sunless darkness.

MIN. From afar I heard the sound of a voice from Scamander, where I occupy[1], a land which in truth the leaders and chiefs of the Greeks, a great portion of the captured possessions, assigned for ever to me, root and branch, a chosen gift to the children of Theseus. From thence I have come, plying an unwearied foot, without wings with rustling noise brandishing my hollow ægis[2], having yoked this car to vigorous steeds. But beholding this strange company, I am by no means afraid, but a wonder is before my eyes. Who, pray, are you? I speak to all in common: both to this stranger seated at my image, and to you resembling no race of beings produced, nor beheld among goddesses by gods, nor yet like to mortal forms; but for neighbours to speak ill of one deformed is far from proper, and justice is absent from it.

CH. You shall hear all things briefly, daughter of Jove; for we are the children of dark night, and we are called Furies in the abodes beneath the earth.

MIN. I know indeed your race, and fame according with your name.

CH. You shall quickly for certain now hear my honours.

MIN. I would learn them, if some one would give a plain account.

CH. We drive man-slayers from their homes.

MIN. And where is the end of flight to him who has slain?

CH. Where to rejoice is by no means usual.

MIN. Do you proclaim such flight for this man too?

[1] But compare Muller, p. 123. "Minerva says she heard the voice of Orestes from afar at the banks of the Scamander, where she had *forestalled foreign usurpation by taking possession* of the country assigned as a meed of honour to the Athenians and to herself by the Allied Greeks before Troy. This is obviously the meaning of *καταφθατουμένη*, not simply = *κατακτωμένη*, as Hesychius explains it, but = *φθάνουσα κατακτωμένη*. It is well known, that from the time of Phryno and Pittacus the Athenians were engaged in a dispute with the Lesbians respecting the coast of Troas round Sigeium." See the erudite note of Stanley.

[2] Bothe's conjecture, *Αἰγέως*, is very elegant, signifying the Ægean Sea. But see Muller, p. 103. I cannot very clearly understand Minerva's mode of conveyance. It was doubtless something very clever.

CH. [Yes.] For he has thought proper to be the murderer of his mother.

MIN. Not dreading the wrath of any other necessity?

CH. For where is such an incentive as to slay a mother?

MIN. Two parties being present, half the tale is present[1].

CH. But he would not receive an oath, nor is willing to give one[2].

MIN. You wish rather to have the fame of justice than to act according to it.

CH. How so? declare; for you are not deficient in wise words[3].

MIN. I say, that by oaths, unjust things do not conquer.

CH. But inquire, and adjudge an upright judgment.

MIN. Would you commit even to me the decision of the cause?

[1] *i. e.* I have only heard one side of the question.

[2] "These words cannot be understood without first of all bearing in mind the original signification of ὅρκος; namely, the object whereby one takes oath and binding on the conscience of the party taking oath. This object is named to the challenged by the challenging party; for instance, the head of his child, or such and such gods. This is called *giving an* ὅρκος. In the next place it must be kept in view, that an oath of this kind, demanded of, or tendered to one party by the other, forms part of the evidence. For that evidence required a challenge (πρόκλησις) and the acceptation of it: both parties must be agreed to rest the decision of the suit on the oath of one of the two parties, before the oath could be admitted and stand as substantive evidence. . . . . The meaning then of what the Erinnys say is this: 'Orestes will scarcely allow us to name the oath which he shall take to attest his innocence, nor will he readily consent to let the verdict depend upon our swearing to his guilt by whatever oath he shall please to propose to us;' and they are perfectly right in their opinion. But Minerva very properly refuses to admit such a mode of decision in this case, as being a mere show of the right, by which she will not allow the wrong to gain the day." Muller, p. 177, sq. The same elegant critic observes that Æschylus does not allude to the customary oath used in the Court of Areopagus,—(on which the student may compare the following passages of the Greek Orators: Demosth. in Aristocr. p. 642; Antiphon de cæde Herod. p. 716; Lysias in Theomn. p. 352, 3; Dinarchus in Demosth. p. 35, ed. Reiske)—"because it has no specific significance in this particular case; just as the oath of the Areopagites to do strict justice is frequently referred to in the course of the play, but is not actually administered in the theatre."

[3] But MS. Neap. πέλει, whence Linwood would read οὖν πέλει.

CH. And how not? as we reverence you worthy of worthy things[1].

MIN. What do you wish, O stranger, to answer in your turn to these things? But having told your country and race and your misfortunes, after that repel this charge; if, trusting to justice, you sit keeping station at this image beside my shrine, a venerated suppliant after the fashion of Ixion[2]. To all these answer something easily understood by me.

OR. Queen Minerva, first will I remove the great care, [evident] from your last words. I am not contaminated, nor does pollution adhere to my hand that clasps[3] your image. And I will tell you a great proof of these things. It is the law that one whose hands are stained with murder be silent, until by a man who cleanses from the impurity of blood, the slaughter of a young victim have sprinkled him with gore. Long since I have been thus purified at other abodes, both with animals, and flowing streams: therefore, indeed, I dismiss this your care. But what my race is, you shall quickly hear. I am an Argive, and well do you know my father, Agamemnon[4], leader of naval heroes; with whom you made the Trojan city of Ilion no city. He perished not gloriously, having come to his home: for my dark-souled mother slew him, having wrapt him in artful toils, [and she herself] bore witness to the murder of the bath. And I returning home, having been an exile the time before this, slew her who gave me birth, I will not deny it, with the vengeance of retributory slaughter, on account of my dearest father. And of these things Apollo is in common guilty, declaring sting-like woes to my heart if I should not do some of these things to the murderers. But do you, whether justly, or not, decide the cause; for however I shall have fared with you, I shall assent to your decision.

MIN. The thing is too great, if any mortal thinks to judge it; nor yet is it lawful for me to determine a cause of slaughter

[1] I should prefer *ἀξίαν ἐπαξίως* (Cf. Soph. Œd. Tyr. 133) to any of the conjectures yet proposed.

[2] An etymological allusion. See Muller, p. 144.

[3] Dindorf prefers *ἐφημένου*, with Burges.

[4] This passage seems to have been in the mind of Libanius, in his defence of Orestes, t. I. p. 283.

quick to wrath, and especially if[1] you indeed having prepared at the same time, have come a suppliant pure and guiltless to my abodes. But nevertheless I receive you being blameless in my city. But these possess an office not easily set aside[2], and not having obtained victory: poison from their minds having fallen hereafter upon the plain [will be] an intolerable dire disease. These things, indeed, are so: that both remain, but to dismiss both, without injury is impossible for me[3]. But since this thing has come hither, choosing[4] sworn judges of murder I will make a law for ever. But do you call as evidence and proofs, oaths to aid your cause. But I having selected the best of my citizens will come, to determine this matter rightly, those who give no unjust oath in their minds[5].

CH. Now [will] there be a revolution of[6] new laws, if the cause and guilt of this matricide shall prevail. This deed now by its facility[7] will prompt all mortals to [the same] and

[1] *κεἰ, i. e. καὶ εἰ*, Paley's conjecture, seems correct. See his note, and Spitzner's first Excursus on the Iliad.

[2] *i. e.* but the nature of these is such, that they cannot be easily dismissed. The construction is very irregular. *τυχοῦσαι* the scholiast considers as put for *τυχουσῶν*. With the following words we must understand *ἔσται*. There is the same want of a finite verb in Sept. c. Th. 189. *Κρατοῦσα μὲν γὰρ οὐχ, ὁμιλητὸν θράσος, Δείσασα δ', οἴκῳ καὶ πόλει πλέον κακόν.* This is not the case in the examples in Jelf's Gk. Gr. § 707.

[3] This is clearly absurd. *νέμειν* is the conjecture of Paley; *μ' ἐλεῖν* of Linwood. Dindorf distinguishes and reads thus: *Τοιαῦτα μὲν τάδ' ἐστίν ἀμφότερα, μένειν, Πέμπειν τε δυσπήμαντ' ἀμηνίτως ἐμοί. i. e.* "whether they stay, or I send them away." But in such opposed phrases the verbs generally refer to the *same* person. Perhaps Æschylus wrote,

τοιαῦτα μὲν τάδ' ἐστὶν ἀμφότερα νοεῖν·
πέμπειν δε δυσπήμαντ' ἀμηνίτως ἐμοί.

The reading *ἀμηνίτως* is preserved by the scholiast.

[4] Read *ὁρκίους αἱρουμένη* with Pearson and Dindorf. Hence arises the tradition that the Areopagus was founded by Minerva. See the note above.

[5] Read *ὅρκον πόροντας* with Hermann, and *φράσειν* with Markland. See Dindorf and Paley. On *τὰ βέλτιστα* see Muller, p. 179.

[6] *i. e.* brought about in such a manner as to break up the old institutes, and introduce new ones.

[7] Compare the Cenci, act. v. 4.

I urged him still;
Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong,
Which prompted your unnatural parent's death.

many certain sufferings from wounds inflicted by children, await parents in time hereafter. For neither will any wrath of us men-regarding Mænads creep on because of evil deeds: I will leave[1] all death unpunished, and one will ask from another, declaring the evil deeds of his kindred a cessation, and remission from ills no longer certain[2]: but the wretch in vain will console himself. Nor let any one struck by misfortune invoke *us*, pouring forth these words, O Justice, and O thrones of the Furies! With such expressions some father perhaps, or mother newly afflicted, may wail a wailing: since the house of Justice falls. Some times fear, sitting in the right place, and controlling the soul, will terrify it. It is good to grow wise under sorrow. But who keeping no fear in his blithesome heart, either city or mortal alike, would any longer reverence justice? Praise neither a life free from rule, nor lorded over; to every mean the god affords power, but other things he differently regards. But I speak a fitting word; insolence is the child of impiety, most assuredly; but from sanity of mind comes prosperity dear to all and much sought. But altogether I say to you, revere the altar of Justice, nor, looking to gain, dishonour it by trampling on it with godless foot. For punishment will follow: a decisive end awaits. Therefore let every one honour duly the sanctity of parents, and reverence the intercourse of hospitable abodes. He who is willingly just without necessity shall not be unhappy; utterly destroyed, at least, he can never be. But I declare that the transgressor who dares things contrary, will throw all things into confusion without justice, [and shall perish] by violence in time, when trouble has seized his sails, the sail-yard being broken. And he invokes those who listen not, in the midst of an uncon-

> And he replied: "Paolo Santa Croce
> Murdered his mother yester evening,
> And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife
> That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young
> Will strangle us all dozing in our chairs."

[1] There are some doubt about the right meaning of *ἐφήσω*. Paley thinks there may possibly be an allusion to *ἔφεσις*. But *ἔφεσις* can only mean an appeal from one tribunal to another, or from the senate to the people (see Pollux, VIII. 6, p. 390). I think *ἀφήσω* must be the correct reading.

[2] See Paley and Linwood.

querable whirlpool; but the deity laughs at the bold man, beholding him, no longer boasting, bound in calamity from which is no escape, nor surmounting the summit: but having dashed his former prosperity on the rock of Justice, unwept, unknown, he is for ever lost.

Min. Proclaim, herald[1], and keep back the people: and let the piercing Tuscan trumpet, filled with mortal breath, pour forth its thrilling voice to the multitude. For this assembly being filled, it is fitting to be silent, and that even all the city for ever learn my laws, and this man, that the cause may be duly determined[2].

Ch. King Apollo, rule the things that belong to you. What have you to do with this matter, say.

Ap. Both to give evidence have I come (for this man is a suppliant of my dwelling[3] and a guest of my abodes; and I am the cleanser of this murder) and [I have come] myself to plead the cause[4] with him; but I bear the blame of the slaughter of this man's mother. But do thou [Minerva], open, as you know how, this cause, with a view to deciding it.

[1] Schol. Hermogenis apud Meurs. Areopag. p. 45. *ἐπὶ τοῦ ἐν Ἀρείῳ πάγῳ δικαστηρίου, χρῆσις προοιμίων οὐκ ἦν, κῆρυξ γὰρ προσεφώνει τῷ εἰσιόντι, μήτε προοιμάζου, μήτε ἐπίλεγε.* Cf. Themist. Or. XXVI. p. 311. Hard. The *κῆρυξ* probably was originally only employed to call the attention of the people, but afterwards to declare such restraint as the court thought fit to set upon the pleaders. Following the example of Muller, I shall attempt to draw some comparison between the regular process of the Areopagus and the process here described by Æschylus. On the duties of the *κῆρυξ*, compare Pollux, IV. 12. According to custom, he would here have summoned the accuser. Cf. Apul. Met. III. p. 130. "præconis amplo boatu citatus accusator—exsurgit." X. p. 241. "jussus præco pronuntiat: PATRES IN CURIAM CONVENIRENT. Quibus protinus dignitatis jure consueta loca residentibus, rursum præconis vocatu, primus accusator incidit. Tunc demum clamatus inducitur etiam reus: et exemplo legis Atticæ, Martiique judicii, causæ patronus denuntiat præco, neque principia dicere, neque miserationem commovere."

[2] So Dindorf's text. But Muller, p. 109. and Paley retain *τῶνδε*, understanding it of Orestes and the Furies: "*et in omne tempus civitatem, et nunc ut horum lis dijudicetur.*"

[3] Dindorf rightly receives Burges' emendation, *νόμῳ*.

[4] *Σύνδικος, συνδίκη, συνδικάζειν*, are generally used of the advocate on the side of the accused. Cf. Pollux, VIII. 5, p. 382. Andocides de myst. p. 74. ed. Reiske. But in v. 361, the Eumenides are styled the *σύνδικοι* of Clytæmnestra.

MIN. It is with you to speak, but I open the cause[1]: for the accuser, speaking first from the beginning, should be rightly the explainer of the matter.

CH. We are many, indeed, but we will speak briefly: and do you answer word for word, giving it in your turn: say first if you slew your mother.

OR. I slew her: of this there is no denial.

CH. This now, indeed, is one of the three wrestlings[2].

OR. You speak these boasting words on me not yet prostrate.

CH. Nevertheless it behoves you to declare how you slew her.

OR. I will tell; with sword-drawing hand having cut her on the neck.

CH. But by whom were you persuaded, and by whose counsels?

OR. By the oracles of this god; and he bears witness to me.

CH. Did the prophet advise you to slay your mother?

OR. And so far ever I blame not Fortune.

CH. But if the condemning vote shall seize you, perhaps you will say other things.

OR. I am confident, and my father will send aid from the tomb[3].

CH. Put trust now in the dead, having slain your mother!

OR. For she had the concurrence of two pollutions.

CH. How so? inform the judges of these things.

OR. Having slain her husband she murdered my father.

[1] Compare the passage of Apuleius just quoted. Minerva acts as εἰσαγωγεύς, as president of the court. (But see Pollux, VIII. 8, p. 398,) "the parties plead against each other in short and plain sentences; long speeches being against the usage of the Areopagus as well as contrary to the taste of our poet. The only one who speaks at all at length is Apollo, and in his case it is very allowable, since he is not only advocate for Orestes, but also Exegetes .... as such, he expounds the nature of justifiable homicide as well as the other exculpatory circumstances to the clear comprehension of the judges." Muller, p. 179, sq.

[2] *i. e.* this is one great point gained on our side. In wrestling, the third throw determined the victory. See the learned note of Blomfield (apud Linwood).

[3] Compare my note on Soph. Œd. Col. 998.

CH. Therefore you, indeed, live, but she is free [from the punishment] of slaughter.

OR. But why did you not drive her out by exile when alive[1]?

CH. She was not the kindred of the man whom she slew.

OR. But am I allied by blood to my mother?

CH. Yes, for did she not nourish you within her zone, O blood-stained? do you disown the most dear blood of your mother?

OR. Now do you give testimony. But declare for me, Apollo, if I slew her with justice: for we do not deny that we have done it, as it is done: but if this blood seem to your mind justly or unjustly shed, judge, that I may speak to these.

AP. I will speak justly to you, this great council of Minerva, and being a prophet I will not lie. Never at any time have I spoken in my prophetic shrine either concerning man, woman, or city, what Jove father of the Olympians has not commanded. Learn, with respect to this justice, of how great power it is; but I bid you obey the counsel of my father, for an oath by no means is more powerful than Jove.

CH. Jove, as you say, gave this oracle[2], that you should tell this Orestes, having avenged the murder of his father by no means to regard the reverence due to his mother.

AP. [Yes.] For it is not the same thing that a noble hero should die, honoured with Jove-given sceptres, and that, too, by a woman, not by impetuous far-darting bows, like an Amazon, but as Pallas shall hear, and they who sit to decide by vote concerning this matter. For having received him on his return from the expedition, where he had gained the greatest honours in the best manner according to the opinion of those well-inclined to him[3], in the washing-place as he was passing

[1] See Muller, § 48, p. 135. who fully illustrates the difficulty under which Orestes laboured in this respect.

[2] Burges, λέγεις σοι τόνδε, which Dindorf seems to approve. On Apollo's duty as ἐξηγητὴς, see Muller, § 74.

[3] The passage is confessedly unintelligible. Bothe reads ἢ φράσαι for εὔφροσιν, which Linwood, in his Lexicon, approves, reading ἄμεινον (with Aldus), and joining ἄμεινον ἢ φράσαι δεδεγμένη. He renders the whole passage thus: "*receiving him with a bath, more courteously than can be expressed, upon his return from the expedition, where he had gained the utmost honours—as he was passing through the water and*

through the bath, and at the end covered him with a robe, and having entangled her husband in an artfully-woven circular garment she struck him. This fate, indeed, of the hero all-venerable, the commander of ships, has been told to you: this woman have I described as such, that the assembly may be stung with indignation, which has been appointed to determine this cause.

Ch. Jove by your account respects the death of a father; but he himself bound his aged father Saturn[1]. How do you say that these things are not contrary to those? But I call you as witnesses to hear these things.

Ap. O all-hated monsters, abhorred by the gods, from fetters, indeed, (there is a cure for this) even many a liberating device might have released him[2]. But when the dust has drunk up the blood of a man once dead, there is no raising it up. For these things my father has not made a charm; but he appoints all other things turning them up and down, in no wise panting in his strength.

Ch. But see how you [defend] this man contrary to justice, that he may escape. Having poured out on the plain the kindred blood of his mother, shall he then inhabit the house of his father in Argos? using which of the public altars? and what laver of his tribe shall receive him?

Ap. This, too, will I declare, and learn how rightly I speak. She is not the mother who is called the parent of the child, but nurse of the newly-sown offspring[3]. But the male is the generative source, and she like a stranger preserves the plant for a stranger, for those whom the god may not have injured. But I will shew you a proof of these words: a father might be without a mother; the daughter of Olympian Jove is close at

had reached the end (of the vessel, or, *when he had ended his ablutions), she threw over him a cloak,"* etc. But see the notes of the same scholar in his edition. There is doubtless a lacuna.

[1] The same argument is facetiously *abused* by Aristoph. Nub. 904. Πῶς δῆτα δίκης οὔσης ὁ Ζεὺς Οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ' αὐτοῦ Δήσας; this fable gave great offence to Plato. See Rep. p. 429. G. sq. imitated by Dionys. Hal. Ant. Rom. II. 39. Cf. Sallust. de Diis § 3, p. 246. ed. Gale. Numenius apud Euseb. Præp. Ev. XIII. 5; Clem. Alexandr. Apol. p. 8, 25; Sylburg. Minutius Felix Oct. § 22.

[2] So Linwood, taking ἔστι τοῦδ' ἄκος parenthetically. This seems better than supplying τις with λύσειεν.

[3] Cf. Eurip. Orest. 552 sqq. and fragm. xxxv. Dind.

hand as a witness, not[1] nourished in the darkness of the womb, but such a plant as no goddess could have produced. But I, Pallas, both in other things, as far as I am able, will make your state and people great, and I sent this man as an inmate of your abodes, that he might be faithful for ever. And may you possess him as an ally, O goddess, and his descendants: and may these things remain eternally, that posterity observe the covenant of these.

MIN. Now I bid these according to their opinion pass a just sentence, as enough has been said.

CH. By us now, indeed, every shaft has been shot; and I wait to hear how the contest will be determined.

MIN. For why? how giving sentence shall I be unblamed by you?

CH. You have heard what you have heard, but passing a vote with your heart, revere, O strangers, your oath.

MIN. You Attic people now hear the law, judging the first cause of the shedding of blood: and moreover this court of judges shall remain hereafter for ever to the people of Ægeus. But for[2] this hill of Mars, the seat and tents of the Amazons, when they came waging war through hatred of Theseus, and then built towers opposite to this new lofty-towered city[3]; and they sacrificed to Mars, whence the rock derives its name, and the hill of Mars—in this [hill], then, the reverence of the citizens, and its ally, fear shall restrain them from acting unjustly, both by day and by night alike, if the citizens themselves do not tamper with[4] the laws. But by an evil influx and

[1] Schutz read *οὐκ*. Dindorf thinks something has been lost.

[2] See Schutz and Paley. The simple expression would have been, *ἐν δὲ πάγῳ Ἀρείῳ τῷδε—ἐν δὲ τῷ σέβας*.

[3] Muller, p. 98, note. "The only way in which I can understand this passage is, that the Amazons assail the new fortress (*i. e.* the town and citadel built by Theseus) by means of a counter-fortress of the Areopagus (like the Persians in Herodot. VIII. 52); and in support of this sense of *ἀντιπυργοῦν πόλιν*, I instance the expression *ἀντιάζειν τινά*, 'to assail a person.'"

[4] Dindorf and Paley read *μὴ 'πιχραινόντων* with Wakefield. With the sense compare Isocrates Orat. Areop. p. 120, ed. Auger. *ἴσμεν ἂν τοὺς ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις πράγμασιν οὐκ ἀνεκτοὺς ὄντας, ἐπειδὰν εἰς Ἄρειον πάγον ἀναβῶσιν, ὀκνοῦντας τῇ φύσει χρῆσθαι, καὶ μᾶλλον τοῖς ἐκεῖ νομίμοις, ἢ ταῖς αὐτῶν κακίαις ἐμμένοντας. Τοσοῦτον ἐκεῖνοι φόβον τοῖς πονηροῖς ἐναπειρῴσαντο, καὶ τοσοῦτον μνημεῖον ἐν τῷ τόπῳ τῆς ἑαυτῶν ἀρετῆς καὶ σωφροσύνης ἐγκατέλιπον.*

by mud polluting the clear water, never wilt thou find a draught. I counsel my citizens with regard[1] to venerate neither anarchy nor tyranny; and not to cast all fear out of the city. For who of mortals, that fears nothing, is just? Awed justly therefore by such an object of reverence, you would have both a defence of your country and safeguard of your city, such as no men possess. Neither among the Scythians nor in the realms of Pelops have I appointed this court. Untouched[2] by gain, venerable, quick to vengeance, a watchful guard over those who sleep[3]. This exhortation, indeed, I have extended for my citizens in regard to the future. But it behoves you to rise, and give your votes, and determine the cause reverencing the oath. My say is said.

CH. And yet I counsel you by no means to dishonour this dire band of [the infernal] region.

AP. And I, for my part, bid you fear both my oracles and those of Jove, nor to render them fruitless.

CH. But you regard matters of bloodshed, not having been allotted such office; and no longer remaining here will you utter pure oracles.

AP. Was my father, too, in any way mistaken in his counsels in the supplication of Ixion, for the first slaughter?

CH. Say on: but I, not having obtained my justice, will heavily again haunt this land.

AP. But both among the young and the old gods you are unhonoured: but I shall prevail.

CH. Such things you did also in the house of Pheres[4], and persuaded the Fates to make mortals free from death.

AP. Is it not just to do good to him who reveres you, especially when he may chance to be in need of it?

CH. You indeed having overcome the old deities, deceived with wine, the ancient goddesses.

AP. You indeed presently, not having the end of your cause, shall vomit your poison, by no means hurtful to your enemies.

CH. Since you, a youth, are riding down me in years, I will

[1] The old reading *περιστέλλουσι* is preferred by Dindorf in his notes. The other is due to Porson.

[2] But it is better to read *κερδῶν δ'* with Schwenk.

[3] Hermann's *νέμων* is preferred by Dindorf.

[4] Cf. Eurip. Alcest. 28, sqq.

remain auditor of this cause, as being doubtful whether I should be enraged at the city.

Min. This is my business, that I last determine the cause; but I will add this[1], my vote, in favour of Orestes: for there is no mother who produced me. But I praise the male in all things, save in obtaining marriage, with all my soul; and I am entirely on my father's side. Thus I will not set higher price on the fate of a woman who slew her husband, the lord of the house. But Orestes prevails, even if he be judged with equal votes. Cast out the lots from the vessel as quickly as possible, you to whom of the judges this office has been assigned.

Or. O Phœbus Apollo, how will the contest be determined?

Ch. O black Night, mother, dost thou behold these things?

Or. Now is it for me the moment of the noose, or to see the light.

Ch. But for us to perish, or to extend our honours rather.

Ap. Count rightly the casting out of the votes, strangers, reverencing justice in the division; for from one suffrage being absent arises great calamity, and one vote cast in, raises up an house.

Min. This man has escaped the doom of blood: for the number of the votes is equal.

Or. O Pallas, O thou who hast preserved my house, and me deprived of my native land, you in truth have restored me to my home; and one of the Greeks will say "the man again is[2] an Argive, and dwells among his paternal possessions," by the will of Pallas and of Loxias and of the third preserver Jove who rules all things, who paying respect to my father's fate preserves me beholding these defenders of the cause of my mother. But I to this country and to your people hereafter, for all time however long having made an oath, now depart home, that no helmsman of the land having come hither

[1] See the elaborate notes of Stanley and Dindorf, also Meurs. de Areop § 10, p. 88, sqq.; and Muller, p. 243, sqq.; and p. 180, sqq. It is of no use to enter further into a question so admirably treated already.

[2] *i. e.* again received among his fellow-citizens. On the previous position of Orestes, see Muller, § 50, p. 137, sqq.

shall bear against you the well-prepared spear. For we ourselves being then in the tomb, to those who violate my present oaths, will, by calamities not to be avoided, rendering their march full of dismay and evil omens, cause them to repent of their toil. But to those who assist and honour ever this city of Pallas with confederate spear, to them we will be kindly disposed. And farewell both thou [O goddess], and the people who inhabit the city, may you possess a contest not to be avoided by your enemies, both the source of safety and of victory with the spear.

CH[1]. O youthful gods, you have ridden down the ancient laws, and have snatched [him] from my hands. But I dishonoured, miserable, inflamed with rage, in this land, ah, ah! will pour forth, in return for my sorrow, a drop from my heart on the ground causing sterility, and from it a venom destroying leaves and children (O Justice!) rushing on the plain, shall cast mortal-destroying stains in the country. Shall I groan? what shall I do? what will become of me? I have suffered things intolerable to the citizens[2]. Ah! most wretched in truth[3] are the daughters of Night grieving for their disgrace.

MIN. Be persuaded by me, so as not to bear it hardly: for you have not been conquered, but the cause in truth fell out with equal votes, not for your disgrace. Besides clear testimonies from Jove were present, and he who gave the oracle, he himself bore witness, that Orestes having done these things should not suffer ill. But do not you let fall your heavy wrath on this land, be not enraged, nor cause sterility, sending forth drops from your lungs, dire darts consuming the seed. For I most justly promise to you, that you, seated at the shining hearths, shall possess temples and shrines in a just land, honoured by these citizens.

CH. O youthful gods, you have trampled on the ancient laws, and have snatched [him] from my hands. But I dis-

[1] The taste for "*encores*" must have been as great in the Athenian theatres, as in the English, if the hearers found much beauty in the repetition of these long dirges. It is but fair to say, that neither manuscripts nor editors are unanimous in retaining them.

[2] *i. e.* things, the consequences of which shall fall heavily upon the citizens.

[3] Read μεγάλα τοι.

honoured, miserable, inflamed with rage, in this land, ah, ah will pour forth, in return for my sorrow, a drop from my heart on the ground causing sterility, and from it a venom destroying leaves and children (O Justice!) rushing on the plain, shall cast mortal-destroying stains in the country. Shall I groan? what shall I do? what will become of me? I have suffered things intolerable to the citizens. Ah! most wretched in truth are the daughters of Night grieving for their disgrace.

MIN. You are not dishonoured, nor, through your excessive wrath, do you goddesses make the land of mortals incurable. I too have trust in Jove,—and what need to say any thing of that? And I alone[1] of gods know the keys of the abodes in which the thunder is sealed up: but there is no need of this. But persuaded by me, do not cast forth upon the ground the fruit of a froward tongue, causing all things to turn out ill. Lull the bitter rage of the black billow, as venerated and a dweller with me: and hereafter having for ever the first-fruits of the sacrifices of this ample realm, for children and the rites of marriage, you will praise these my words.

CH. That I should have suffered these things! alas! that I wretched should dwell on earth! alas! a dishonourable pollution! Therefore I breathe forth my rage, and all my wrath. Oh! oh! Earth! alas! what anguish pierces my sides! hear my rage, mother Night! for the crafty wiles of the gods have deprived me of my public[2] honours as if of no account.

MIN. I will bear with your passion; for you are older; and certainly indeed you are much more wise than I: but to me too Jove has given no small share of wisdom. But you having come into a land of strangers will be loved by this country: I foretell these things: for time as it rolls on will be more fraught with honour to these citizens. And you shall possess a seat at the abode of Erectheus, honoured by men and by the train of women, such as you never could obtain from other mortals. But do not you in my realms cast either bloody

[1] Cf. Servius on Virg. Æn. I. 46, quoted by Stanley. For the entertainment of the reader, I will quote a few verses of Martianus Capella, Præf. VI.

Hinc nam tergeminæ rutilant de vertice cristæ,
Quod dux sanguines præsulque corusca duello:
Vel tibi quod fulget rapiturque triangulus ignis.

[2] Dindorf prefers δηναιᾶν, comparing γέρας παλαιὸν vs. 394

whetstones, a destruction to the entrails of youths, rendering them frantic with rage not excited by wine; nor rousing[1] them like the heart of cocks, among my citizens plant Mars both civil and bold against each other. Let there be a foreign war, not a present broil with difficulty, in which there shall be a violent love of glory; but I mention not the fight of the domestic bird. It is allowed you to choose such things from me, doing well, receiving well, well honoured, to share this god-loved country.

CH. That I should have suffered these things! alas! that I wretched should dwell on earth! alas! a dishonourable pollution! Therefore I breathe forth my rage, and all my wrath. Oh! oh! Earth! alas! what anguish pierces my sides! hear my rage, mother Night! for the crafty wiles of the gods have deprived me of my public honours as if of no account.

[1] Burges reads ἐξάγουσ', which is better. But see Dindorf. Paley puts a stop after μηδ', observing: "ἰδρύσῃς αὐτὴν, *causam belli intestini*. Id vero non potuit facere, nisi ex ipsis avibus prius exsecuisset." Linwood seems to prefer ἐκζέουσ', Musgrave's conjecture. Paley well remarks that allusion is made to cockfighting, a favourite pastime with the Athenian youth. On the yearly ἀλεκτρυόνων ἀγὼν, see Potter, p. 340, ed. Boyd. The beauty of the following verses will perhaps excuse their being somewhat irrelevant.

Non ea pullastros pax et concordia Gallos
Colligat: æternas exercent unguibus iras;
Atque ubi rivales inter majore moventur
Pro gregis imperio, dulci pro conjuge bella;
Nec dominum nec habere parem cristata volucris
Jam patitur; fixumque manet vel sanguine regnum
Quærere, vel claro vitam committere fato;
Non sylvas non autra petunt secreta, sed ipsas
Inter chortis aves, quarum præsentia vires
Extimulat, placet ancipiti contendere bello.
Colla rigent hirsuta jubis, palearia mento
Dira rubent: pugnæ præludia nulla, sed ambo
Partibus adversis facto simul impete duris
Pectora pectoribus quatiunt, hostilia rostris
Rostra petunt, strictosque repulsant unguibus urgue.
Avulsæ volitant plumæ: cruor irrigat artus;
Necdum odiis, iræque datum satis horrida; necdum
Bella cadunt, domitum victor dum straverit hostem,
Ductaque pulset ovans plaudentibus ilia pennis,
Et sublime caput circumferat, atque triumphans
Occinat, et vacua solus jam regnet in aula.

Vanier, Prædium Rusticum, XII. p. 233.

This Vanier was the original author of the "Gradus ad Parnassum!"

MIN. By no means shall I be tired of speaking what is good for you; that you may never say, that you an ancient goddess, did through me a younger, and through men that dwell in cities, depart dishonoured, inhospitably driven from this land. But if indeed the reverence of Persuasion is holy in your eyes, the soothing and winning power of my tongue, you then would remain: but if you are unwilling to remain, neither justly would you bring upon this city any vengeance or anger, or hurt upon the people. For it is in your choice to be a sharer of this land with me at least, duly honoured for ever.

CH. Queen Minerva, what seat do you say that I shall possess?

MIN. One free from all misery: and do thou accept it.

CH. Grant I accept it, but what honour then awaits me?

MIN. That no house shall be prosperous without you.

CH. Will you bring this to pass, so that I shall have so great power?

MIN. [Yes.] For we will render events fortunate to him that reveres you.

CH. And will you warrant this to me for all time?

MIN. Yes; for it is unlawful for me to say, what I will not perform.

CH. You seem to soothe me, and I depart from my rage.

MIN. Therefore being in this land you shall possess friends.

CH. What then do you bid me wish to this land?

MIN. Such things as regard good victory[1], and these from the earth, and from the dews of the sea, and from heaven, and the gales of the winds blowing with clear sunshine to come upon this land; and that the fruit of the earth and of flocks flowing plenteously abounding to the citizens fail not with time, and that there be safety of mortal seed. But may you be more inclined to root out the impious: for I cherish free from calamity, like a gardener, this race of just men here. Such be thy care. But with respect to illustrious warlike contests, I will not endure not to honour this city with victory among mortals.

CH. I will accept the fellowship of Pallas, nor will I despise a city which even all-powerful Jove and Mars regard as the defence of the gods, the delight of the deities of Greece,

[1] Paley considers this as an euphemism against defeat. See his note.

protecting their altars. For which I pray, prophesying benevolently, that the bright ray of the sun cause to spring[1] from the earth goods useful for life in abundance.

MIN. I willingly do these things for these my citizens, having settled in this place these mighty deities, and hard to be appeased: for they have obtained by lot to administer all things regarding men. But he who has not found them gentle, knows not whence come the ills of life: for the sins of his forefathers lead him away to these, and silent destruction with hostile wrath lays him low even while talking big.

CH. And let not the tree-destroying blight breathe—I speak my kindness—and let [not there be] the scorching heat that blasts the buds of plants, preventing them from passing the bounds of their places; nor let the fruit-spoiling black disease creep on; and may this country rear at the appointed time flocks very plenteous with double increase: let the race of men that enjoys the riches of the earth, adore the gainful gift of the deities.

MIN. Do you hear these things, guardians of the city, what she accomplishes? for the awful Erinnys has great power both with the immortals, and with those beneath the earth, and with respect to men they manifestly and powerfully bring about to some indeed the song, but to others on the contrary affording a life dimmed with tears.

CH. And I deprecate youth-destroying untimely events; and do ye[2] grant wedded lives to lovely maids, ye supreme ruling goddesses, and fates, sisters born of the same mother as we, deities of strict laws, common to every house, and in all time heavy in your just visitations in all things the most honoured of the gods.

MIN. I rejoice therefore, [these goddesses] willingly accomplishing these things to my country; but I love the eyes of Persuasion, because she has watched over my tongue and mouth against these fiercely refusing. But Jove of the forum has conquered, and our strife to do good[3] prevails for ever.

CH. And I pray that sedition, insatiate of ills, may never

I cannot make up my mind respecting the reading. See Dindorf and Paley.

[1] See Paley. I should prefer *νεανίδων δ' ἐπ.*

[2] *i. e.* which shall benefit the city most.

τοάr in this city: nor that the dust having drunk the black blood of the citizens, bear away from the city the curse of slaughter for slaughter, through the rage for vengeance[1]. But may they render to each other in turn joyful offices with thoughts for common weal, and hate with one mind: for this is a remedy for many things among mortals.

MIN. Do you then, returning[2] to right thoughts, find the way of a good tongue? From these dread faces I see great gain to these citizens. For you ever benevolent greatly honouring these benevolent, with respect to your rightly-just land and city shall all be illustrious while you live[3].

CH. Farewell, in the prosperity of wealth, farewell people of the city, sitting near to Jove, dear to the dear virgin, wise in time: and you being under the wings of Pallas does fathe Jove regard.

MIN. Farewell you too: but it behoves me first to go to assign your abodes. To the sacred light of these conductors go, and while these dread victims are sacrificed to you, rushing beneath the earth, keep back from the country what is hurtful, but send what is advantageous for the victory of the city. And do you sons of Cranaus inhabiting the city, conduct these new settlers. And may the good recollection of benefits remain to the citizens.

CH. Farewell, farewell again, I repeat it, all you in the city, deities and mortals, inhabiting the city of Pallas. But honouring duly my settling among you, in no respect shall you blame the events of life.

MIN. I approve the words of these your vows, and I will send the light of blazing torches to the infernal and nether regions, with ministers who guard my image justly. For let the eye of all the land of Theseus come forth, an illustrious band of youths, women, and a train of aged women; and clothed in purple-dyed garments honour[4] [these deities,] and

[1] Dindorf and Linwood read *ποινᾶς* with Pauw. Paley defends the common reading.

[2] Read *φρονοῦσα* with Herm. Dind. Paley.

[3] See Paley. Dindorf approves of Hermann's conjecture *γῆ καὶ πόλις ὀρθοδίκαιοι—πάντως*.

[4] Hermann thinks there is a lacuna. On the conclusion of this play, cf. Muller, p. 191, sqq., 205, sqq. But the whole work is essential to a complete undertaking of this most religious of Athenian dramas.

let the light of the torches flash forth: that new fellowship received into your land hereafter, may show their good will by events that prosper men.

At. Depart home, ye mighty honoured virgin daughters of Night, with a friendly escort. (But do you speak well-omened words, inhabitants), in the ancient caves beneath the earth highly honoured with honours and burnt victims, and in your happy lot. But applaud all ye people! And propitious and benevolent to this land come hither, ye dread powers, and delighted with the blazing torch: and on the way now break forth into songs. But libations shall be ever in your temples accompanied by torches: to the citizens of Pallas all-seeing Jove and the favouring Fate descend together. Break forth now into songs.

THE SUPPLIANTS[1].

ARGUMENT.

The flight of the Danaides from Egypt, accompanied by their father to Argos, and their supplication for protection against the lawless nuptials threatened them by the sons of Ægyptus.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHORUS, THE DAUGHTERS OF DANAUS.	PELASGUS.
DANAUS.	HERALD.

CHORUS. May Jove, indeed, the god of suppliants benevolently regard our naval train having set sail from the mouths of the Nile with its fine sands. But having left the divine land bordering on Syria we fled, sentenced to no banishment by the vote of the city, on account of bloodshed, but abhorring the man-shunning and impious nuptials of the sons of Ægyptus our kindred. But our father Danaus both our prime counsellor and leader of our flight, arranging these things, determined on the best of two evils (viz., the nuptials, or flight,) that we should fly with all speed over the billow of the deep, and put to at the land of Argos, from whence, indeed, our lineage, from the heifer rendered frantic by the gadfly, and from the touch and inspiration of Jove, boasts to be derived. To what country therefore more friendly than this can we come with these wool-wreathed branches of suppliants in our hands? O[2] city, and land, and limpid water, and you

[1] In translating this very corrupt play, I shall adhere as closely to Dindorf as is possible. As it is seldom read, and as the text is so uncertain, I shall not burthen the text with much illustrative annotation. Paley's edition is the only one that will give the student much assistance. To enumerate all the various readings, would fill half a volume, but I shall notice such as seem to furnish an easy clue to the sense.

[2] I follow Robortelli. See Paley.

heavenly gods, and you dire-punishing infernal deities possessing temples, and third [called upon] preserver Jove, receive this suppliant female train with a merciful spirit of the country: but the male-abounding insolent swarm, sprung from Ægyptus, before placing their foot in this marshy land, send thou into the deep with their swift ship, and there having met with a furious whirlwind, with thunder, lightning, and with the shower-bearing winds of the fell sea, let them perish, before at any time ascending our unwilling beds, from which Justice restrains them, having made their own[1] us here their kindred. But now invoking[2] the divine calf, my avenger beyond the sea, and the son of the flower-cropping heifer, our progenitor, from the breathing of Jove. But the fated time rightly confirmed the touch [of Jove] in the name [of her son,] and brought forth Epaphus; whom mentioning now in the fertile regions of his ancient mother, calling to mind her former troubles, partly now will I shew creditable proofs, and partly some things will appear, I know, unlikely, although being unexpected[3]. But one will ken words [when I have spoken] at length. But if any augur chances to be near in the land, nearing our mournful wail, he will think that he hears the wife of Tereus wretched of device; and the hawk-chased nightingale; who driven from her haunts and the rivers laments with new wail on account of her accustomed haunts; and trills a song on the fate of the boy, how he perished by the very hand of his cruel mother, having met with her wrath. So I, too, lamenting in Ionian strains rend my tender cheek that was cherished beside the Nile, and my heart unacquainted with tears. And I crop the flower of sad complaints, fearing my friends, if there is any one who has regard for this flight of ours from the land of Aeria[4]. But ye gods, authors of our race, hear, duly regarding justice, or if ye do not grant success in obtaining what is contrary to right, but hating insolence in your souls, you should be just in regard to nuptials[5]. But there is even to those who fly from war, being hard

[1] But see Paley.
[2] There is no finite verb.
[3] This is reasoning with a vengeance. See Paley.
[4] On this epithet of Egypt, see Stanley.
[5] See Paley.

pressed, an altar, a defence from calamity[4], honoured by the deities. Would that [the will] of Jove would bring to pass all things truly. The counsel of Jove is not easily traced out, yet in all things it shines forth, even in darkness, with black calamity to articulate-voiced men. But it falls firmly not upon its back[2], if a thing be perfected by the head of Jove: for the ways of the [divine] breast stretch thick and shady, difficult to discover. But he smites abandoned mortals, looking down[3] from his high-towered heights, and no one arms violence unpunished by the deity: the [divine] mind sitting aloft[4] upon holy seats, nevertheless from that place takes vengeance on it. But let him look to the insolence of mortal men, how a youthful stock shoots anew, blooming[5] on account of my nuptials, with ill-advised purpose, and having furious thoughts, an inevitable sting, and having resolved on an infatuated deed through disappointment[6]. Such wretched sufferings I lamenting recount, mournful, grievous, drawing tears, ah! ah! suited to funeral strains: I alive honour[7] myself with lamentations. I suppliant beseech the Apian land, and may you hear kindly my barbarian voice. But oft I fall upon my linen garments with rendings, and my Sidonian headdress. But to the gods just and perfect rites[8], matters having happened fortunately, shall be abundantly afforded, when death is absent. Ah! ah! ah! troubles difficult to be judged! where will this billow carry us? I suppliant beseech the Apian land, and may you hear kindly my barbarian voice. But oft I fall upon my linen garments with rendings. The bar indeed and the wooden house with flaxen sails[9], keeping out the sea, has wafted me with the breezes untroubled

[1] *ἀρᾶς*. See Dindorf.

[2] *i. e.* it is not thrown prostrate. The ingenious author of the last Oxford translation, who certainly knew more about English than Greek, has got through this chorus, indeed through the whole play, without the slightest perception of the corruptions of the original, re-writing the play in English, not rendering the Greek.

[3] Hermann reads *ἐλπίδων*, and so Dindorf and Paley.

[4] But see Paley, whose edition is indispensable to any one who attempts to read the Supplices.

[5] I read *τεθαλὼς* with Bothe, Dindorf, and Paley.

[6] So Paley. [7] *τιμῶ*. See Dindorf. [8] See Paley.

[9] *δόμος, δορὸς, trabis fabrica,* pro *navis,* ut Hor. *trabe Cypria.* Paley.

by tempests: nor do I blame it: but hereafter may the all-seeing father bring to pass a propitious end[1], that the mighty seed of our venerable mother escape, alas! from the beds of men unwedded, virgin. But again may the chaste daughter of Jove willingly regard me willing, keeping fixed upon me her dread countenance: and with all her might let her a virgin defending virgins from persecutions, be our deliverer[2]. But if not, a blackened sun-burnt[3] race to Zagreus[4], the many-guest-receiving Jove of the dead will we approach with these suppliant boughs, dying by the noose, not having obtained [the favour] of the Olympian gods. O Jove[5], O wrath from the deities pursuing Io! But I ken the vengeance of the wife [of Jove] which overcomes heaven: for a tempest will come from a fell blast. And then Jove will be subject to unjust rumours, having slighted the son of the heifer, whom he himself once begot, now keeping his eyes averted from our prayers; but may he favourable hear us from above when invoked. O Jove, O wrath from the deities pursuing Io! But I ken the vengeance of the wife [of Jove,] which overcomes heaven: for a tempest will come from a fell blast.

DANAUS. My children, it behoves us to be prudent: and ye have come with me your prudent faithful aged father conductor of your voyage. And with respect to your behaviour on land now I bid you assume[6] prudence to observe my words, engraving them on your minds. I see dust, the voiceless messenger of an army; the axle-driven naves are not silent, and I behold a bucklered and spear-brandishing crowd, with

[1] Dindorf follows the emendation of Burges.

[2] Such should be the sense. But neither that, nor any other meaning can be elicited from the words as they stand. Heath reads *σθένει*. Paley, *σθένουσ' ἰωχμῷ Ἀσφαλέως ἀδμῆτος*, with much ingenuity. See his note. Perhaps, however, the fault lies in the verses being wrongly distinguished, and the true reading is simply *ἀσφαλὲς, Παντί τὲ σθένει. Διωγμοῖσι δ' ἀσφαλέως*, κτλ. But in such passages, *hariolari licet, at nil praterea.*

[3] I follow Wellauer's *ἡλιόκτυπον* with Dindorf and Paley. The conjunction *ἢ* could not possibly stand.

[4] This is Blomfield's splendid emendation, learnedly supported by Burges, Gaisford, and Paley. Wellauer's *τὸν γάϊον* is preferred by Dindorf. *τοὔγγαιον* must be corrected.

[5] I read *ἃ Ζὰν, Ἰοῦς ἰὼ* with Bamberger. See Dindorf.

[6] *λαβὼν*, Wordsworth. with the approbation of Dindorf and Paley.

horses, and curved chariots. Perhaps the rulers of this land may be advancing to us as spies, having heard [of us] from messengers. But whether harmless, or enraged[1] with fell wrath, they are rushing on this train, it is better, on every account, O virgins, to sit down at this mound of the gods who preside over assemblies. But an altar is better than a tower, an unbroken shield. But as quickly as possible go, and holding reverently in your left[2] hands the white-wreathed suppliant boughs, ornaments of awful Jove, reply to the strangers with modest and sad and fitting words, as becomes those in a strange land, clearly relating these your bloodless flights. But first indeed let not boldness of voice follow, and let no vain look proceed from your modest foreheads, and quiet eye. And be not first to speak nor tedious in your talk: the people in this country greatly dislike it. But be sure to yield: you are a needy stranger exile; for it becomes not the lowly to be bold of speech.

CH. Father, prudently to the prudent do you speak. But we mindful will observe these your wise injunctions; and may Jove the author of our race regard us.

DAN. Delay not now, but let there be an accomplishment of your plan[3].

CH. I would now have my seat beside you.

DAN. O Jove, pity us not utterly consumed by troubles.

CH. Let him regard us in truth with favouring eye: he willing it, these things will turn out well[4].

DAN. Invoke now also this bird of Jove.

CH. We invoke the preserving rays of the sun, and holy Apollo, a god once exiled from heaven. Knowing this fate, let him be propitious to mortals.

DAN. Let him be propitious indeed, and readily afford succour.

CH. Whom then of these deities shall I yet invoke?

[1] There is much uncertainty about the reading. *τεθηγμένος*, Pearson, Burges, *τεθυμμένος*, Abresch. Dindorf, *τεθυμένος*, Steph. Turn. Paley.

[2] *εὐωνύμων*, Pearson, Dind. Paley.

[3] In Rob. the dramatis personæ are differently arranged. See Burges and Paley.

[4] Burges and Scholefield rightly place v. 210 after 206. See the notes of Paley. The whole passage, as it now stands, in fact, the whole play, is a mass of hopeless absurdity.

DAN. I behold this trident, a sign of the god.

CH. But he has brought us well hither, and may he receive us well in the land.

DAN. This other is Mercury in the rites of the Greeks.

CH. Let him then announce good tidings to us freed[1].

DAN. But reverence the common altar of all these kings, and sit in a holy place like a flock of doves, through fear of hawks of the same feather, kindred enemies, and polluting your race. How can a bird that devours a bird be pure? and how could he who marries an unwilling maid from an unwilling father[2] be pure? not even when dead in Hades can he who has done these things escape the blame of lewdness. And there, as is the tale, another Jove who passes the last judgments among the dead, judges crimes. Consider, and answer in this fashion, that this matter may turn out well to you.

PELASGUS. Of what country is this band that we address, not Grecian in its garb, delicately attired in barbarian robes, and in many folds? for this attire of women is not Argolic, nor from the realms of Greece. But how you have dared fearlessly to come to this country, neither [announced] by heralds, and without a public host, without conductors, this is wonderful. Boughs indeed after the fashion of suppliants are laid by you at the altars of the gods who preside over assemblies. The Grecian land will gain by conjecture this only, (viz., that you are suppliants,) and it were just to guess many other things, were there not a voice to inform me present.

CH. You have spoken concerning our dress a true speech. But whether shall I speak to you as a private person, or a sceptre-bearing guardian of the temple, or chief of the city[3]?

PEL. Answer to these things, and speak boldly to me: for I am Pelasgus, son of earth-born Palæcthon, leader of this land. And from me their king the race of Pelasgians aptly taking their name enjoys this land, and I rule all the territory

[1] ὥστε ἐλευθέρους ἡμᾶς γίγνεσθαι, Wellauer.

[2] ἄκοντος πατρός, Burges, Dind.

[3] See Dindorf. Burges is extremely ingenious in reading Ἢ ῥητὸν Ερμοῦ κλᾶρον ἢ πόλεως ἀγόν; *i. e.* herald or ruler.

through which Algus flows, and Strymon, towards the setting sun. But I claim as my borders the land of the Perrhæbians[1], and the parts beyond Pindus, beside the Pæonians, and the mountains of Dodona: but the boundary of the watery deep cuts it off: and beyond these parts I rule. But this plain of the Apian land long since was named on account of a man skilled in healing arts: for Apis having come from the country of Naupactus the healing-prophetic son of Apollo, cleared this land from men-devouring monsters, which in truth the earth defiled by pollutions of ancient blood produced, fierce animals, a dragon band, a dire fellowship. Of these Apis having blamelessly made complete and liberating remedies for the Argive land, found hereafter his memory in prayers as his reward. Having now signs from me you can declare your race, and speak farther: a long oration indeed the city loves not.

CH. My speech shall be short and clear. We boast ourselves Argives as to our race, the seed of the heifer happy in her son: and I will prove all these things I say to be true.

PEL. You relate incredible things, O strangers, for me to hear, that this your race is Argive. For you are more like to Lybian women, and by no means to the natives of my country. The Nile might nurture such an offspring, and a like Cyprian image is stamped in female forms by male artists; and I hear that the wandering Indians ride on pannier-packed camels fleet as steeds, in their land bordering on the Ethiopians: and by all means I had conjectured that you were the unwedded flesh-eating Amazons, if you had carried bows. Instructed I would know this farther, how your race and seed is Argive.

CH. They say that Io was once key-bearer [of the] temple of Juno in this Argive land, whom, as chiefly and great rumour prevails * * * *

PEL. Is there not a tale that Jove mingled with a mortal?

CHO. And this intercourse without the knowledge of Juno * * * *

PEL. How then did this strife of the powers end?

CH. The Argive goddess made the woman an heifer.

PEL. Did Jove still approach the well-horned heifer.

[1] See the learned notes of Stanley and Paley.

CH. They say [that he did so,] likening his body to a cow-leaping bull.

PEL. What truly on this did the mighty wife of Jove?

CH. She placed over the heifer an all-seeing keeper.

PEL. What all-viewing herdsman do you mean?

CH. Argus, whom son of the Earth Mercury slew.

PEL. What other thing did she yet frame against the ill-fated heifer?

CH. A cow-chasing gad-fly, quick in motion: those near the Nile call it a brize[1].

PEL. Accordingly it chased her from the land in long flight.

CH. And you have spoken all these things agreeing with me.

PEL. Moreover she came to Canobus and to Memphis.

CH. And Jove laying hands on her planted an offspring.

PEL. Who then is the divine calf that boasts to be sprung from an heifer?

CH. Epaphus truly called from deliverance.

PEL. * * * *

CH. Lybia enjoying the name of a very great land.

PEL. What other branch yet of this [heifer] do you mention?

CH. Belus having two sons, the father of my father here.

PEL. Tell me now the all-wise name of this[2] man.

CH. Danaus: and his brother has fifty sons.

PEL. Of him, too, declare the name in plain terms.

CH. Ægyptus; and knowing my ancient race you should act so as to support this Argive train.

PEL. You seem now to me to have shared this land of old: but how have you dared to leave your paternal abodes? What mischance has befallen you?

CH. King of the Pelasgians, the ills of men are various; and no where can you behold the same wing of trouble: since who would have expected that this unhoped-for flight would have driven me to Argos, allied to our race of old, trembling through hate of the marriage bed?

[1] This verse is condemned as spurious.

[2] Read *πανσόφου . . . . τούτου* with Tyrwhitt. But even then, the line seems absurd, unless we read *τὸ πᾶν σαφὲς* with Fr. Port.

PEL. What do you say that you entreat from these gods of the assembly, holding white-wreathed new-cropt boughs?

CH. That I may not become a slave to the race of Ægyptus.

PEL. Whether do you mean on account of hatred, or on account of its being unlawful?

CH. Who would purchase[1] [by a dowry] their kindred as their lords?

PEL. Thus, indeed, greater strength increases to mortals.

CH. And from the wretched it is easy to turn away.

PEL. How then can I be pious towards you?

CH. By not giving us up to the sons of Ægyptus demanding us.

PEL. You speak grievous things, to raise a new war.

CH. But Justice defends her allies.

PEL. If perchance she was a sharer of their affairs from the beginning.

CH. Revere the stern of the state thus crowned.

PEL. I shudder beholding these shaded seats.

CH. Grievous, indeed, is the wrath of Jove who guards the suppliant. Son of Palæcthon, hear me with willing heart, king of the Pelasgians. Behold me a suppliant, an exile, a wanderer, like a white-spotted[2] heifer on the lofty rocks, where trusting for aid she lows telling to the herdsman her troubles.

PEL. I behold a youthful band[3] shaded with new-cropt boughs [at the altars] of these gods who preside over the games. But may this business of the guests of our city be unattended with hurt: nor let strife arise to the city from unexpected and sudden things, for these the city wants not.

CH. May Themis, the goddess of suppliants, daughter of lot-directing Jove, regard in truth our harmless flight: but do you though being an old man[4] in mind, learn from one younger; reverencing a suppliant, you shall not be reduced to want[5]. * * * * gifts offered to the gods from a pure man.

PEL. By no means do you sit at the hearth of my house: but if the city be polluted in common, together let the people take care to work out remedies: but I could not perform a

[1] But ὄνοιτο is probably the true reading. See Dind. Paley.

[2] Burges, λύκῳ δερκτὸν, elegantly. Hermann, λυκοδίωκτον, which Dindorf prefers.

[3] See Paley, whose explanation I have followed.

[4] γεραιόφρων is Burges' emendation.

Hermann has elicited οὐ πενεῖ from the scholiast.

promise, before at least having communicated with all these of[1] citizens concerning these things.

CH. You are the city, and you are the people, being a ruler accountable to none, you have sway over the altar, the hearth of the land: by your sole-deciding nod, and on a sole-sceptred throne you determine everything; beware of pollution.

PEL. May pollution, indeed, be upon my enemies: but I cannot aid you without harm, nor again is it prudent to reject these prayers. But I am perplexed, and fear holds my mind, whether to act, or not to act, and to take my chance.

CH. Look to the beholder on high, the protector of troubled mortals, who sitting [as suppliants] before their kindred, obtain not lawful justice. Therefore the wrath of Jove guardian of suppliants waits upon the wailing of the sufferer, that cannot be appeased.

PEL. If the sons of Ægyptus have power over you by the law of your state, saying that they are nearest of kin, who would wish to oppose them? Ye needs must therefore prove according to the laws of your home that they have no authority over you.

CH. May I never at any time then become subject to the power of males: but I mark out a star-guided remedy of the wretched marriage by flight: and having taken Justice an ally, do thou determine according to the reverence due to the gods.

PEL. The judgment is not easy to judge: choose not me as judge. But I said even before, not without the people would I do these things, not even though ruler, lest at any time the people shall say, if perchance any thing fall out not such [as we wish,][1] honouring strangers you have destroyed the city.

CH. Jove allied to both, inclining to one side, regards these things, distributing as is right unjust things to the bad, but the rewards of piety to the just[3]. Wherefore, these being equally inclined, are you pained to do what is just?

PEL. There is need of deep thought[4], so that the clear-sighted eye may, without dizziness, reach the bottom of deep preserving thought, like a diver: that these things harmless

[1] See Paley. I have still no doubt that Dindorf is right in reading ἀστοῖς—τῶνδε with Stanley. [2] See Abresch.

[3] "Sensus est: secundum merita (εἰκότως) malos puniens, justos bene faciens." Paley. [4] I have followed Paley.

first indeed to the city, and to ourselves, may turn out well and that neither strife lay hold of the pledges[1], nor that we, having given up you placed here in the seats of the gods, bring on ourselves a dire fellow-dweller the all-destroying avenging god, who, not even in the abode of Hades frees the dead. Does there not seem to be need of saving thought?

CH. Consider, and be most justly a pious receiver of strangers, betray not the exile driven from afar by godless expulsion: nor behold me dragged as a pledge from the seats sacred to many gods, O you who possess the whole sway of the land. But consider the insolence of men, and guard against their wrath. In no wise endure to behold the suppliant led from the images in spite of Justice, like a steed, and the seizing of my fillets and robes woven with many threads. For know, whatever you determine, there awaits your children and your house to suffer a like justice. Consider these just commands of Jove.

PEL. And truly I have considered; and the matter is driven to this: it is absolutely necessary to undertake a great war either with these (viz. the gods) or with those (viz. the sons of Ægyptus): and it is compacted with nails, like a ship put together by naval wedges. But without sorrow by no means will there be a turning aside. And, indeed, when possessions are borne as plunder from the house, a heap greater than the loss, and which completely fills it up may arise from another quarter by the kindness of bounteous Jove[2]. And the tongue having darted forth unseasonable things grievous, and provoking wrath, there may be other words to soothe the former. But it is necessary by all means to sacrifice, and for many victims to be slain for many gods, remedies of calamity, that kindred blood be not shed. Certainly I altogether pass by this strife; but I wish to be rather ignorant of, than acquainted with ills: but may matters fall out well, contrary to my expectation.

CH. Hear the end of many modest speeches.

PEL. I hear,—and speak, your words shall not escape me.

CH. I have girdles and zones, that confine my robes.

[1] *i. e.* the suppliants.

[2] Such seems to be the sense required, but there is neither sense nor construction in the words as they now stand. I refer the reader to Dindorf and Paley.

PEL. These are befitting to the condition of women.

CH. From these therefore, know, an excellent contrivance * * * * * *

PEL. Say: what words are these that you are about to speak?

CH. Unless you shall promise to this train something that may be trusted to * * * * * *

PEL. What will the contrivance of the girdles avail you?

CH. To adorn these images with new tablets.

PEL. Your words are riddles: but speak plainly.

CH. With all speed to hang ourselves from these gods.

PEL. I have heared words that pierce my heart.

CH. Do you understand? for I have let you see clearly.

PEL. And on every side matters are hard to struggle with, and a multitude of ills, like a river, comes on; and I have entered on a deep sea of calamity not easily passed over, and no where is there an harbour from ills. For if, indeed, I do not perform this thing for you, you have named a pollution not to be got over: but if again stationed before the walls I shall try the event of battle with your kindred, the sons of Ægyptus, how shall not the loss be bitter, that men stain the ground with blood for the sake of women? But nevertheless it is necessary to dread the wrath of Jove the guardian of suppliants: for the fear [of him] among mortals is uppermost. Go then, aged father of these virgins, and quickly having taken in your arms these boughs, place them on the other altars of our country's gods, that all the citizens may behold a sign of this arrival, nor let my words be blabbed: for the people love to blame their rulers. And perchance some commiseration, having seen these things, will hate the insolence of the band of youths, and the people will be more well-inclined to you: for every one bears good will to the weaker.

DAN. These things are much valued by us, to have obtained a pitying patron; but send with us attendants of the citizens to point out the way, that we may find the altars before the temples of the country's gods, and the seats of those who guard the city, and that there be may safety to us proceeding through the city: but the appearance of our form is not the same [with yours]: for the Nile nourishes a race different

from Inachus: we must take care lest boldness produce fear[1]: and in truth one has slain a friend through ignorance.

PEL. Go, attendants; for the stranger says well. Lead to the public altars and seats of the gods: and it behoves you not to talk much with those you meet, leading this sailor who has taken refuge at the hearth of the gods.

CH. To him you have spoken: and he departs as he has been enjoined: but how shall I act? where (or, how) do you afford confidence to me?

PEL. Leave here, indeed, the boughs a sign of your trouble.

CH. And in truth I leave them, by your authority and words.

PEL. Now betake yourself to this level grove.

CH. And how can an unconsecrated grove defend me.

PEL. By no means will we give you up to the rapine of winged birds.

CH. But what if [you give us up] to those more hateful than hostile dragons?

PEL. May well-omened words be spoken by you addressed with well-omened words.

CH. By no means is it a wonder that I am impatient in mind through terror.

PEL. The fear of kings is ever immoderate.

CH. Do you both by words and deeds gladden my mind[2].

PEL. But for no long time shall your father be alone: but I assembling the people of the country, will persuade them in common, that I may render them favourable, and will instruct your father what he ought to say. Therefore remain, and entreat with prayers the gods of the country for those things which you have desire to obtain. But I having performed these things will return: and may persuasion attend me and effective good fortune.

CH. King of kings, most blest of the blest, and most perfect might of the perfect, blessed Jove, be persuaded, and may it come to pass[3]—avert from thy race the insolence of men, justly hating it, and plunge into the purple deep the black-benched pest[4]. Regarding the woman's side, renew the

[1] Read *φόνον* with Pauw, Haupt, and Paley. I myself should prefer *φθόνον*.

[2] I should read *φρέναϛ*, with Böthe, in ed. 1.

[3] See Paley.

[4] *i. e.* the ship containing their suitors.

pleasing story of the beloved woman our ancestress; be mindful O you who embraced Io[1], by whom we boast ourselves to be your race, settlers from this land. But I have returned into the ancient track, and the flowery scenes of the watchings of our mother, the herd-feeding mead, from whence Io driven[2] by the brize, flies distracted, passing through many tribes of mortals: and twice by fate having cut through the billowy way she reaches the opposite continent. But she hastens through the Asian land, through sheep-feeding Phrygia: and she passes the city of Teuthras of the Mysians, and the Lydian plains, and through the Cilician and Pamphylian mountains with furious haste; and the ever-flowing rivers, and the wealthy region, and the corn-abounding land of Venus. She arrives, driven along by the sting of the winged herdsman, at the divine all-fostering grove, the snow-fed mead, and on which comes [with][3] the might of Typho, the water of Nile untouched by diseases, maddened by her ignominious toils, and by the stinging pains of raging Juno. But the mortals who then were dwellers in the land, were seized in their minds by pale fear, beholding an unwonted sight, an intractable heifer mingled with a mortal, in part a heifer, and in part again a woman, and they were astonished at the prodigy. And then who was it in truth who soothed the much-wandering wretched Io, driven by the brize? Jove, lord of ceaseless time * * * * * * * but the violence [of Juno] ceases by unwasted strength, and by divine influence, but she drops the mournful modesty of tears. But having received the divine load, in true story, she produced her blameless son, all-happy for length of time; whence all the earth exclaims, this is truly the offspring of life-giving Jove: for who could have made to cease the pest inflicted by wily Juno? this is the work of Jove; and saying that that race is sprung from Epaphus you will hit the truth. Whom of the gods could I more rightly invoke than you for just deeds? the creative sire who by the touch of your hand became lord of Io, great all-prudent author of our race, Jove wafting every needful device. But neither subject to the rule

[1] The play upon the name of Epaphus is kept up.
[2] Or "plied."
[3] See Paley

of any one are you less mighty than the powerful, nor from above do you revere any inferior. But the deed is at hand with the word[1], quickly to perform what your deep-counselling[2] mind intends.

DAN. Have courage, my children, our affairs are well with the natives; perfect decrees of the people have been passed.

CH. O hail, old man, dearest of messengers to me; but declare to us how the decree has been ratified, to what purport the prevailing hand of the people is in the majority[3].

DAN. The decree has been passed by the Argives, not with divided opinions, but so as for me to be young again in my aged mind. For in full assembly the air hurtled with the right hands [as the people] determined this matter; that we should inhabit this land, free, and not as pledges, and with sanctity of place among mortals; and that no one either of inhabitants or strangers should lead us away: but if violence should be added, that he of the citizens who did not give his aid should be disgraced by public exile. The king of the Pelasgians strove to persuade, speaking concerning us a speech to this effect, declaring the great wrath of Jove, that never in after time [the god] would increase the city, and saying that if a double pollution both to from the contempt of strangers, and upon the state, should appear before the city, it would be the food of irremediable calamity. Hearing such things; the Argive people passed a decree, without a crier, that these things should be: but the citizens of the Pelasgi heard the eloquent winning turns [of the king's speech:] and Jove brought about a happy conclusion.

CH. Come now, let us pour forth for the Argives good prayers, a return for good. And may Jove, protector of strangers, regard the honours of the stranger's mouth truly blamelessly to full accomplishment. Now, if ever, you gods sprung from Jove, hear us pouring forth prayers for desirable things for this race: that bold Mars may never cause to be consumed by fire the Pelasgian city, who with joyless cry mows down mortals in other ploughed fields: since they have pitied us, and have passed a favourable decree; but they

[1] "No sooner said than done," Paley.
[2] βούλιος. Stanl. Dind.
[3] See Paley's clever note.

revere the suppliants of Jove, this band unenvied: nor have they passed a decree in favour of the men, having slighted the cause of women: reverencing the divine avenger and beholder not to be contended with, whom no house would wish to have upon its roofs in his wrath, for heavily he sits on it. For they reverence us their kindred, the holy suppliants of Jove; therefore they shall please the gods at pure altars. Therefore from our mouths shaded [by boughs] let the honouring prayer fly. Never let pestilence make empty the city of these men: nor let [discord[1]] make bloody the plain of the land with corses of the natives. And let the flower of youth be uncropt; nor let the paramour of Venus, man-destroying Mars mow the blossom. And let the altars, at which are aged ministers, abound with venerable priests, and let them blaze [with offerings,] that the city may be rightly ruled. Let them reverence mighty Jove, the god of hospitality, supreme, who by hoary law directs fate. And we pray that other rulers of the land be ever born, and that far-darting Diana look upon the labours of women. Nor let any man-destroying pestilence come on, laying waste this city, averse to dance and lyre, exciting tears, producing Mars and clamours of the people. And let the unjoyous swarm of diseases settle at a distance from the citizens in their strength: and let Lycian Apollo be propitious to all the youth. And may Jove render the earth fruitful with increase at all seasons: and may the herds that feed before [the city] in like manner bear young abundantly. And may they receive every thing from the gods, and may the divine Muses and bards pour forth a well-omened strain; and from holy mouths let the lyre-loving song be wafted on. And may the people hold continually in honour their rulers; and may a prudent sway, consulting for the common good, govern the city. And ready to come to terms of peace, before preparing Mars, let them afford to strangers what is just without evils. And ever let them honour their country's gods, who preside over the land, with native laurel-bearing bull-slaying honours. For the reverence of parents this third is written in the laws of much-venerated Justice.

DAN. I approve indeed of these wise prayers, oh, beloved: but be not you afraid hearing these unexpected and new tidings

[1] στάσις is supplied by Paley: ἔρις by Heath.

from your father: for from this suppliant-receiving mount I behold the ship: for conspicuous it escapes not my notice, and the breasts of the sails and the side-guards[1] of the vessel, and the prow in the fore part beholding with its eyes the way, too well obeying, as not being friendly to us, the directing helm in the hinder part of the vessel. And the sailors may be seen conspicuous with their black limbs out of white garments: and the other vessels and all the assistant band is conspicuous, but the leading ship, having furled her sails under the land, is rowed with oars sounding together. But it behoves you calmly and prudently looking to the matter, not to neglect these gods. But I will come, having taken assistants and patrons.

CH[2]. For perchance[3] some herald or ambassador may come, wishing to lead us away, laying hold of us as pledges.

DAN. But none of these things shall be, fear not now.

CH. Nevertheless it is better, if we indeed be slow in getting aid[4], by no means to be forgetful of this protection.

DAN. Be of good courage; in appointed time and day every one of mortals who despises the gods shall pay the penalty.

CH. Father, I am afraid, as the swift-winged vessels are come, and there is no length of time between. In truth excessive fear possesses me: [I fear] lest[5] there be no advantage to me of my long flight. I perish, father, with terror.

DAN. Since the decree of the Argives is ratified, my children, be of good courage, they will fight for you, I am well assured.

CH. The offspring of Ægyptus is bold and insolent, and insatiate of the fight; and I speak to you who know it: and possessing black wood-compacted ships they have sailed here with wrath thus far successful, together with a numerous swarthy host.

[1] See Paley.

[2] I have followed Dindorf. But the lines as far as 377 are assigned to the Chorus in Ald. Turn.

[3] Dindorf reads ἴσως γὰρ ἄν with Burges, condemning the attempts to defend the common reading without ἄν. Paley differs, but unsatisfactorily.

[4] But see Paley. As the verses now stand, there is no clear sense.

[5] See Paley.

DAN. And they shall find many who have their arms well-hardened to toil in the meridian heat.

CH. But leave me not alone, I beseech, father. A forsaken woman is nothing. Mars is not in us. But they are wily and deceitful with impure minds, like crows, caring nought for the altars.

DAN. These things would advantage us well, O my children, if they were hateful both to you and to the gods.

CH. Not dreading these tridents and the majesty of the gods will they keep off their hands from us, father. But they are very haughty, maddened with impious rage, of dog-like boldness, in no respect obeying regarding the gods.

DAN. But there is a saying that wolves are superior to dogs; and the fruit of the papyrus surpasses not the ear of corn.

CH. And thus it behoves us well to guard against them having the dispositions of wanton and wicked beasts.

DAN. By no means is the management of a naval host quick, nor a station for the ships, nor a safe fastening for cables, to bring them to land, nor do the rulers of ships too quickly trust to the hold of anchors, especially when arriving at an harbourless land[1]. When the sun departs[2], night is wont to produce anxiety to a skilful pilot. Thus there cannot be even a safe disembarking of the host, before the ship has been stoutly fixed in its station. But do you take heed, not to neglect the gods, on the plea of fear, procuring aid. But the city will not blame a messenger who is old, but young in his mind prompt of speech.

CH. O land of hills, just object of veneration, what shall we suffer? to what part of the Apian land shall we fly, if there is any where a dark cavern? Would I were black smoke, approaching to the clouds of Jove, and altogether invisible, and flying away without wings, might like dust be lost. But my heart can no longer abide without flight, and my darkened

[1] For the sense of the whole passage, see Paley.

[2] There seems an evident want of the adversative particle. Perhaps we should read: *νυκτὸς* (*i. e. nocte*) *δ' ἀποστείχοντος ἠλίου.* But perhaps the word *ἐς νύκτ'* are a gloss, and have obliterated the genuine reading. The apodosis *οὕτω γένοιτο* would best answer to some such form as, *οἷον δ' ἀποστείχοντος, κτλ.* Bothe's *εὐνάς τ' ἀποστείχοντος* is ingenious, and seems confirmed by Soph., Trach. 94. *νὺξ τίκτει κατευνάζει τε φλογιζόμενον Ἅλιον,* and Horace's "Solis ab Hesperio cubili."

spirit[1] throbs. But my father's look-out has undone me: I perish with terror. Would I could obtain death by the twistings of the noose, before the abhorred man draw nigh[2], and, ere that, may Pluto rule us dying by our own hands. From whence can I have a seat in the air on which the watery clouds become snow[3], or a rock, rugged, inaccessible to goats, not pointed out[4], lonely, desolate, the haunt of vultures, witnessing a deep fall to me, before, in spite of my heart, having met with forced nuptials. And then I refuse not to become the prey of dogs, and the food of the birds of the country: for death is free from mournful ills: let fate approach, having seized me before the nuptial bed. What remedy for myself delivering me from the marriage can I yet find[5]? Pour forth a voice to the heavens, supplicating strains to the gods, and such as will bring about good forture to me, being the means of deliverance for me[6], Father; do not love violence, seeing with just eyes: and respect your suppliants, O earth-ruling, all-powerful Jove. For the male offspring of Ægyptus intolerable in insolence pursuing me with speed, seek with foul abuse to seize me a fugitive by force. But the beam of your balance is over all: and what without you is perfected to mortals? Ah! ah! ah! Here is the sea [and] land seizer[7]. Mayest thou, Heigh ho! toil before the shore bringing to here, I utter a cry of pain[8]. I see these preludes are a warranty of violent treatment, of me. Alas! alas! go in flight to [seek] protection against their fell desires, intolerable both by sea and land, O king, defend us.

[1] I am ill satisfied with the repetition κἠαρ .... καρδία.

[2] The sense requires this. Paley simply reads τῇδε. Dindorf τῷδε χριμφθῆν χροΐ, ingeniously. I prefer Paley's emendation, removing the stop after χεροῖν, and placing it after χριμφθῆναι (ἐγχρ. being against the metre).

[3] See Paley's note.

[4] I prefer Burges' ἀπρόστειπτος, but do not admire his subsequent alterations. Pauw's οἰόπρων is frigidity itself.

[5] This is all corrupt.

[6] See Dindorf's note.

[7] See Linwood's Lex. I myself believe that νάϊος, νάϊος is the true reading.

[8] As Dindorf and Paley have completely given up this passage, the reader will not be surprised at my translation. Burges has dealt very ingeniously with the whole, but I am unwilling to believe that such passages are within the reach of certain criticism.

HER. Haste, haste to the ship with all speed.

CH. Then, then, [there await us] tearings, tearings, and stabbings, gory murderous[1], cuttings off of heads.

HER. Haste, haste, abandoned in utter destruction, to the vessel, or to the billowy salt deep, with tyrannic insolence, and with a spear firmly bound with iron, I will place you bloody in the ship, where†[2] if after that you continue your vociferations, I with violence command you to lay aside madness from your mind[3].

CH. Alas! alas!

HER. Leave these seats, go to the ship; it is useless to adore the gods in the city.

CH. Never again may I behold the flock-nurturing stream, from whence the life blood of mortals increased is enlivened†. I am holy from of old on account of this seat, this seat, old man.

HER. But you to the ship, to the ship shall go quickly, willing, or unwilling†, forced with much violence; go to the ship before having suffered ill, struck to death by my hands.

CH. Ah! ah! ah! without an helping hand may you perish in the billowy deep, at the sandy Sarpedonian promontory, wandering in the wide air!

HER. Exclaim, and rend your robes, and invoke the gods; for you shall not escape the Egyptian bark: exclaim and cry, with more bitter grievings, obtaining the name of calamity.

CH. Oh! oh! oh†! the pollution of seizing barks: approaching, thou dost terribly insult: †who askest, may great Nile turn you away treating us with indelible insolence.

HER. I bid you go to the ship turned towards [the shore] with all speed: nor let any one delay: for dragging by no means shall spare your tresses.

CH. Oh! oh! Father, the protection of your image, now leads me to calamity, to the sea like a spider, black spectre.

[1] For a just criticism on this mass of barbarism and absurdity, see Paley on v. 815, sqq.

[2†] See Donaldson, New Cratylus, p. 580, and Paley. I shall obelize the passages that are quite hopeless, to show that the translation is only guess-work. To re-write the author by implication is not the business of the translator.

[3] I have followed Schutz's, Stephen's and Paley's corrections, although I am nearly as much in the dark as ever.

Alas! mother Earth, mother Earth, repel the dreadful cries. O Jove son of Earth advance.

HER. By no means do I dread the deities here; for they have not nourished me, nor brought me to old age by their rearing.

CH. The two-footed serpent rages near me, and like a viper†, gnawing my foot. Mother Earth, mother Earth, repel the dreadful cries. O Jove son of Earth advance.

HER. Unless some one goes to the ship, submitting to these things, a tearing shall not pity the work of her garment.

CH. Oh chief rulers of the city, I am overpowered.

HER. You shall presently behold many rulers, the sons of Ægyptus; be of good courage, you will not call it an anarchy.

CH. We are undone, we suffer, O king, unlooked-for things.

HER. It seems I must drag you tearing you by the hair, since you do not quickly obey my words.

PEL. Hark you, what are you about? from what boldness do you dishonour this land of Pelasgic men? do you think that you have come to a city of women? Being a barbarian, you are over insolent towards Greeks: and having erred much, you have done nothing rightly in your mind.

HER. In which of these things have I erred contrary to justice?

PEL. First indeed you forget that you are a stranger.

HER. How not? I have found what was lost.

PEL. Having addressed which of the natives as patrons.

HER. Hermes the searcher, a very great patron.

PEL. Having addressed the gods, you in no way reverence the gods.

HER. I reverence the deities at the Nile.

PEL. But those here, are nothing, as I hear from you.

HER. I will lead away these, if some one does not snatch them from me.

PEL. You will rue it, if you touch them, no long time after.

HER. I hear words by no means hospitable.

PEL. For I do not hospitably receive the spoilers of the gods.

HER. Having gone thou mayest tell these things to the sons of Ægyptus[1].

PEL. This is unheeded in my thoughts.

HER. But, that you may know, I will more plainly speak: for it is proper that an herald declare all things clearly—how shall I say, and by whom, that I come deprived of the train of kindred women? Mars determines not these things by witnesses, and puts an end to the strife not by the receipt of silver; but before that there are many slaughters of men, and trampling-down of lives.

PEL. What does it behove you to say? Having at length learnt what is just, do you yourself determine, and your fellow-voyagers. But you may lead away these willing indeed according to the inclinations of their minds, if a lawful speech can persuade them. But such an unanimous public decree of the state has been passed, never to give up by force the train of women. Of these things the nail is firmly driven through and through, so as to remain fixed. These things are not graven on tablets, nor sealed in the folds of books, but you hear them plain from a free-speaking tongue; but with all speed take yourself from my eyes.

HER. Know this, now you will undertake a new war: but may victory and strength be to the males.

PEL. But you will find males inhabitants also of this land, not drinking wine made from barley. But do you all, with your loved attendants, take courage, and go to the well-fortified city, inclosed by a deep device of towers. And there are indeed many public abodes, but I have built with no scant hand. It is pleasant to inhabit well-built abodes with many others; but if it be any greater pleasure, you are at liberty to dwell also in abodes which hold but one family. Of these choose the best and what are most pleasing. But I will be your patron, and all the citizens, by whom this decree is now passed. Why wait you for more powerful ones than these?

CH. But in return for good things may you abound with

[1] Surely these verses should be allotted thus: Βας. οὐ γὰρ .... τάδε. Κηρ. ἀβουκ—Βας. ἀλλ' ὡς—Κηρ. Καὶ γὰρ—I am partly, but differently anticipated by Burges. As the verses now stand, they are destitute of meaning. Paley reads εἰδὼς ἐννέπω with Ald. Rob. The necessity for transposition does not end here, as Burges alone has seen, but has carried it too far.

good, divine king of the Pelasgians. But benevolent send hither our father Danaus, of good courage, prudent, and our chief adviser. For his is the first counsel, where it behoves us to inhabit abodes, and [where is] a place not subject to envy. Every one is ready to speak reproach against foreigners: but may the best things befal.

PEL. Both with fair fame, and with no wrathful rumour of the people regulate yourselves in the country, O friendly attendants, so as Danaus has assigned you to each [of his daughters] a servile dowry.

DAN. O daughters, it is fitting to pay vows to the Argives, and to sacrifice and pour libations, as to the Olympian gods, since they are our preservers with one mind. And they have heard with indignation from me what things have been done with regard to our headstrong friends, our kindred: but they have appointed for me these attendants and armed guards, that I might have this mark of honour, and that I might not unexpectedly perish without their knowledge by the death of the spear, and an everlasting pollution be upon this city. I having obtained[1] such things, do you observe a proper gratitude of mind more precious[2]. And these things, indeed write down in addition to the many other written prudent sayings of your father, so as in time to convince the unknown band[3]. But every one bears a ready evil tongue against a stranger, and to speak slander is an easy thing. But I exhort you not to disgrace me, being of a time of life which is attractive to men. And by no means is the tender mature fruit easy to guard: but beasts and mortals harm it in somewise, and winged and four-footed animals. Venus proclaims the dropping fruits: I affirm that rapine awaits them in whatever way they [try to] hinder it[4]. And on the fair-formed beauty of virgins every one that passes by sends forth a melting dart from his eye, overcome by desire. Therefore let us not suffer those things on account of which we have had much toil, and much sea has been†[5] passed over in a ship, nor let us cause dis-

[1] Correct to τυγχάνοντος.
[2] See Paley. I am but half satisfied.
[3] *i. e.* "to show what you really are."
[4] But see Paley.
[5] But read οὕνεκ' ἠρόθη with Heath, Dind. Paley.

grace to us, and pleasure to my enemies. But even a double dwelling is offered to us, the one, Pelasgus, and the other, the city gives, to dwell apart from servants: these things are easy. Only observe these injunctions of your father, honouring modesty more than life.

CH. In other things may we be fortunate from the gods, but on account of my mature age be of good courage, father: for unless something new has been determined by the gods, I will not turn aside the former step of my mind. Go now celebrating the blessed gods who guard the state, both those inhabiting the city, and those who dwell around the ancient wave of Erasinus. But do you, attendants, receive the strain[1]: and let praise possess this city of Pelasgians, nor let us adore the mouths of Nile with hymns, but the rivers that pour through this country a willing stream, authors of increase, softening this soil of the earth with enriching waves. And may chaste Diana regard with pity this train: nor through necessity let Cytherean nuptials come: but this reward is hateful[2]. But this favouring strain neglects not Venus: for she has a power over Jove together with Juno: and the nearest to the many-counselled goddess is honoured for her mighty works. But loved companions are present with mother [Venus], and no passion is disobedient to soothing persuasion. But to Harmonia is given a portion of deceiving Venus and the ways of loves. Expeditions by sea against us fugitive, and dire woes, and bloody wars, in truth I dread beforehand. For why have they performed a lucky voyage with swift pursuit?

SEMI-CH. Whatever is fated, that will take place: the great immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed. But perhaps with many other nuptials this event will be according to what has formerly befallen other women.

SEMI-CH. O mighty Jove defend me from the nuptials of the sons of Ægyptus.

SEMI-CH. That, indeed, would be best: but you would soothe [a deity] not to be soothed.

SEMI-CH. But you at least knew not the future.

SEMI-CH. How can I behold the divine mind, a fathomless view? Pray now for moderate things.

[1] μέλος Le Grand, Dind. Paley.

[2] *i. e.*, nuptials, otherwise delightful, are in our case hateful.

SEMI-CH. What moderation do you teach me?

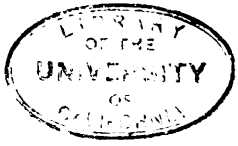
SEMI-CH. Not to pry into the affairs of the gods.

SEMI-CH. May royal Jove repel the hateful hostile nuptials of the men, who delivered Io from her misery, well restraining her with healing hand, with benevolent force having founded[1] [our race].

SEMI-CH. Let him afford strength also to women. I prefer the better of two evils, and partly good and partly bad[2], and that justice follow justice with my prayers by liberating aid from the god.

[1] I scarcely think Paley's construing correct, and prefer Bothe's elegant emendation, ἐμμανῆ βοῦν οἰκτίσα·

[2] δίμοιρος



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